

XXTH YEAR.

PER WEEK—30 CENTS PER MONTH—\$9 A YEAR.

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY JUNE 1, 1901.

In One Part: 14 Pages.

OF ALL NEWS STANDS, TRAINS AND STREETS 5 CENTS

THEATERS—

ORPHEUM—GOOD NEWS—MATINEE TODAY—Any Seat 25c. Only two nights more of the **McIntyre & Heath** **Agout Family** New Sketch. **IRON CITY FOUR**, ED. LATEL, Premier Banjoist, FOUR HUNTINGS, Eccentric Dancers and Travesty Artists. ZEB AND ZAKROW, Trick Comedy Cyclists. **WARTNETT AND SUTHERLAND** AND THE BIOGRAPH. **FIFTY-EVENING**, between 25c and 50c; Gallery 10c, box seats 75c. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Any seat 25c, Children 10c. Phone Main 1447.

LOS ANGELES THEATRE—MATINEE TODAY, LAST TIME TONIGHT. **MISS EDITH EDMUNDS** In H. G. ROSENBAUM'S Great Psychological Drama. **UNIQUE**—Positively the only play of its kind on the American stage. **MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE**—OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager. MATINEE THIS AFTERNOON. Tonight, Last Performance of "THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE." Commencing Tomorrow Night and All Week, Matinee Saturday Only, Entertaining Extraordinary, **JOHN HENRY**, **KATHERINE GRAY** and **RALPH E. CUMMINGS** and His Company, Presenting "A LADY OF QUALITY." Seats Now on Sale. Get them early. Prices 10c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—**SIMPSON AUDITORIUM**—Sunday at 3 p.m.—**Bishop John W. Hamilton, D.D., LL.D., University Baccalaureate Sermon.** The Bishop delivers his Sermon as above instead of at the University Church at 11 a.m. as announced. **REV. T. C. MILLER** will preach the Annual College Sermon on Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock in the University Church. Special Music is arranged for both occasions. All our citizens are cordially invited to attend these services.

THE CHUTES—WASHINGTON GARDENS. V. Pres. and Gen. Mr. CHILDREN'S MATINEE TODAY—Children Admitted Free. **THE VENETIAN LADIES**—MANDOLIN CONCERT. **WONDERFUL HARRY A. HARKON**, High Diver. **EDDIE GRIFFITHS** Coast the Chutes on a Bicycle. **BENO**, the Wonderful Equilibrist. **PROF. HARE** and His Performing Animals. **1000 ELECTRIC LIGHTS**, 100 NOVELTIES. Fairyland laded. Admission to Grounds 10 cents. Children 5 cents. Tel. Private Exchange 301.

STRICT FARM—South Pasadena—**ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE GIGANTIC BIRDS.** TOURISTS should not neglect this California Souvenir. **MEHEYS'S FREE MUSEUM**—TOURISTS should not neglect this Street, opposite Van Nuys and Westminster Hotels.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—**FREE CAMP GROUND**—WITH PURE MOUNTAIN WATER, AT AVALON. **SANTA CATALINA ISLAND**—Under conditions prevailing last year. Attractions not possible at other resorts. Numerous power launches. Tuna Club Fishing Tournament Now On. Our Marine band of 20 men, including Chas. Streper of St. Louis, cornetist, and other members of national reputation. The best golf links. Aquarium containing hundreds of living wonders of the deep. Eating and bathing over nature's most wonderful marine gardens as seen at great depth through smooth, transparent water. The great stage ride. New taxi car at Island. **HOTEL METROPOLIS** always open. Daily Summer service. Take Southern Pacific or Salt Lake Route trains leaving Los Angeles daily at 9:05 and 8:50 a.m. respectively. **Round-trip** from Los Angeles, Excursion \$2.50; Regular \$2.75. **BANNOCK CO.**, 222 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles. Telephone Main 36.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN—**The Los Angeles Times Pan-American Exposition Party** Will leave Los Angeles June 4, returning July 4.



THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. **JUNE 3d and 4th ARE THE DAYS**—TICKETS WILL BE SOLD TO **Kansas City and Return, - \$60.00** **St. Paul and Return, - \$67.90** **Buffalo and Return, - \$87.00** Tickets Good Sixty Days, with certain stop-over privileges. Ask any Agent of the **Southern Pacific** You Get a Choice of Routes via This Line. **LOS ANGELES TICKET OFFICE, 261 S. SPRING ST.**

EXCURSION RATES—Saturday and Sunday—**OVER THE FAMOUS—MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.** Special Service Returning in the evening. Office 250 S. Spring St. Tel. M. 903.

SAN FRANCISCO—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours. **San Francisco**, \$1.50, second class, including berth and meals by Pacific Coast Steamship Co.'s Fast and Elegant Express Steamships **SANTA ROSA**, 300 tons, for San Francisco Mondays and Wednesdays, via Port Los Angeles and Redondo. For San Francisco and via Port Los Angeles and Redondo, Mondays and Thursdays, via San Pedro and East San Pedro. **W. PARKER, Agent** Ticket Office: 10 West Second Street. Tel. Main 41.

HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA One of the Oceanic S.S. Co.'s new 600-ton twin-screw steamers **PIERRE, SONOMA** and **YUKTERA** will leave S. F. every 2 weeks, calling at HONOLULU and SAMOA, a local steamer (the HONOLULU only) between these. Direct steamer service to Tahiti every 10 days. **HUGH H. RICE, Agent**, 120 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 30.

CUBAN ACT REJECTED.

Too Much in the Constitution.

President and Advisers Hold Conference.

Excitement at Havana Likely to Follow the News.

The Salt Lake Road Protests Against Opposition's Maps. New Pensions.

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These stipulations did not please the Cubans very much, so just before the President started for California, the Cubans sent a committee to Washington to talk things over. This committee had conferences with the President and with Secretary Root, and in the course of these conferences a good many explanatory things were said. The Cubans went home and put all that the President and Secretary Root had said into their constitution, along with other extraneous matters. After talking things over for hours today, the President and Cabinet decided that the constitution gotten up by the Cubans would not do at all, and that they must send a cablegram to Gen. Wood at Havana and tell him to inform the Cuban government that the United States would not accept the constitution.

One of the most objectionable features of the interpretation is the adoption of the word "plenary" in the action of the United States is an amplification of the Monroe doctrine. It is emphatically stated by some of the members of the committee that at all if the Cubans will in the end accept the Platt amendment, this amendment merely places Cuba slightly under the wing of United States. To be sure, it is an ultimatum to the Cubans, but the government believes that it would be better for the United States to deliver an ultimatum to the Cubans now than to the future. European nations deliver ultimatum to the United States at some future time.

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BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. DUN, May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) One of the worst cases of lynching ever known in California occurred last night at Lookout, twelve miles from Alturas, Modoc county, when old Calvin Hall, 70 years of age, was hanged by a mob of forty masked men, with his three sons and friend, Dan Yantis.

Hall formerly lived with an Indian squaw, and by her had three boys, aged 24, 19 and 15 years. The family was heard in the dining room, and was suspected of many petty thefts. Finally the Constable went to their house with a search warrant, and found hay forks, harness, barbed wire and other things, that had been recently stolen. All were arrested, but the old man was released on a charge of simple theft, while the sons and Yantis were kept in custody on charges of burglary, because they could not furnish \$300 bail.

The neighbors evidently determined to rid the country of the worthless gang, but instead of tarring and feathering them, they took all five out at midnight, and without giving them a chance for defense, hanged them to the Pitt River bridge. The lynching was as ghastly and as indefensible as the hanging of the two young Russian brothers three years ago at Redding, because they were suspected of stage robbery.

When last Saturday, the home of the Hall family was searched, and a large number of stolen articles were found, the mob went there and took them to Lookout. The charge against old man Hall was petty larceny, and the boys were charged with burglary. The mob allowed to go on their own recognizance. The others were locked up in rooms in the hotel, as there is no jail in the town. Deputy Nicholas, and a few others were guarding them. Hall voluntarily remained at the hotel, to be near his boys.

This morning at 3 o'clock, a crowd of fifty men, most of them armed, met at the hotel and demanded the surrender of the prisoners. The officers refused, and the mob, for no purpose, and the mob secured the five men. Placing ropes around their necks, they dragged them toward the Pitt River bridge, some distance from the hotel, compelling the officers to accompany them.

Frank Hall, the eldest son, fought like a fiend, and the mob leaders, really losing patience, hanged him from a small bridge over a slough. After this brief delay, the march was resumed to the big bridge. Old man Hall was hanged on one side, while the other end of the bridge, James, who was 19, and Martin, only 15, and Yantis were strung up. The four corpses were left swinging at the night wind, and the mob quietly retired.

Most of the delegates who voted for acceptance say that the subject is concluded, and the only thing left for the convention now is to frame the declaration of independence and let the military authority and let the status quo remain unchanged. They do not anticipate the latter alternative. Some of them criticize the reports. The convention is not expected to incorporate the substance of interviews with Secretary Root. Gualberto Gomez and other radicals raised the same point that seems to have been raised by the United States Senators. This was that while the present national administration may feel bound by the terms of the Insular act, the future administration, future administration or Congress would not be bound thereby.

The reply of the Conservatives is that acceptance was the only means of preparing a way for the negotiations of a treaty with the United States, which would insure the defining of the relations of Cuba on a permanent basis. This argument secures a majority. The prospective withdrawal of American troops is not looked on as an likely to become a serious question. Radical Cubans are quite temperate on the subject. The prevailing opinion is that the presence of troops will not be questioned until the final steps in the formation of a Cuban government are completed. Conservative political elements and commercial influences, which were preparing to participate in the formation of the government, deplore the bad effects of the hitch now, but while uneasy at

ANOTHER DARK ANNIVERSARY.

Dixon Attacked by Boers Under Delarey.

Latter Driven Off But British Suffer.

The Garrison at Vladfontein is Put Out of Action.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. LONDON, May 31.—(By Atlantic Cable.) On the anniversary of Lord Robert's entry into Johannesburg, the country has been started by the news of desperate fighting and heavy British losses within forty miles of the Gold Reef City. The battle at Vladfontein, on the Durban-Johannesburg Railroad, reported by Lord Kitchener today, is the most serious engagement since Gen. Clements's retreat at Magersburg. It shows that Gen. Delarey is in no way daunted by the capture of eleven of his guns by the Boers, in six weeks ago. The garrison of Vladfontein, apparently largely composed of yeomanry, had 14 men put out of action. That their numbers were eventually driven off with heavy loss, leaving 35 dead, 100 wounded and 100 captured. The Boers were reported to have captured 500 horses.

REAL FACTS SUPPRESSED. GRUMBLED OF NEWSPAPERS. THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, May 31.—British newspapers which usually support the government continue to grumble, says the London correspondent of the Tribune, because the British public are kept in ignorance of the real facts of the war in South Africa. The Boers appear to be making steady progress in the north. In Cape Colony, near Kimberley, they are reported to have captured 500 horses.

OBITUARY.

D. B. Robinson. CHICAGO, May 31.—D. B. Robinson, former vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad and president of the St. Louis and San Francisco road, died at his home here this afternoon after a protracted illness. Robinson had been seriously ill for a long time. He was 64 years of age. He was a native of Ohio and had been in California for many years. He was a member of the St. Louis and San Francisco road and had been in California for many years. He was a member of the St. Louis and San Francisco road and had been in California for many years.

Henry E. Perrine. BUFFALO (N. Y.) May 31.—Henry E. Perrine, a well-known business man of this city, died here this morning. He was 74 years of age. He was a native of Ohio and had been in Buffalo for many years. He was a member of the Buffalo and Erie Railroad and had been in Buffalo for many years.

Charles V. Putnam. WORCESTER (Mass.) May 31.—Charles V. Putnam, president of the Putnam & Sprague Furniture Company, and a California resident, died here today. He was 72 years of age. He was a native of Massachusetts and had been in California for many years. He was a member of the Putnam & Sprague Furniture Company and had been in California for many years.

PLUNGED DOWN A HILL. Three heavily-loaded trolley cars run down hill with fatal results at Wilmington, Del. THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WILMINGTON (Del.) May 31.—Three heavily-loaded trolley cars of the New People's Street Railway ran away while going down a steep hill in this city today, killing one man, fatally injuring another and hurting twenty-five others more or less seriously. Joshua Gillman, who jumped from a window of the car in which he was riding, fell underneath the wheels and his body was cut in two. Elmer Jones, a conductor, stuck to his post and when the rear car crashed into the one he was in charge of, his legs and one arm were broken. His death is momentarily expected. Each car carried nearly 100 passengers returning to the city from Broadway Park. The line was opened yesterday and it is presumed the motorists were not yet familiar with the heavy grade.

NEW SHE WOULD DIE.

Frank H. Smiley Tells of Playing the Part of Promised Husband of Miss Deffenbach. THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. CHICAGO, May 31.—Frank H. Smiley, who has confessed to conspiring with Dr. A. M. Unger and Miss Deffenbach in an effort to swindle various life insurance companies which held policies on Miss Deffenbach's life, was the chief witness at the trial of Dr. Unger and Brown today. Smiley told how he was hired to pose as Miss Deffenbach's promised husband, and that she would die soon of heart disease. He said she wanted her insurance to go to her friend Dr. Unger. Mrs. Narcon, a former stenographer in the Mooney & Boland detective office, told of various visits of Dr. Unger to that office for the purpose of talking with Brown and Smiley.

JOSE DE OLIVEIRA has written for the Times Magazine the story of a thrilling trip on Mexico's largest lake. A visit to Tlalcala, one of the most interesting places in Mexico, will be described in the Times Magazine the coming Sunday.

STEPHEN CRANE has contributed for the Times Magazine the coming Sunday a highly interesting story called "The Spirit's Name."

WASHINGTON.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

policy of recognizing Cuba's relation to the United States. The only place where the municipal contest has become serious is in Santiago. Word came today that various officials were resigning, and that the other parties would not go to the polls because the Nationals, under the leadership of Corrozo, an anti-Platt delegate to the convention, were insisting that the presence of American soldiers was necessary to insure a peaceful election.

SURPRISED CONSERVATIVES. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. HAVANA, May 31.—The decision of the United States government not to accept the Cuban constitution as adopted by the Havana convention caused great surprise and keen disappointment to those members of that convention who voted for the constitution. They were interviewed to-night on the subject and in substance they had reason to suppose that the United States would accept the constitution, and that otherwise they would not have voted for the majority report as submitted.

MRS. MCKINLEY WORSE THAN SHE HAS BEEN. PHYSICIANS NOW RESORTING TO USE OF OXYGEN. The President said to be discouraged. Patient appears to have exhausted her recuperative powers—Forenoon Bulletin of Slightly Encouraging Nature.

THE PRESIDENT SAID TO BE DISCOURAGED. PATIENT APPEARS TO HAVE EXHAUSTED HER RECUPERATIVE POWERS—FORENOON BULLETIN OF SLIGHTLY ENCOURAGING NATURE.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WASHINGTON, May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Mrs. McKinley's condition is not at all satisfactory. During the day her physicians have been in almost constant attendance upon her, and it is known that they do not consider that she is making satisfactory progress. The bulletins which they have given out were not warranted, and in discussing her condition with the members of the Cabinet, these same physicians were very far from hopeful. The President himself, it is known, has been discouraged by the reports of his condition, and in general there is a feeling of official gloom. The body which McKinley's recovery is far from certain.

THE MOST ALARMING REPORTS HAVE BEEN IN CIRCULATION ALL DAY, AND IT CANNOT BE DENIED THAT THEY ARE NOT WARRANTED. THE PATIENT SEEMS TO HAVE SPENT HER RECUPERATIVE POWERS, AND WHATEVER MAY OCCUR FROM NOW ON, IT WILL BE DUE TO THE USE OF STIMULANTS BY PHYSICIANS. TODAY THE LATTER HAVE RESORTED TO THE USE OF NOTHING BUT OXYGEN, WHICH SHOWS HOW FAR GONE IS THE PATIENT'S STRENGTH.

FORENOON BULLETIN. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WASHINGTON, May 31.—The physicians who are in attendance upon Mrs. McKinley, after consulting this forenoon, issued the following statement of her condition: "Mrs. McKinley is recovered from the fatigue of the trip. The illness from which she was suffering in San Francisco still continues, though in less intense form. She is feeble, and cannot be considered out of danger. Her progress will not be so good, but improvement is looked for."

SMALL BOND PURCHASES. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WASHINGTON, May 31.—The Secretary of the Treasury today authorized several small lots of bonds aggregating \$4,000, all short-term bonds. The price paid was 97 1/2.

COTTON STATISTICS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WASHINGTON, May 31.—The Statistics of the Department of Agriculture today issued the total area planted in cotton at 27,253,000 acres, an increase of 2,111,000 acres, or 8.3 per cent. over the acreage planted last year. The average condition of the growing crop of cotton is compared with 82.5 per cent. of last year and 84.4 per cent. of the year 1900. A condition of 100 per cent. would mean a perfect crop.

COL. YOUNGBLOOD RESIGNS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WASHINGTON, May 31.—Col. Youngblood of Alabama, auditor of the Treasury Department, has tendered his resignation, and it was accepted, to take effect June 1. The President today appointed B. A. Pierson, assistant auditor for the same department, to succeed him.

PROMOTION FOR CAPT. CROZIER. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WASHINGTON, May 31.—A rumor was current in the War Department today that Capt. William Crozier of the Ordnance Department has been practically selected to succeed Gen. B. A. Pierson as chief of ordnance on the retirement of that officer in the fall. He is one of the junior officers of the Ordnance Department.

CAUSE FOR ANXIETY. A PRESIDENT CANCELS VISITS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The Sun's Washington special says the President and those relatives and friends of Mrs. McKinley have found renewed cause for anxiety regarding the state of her health, and that she was a good traveler and was not particularly dangerous in the trip.

CAUSE FOR ANXIETY. A PRESIDENT CANCELS VISITS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The Sun's Washington special says the President and those relatives and friends of Mrs. McKinley have found renewed cause for anxiety regarding the state of her health, and that she was a good traveler and was not particularly dangerous in the trip.

THE PRESIDENT IS FILLED WITH ANXIETY, AND PUBLIC SITUATION AND OTHER MATTERS.

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FATHER HOT AFTER CHILD.

Mother and Companion Land in Jail.

Pair Held at Portland for Kidnaping.

Fair Case Settled—Proceedings of Bankers—Suicides in the North.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. PORTLAND (Or.) May 31.—Habeas corpus proceedings were begun today on behalf of Dr. Wylie G. Woodruff and Mrs. Edith Moyer, who were arrested here last evening on telegraphic advices from Lawrence, Kan., charged with kidnaping the child of Mrs. Moyer. Chief of Police Woodruff was with them until Monday to make answer to the writ. Pending their appearance in court Monday, Woodruff and Mrs. Moyer were released on \$250 bail each.

HISTORY OF THE CASE. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. KANSAS CITY (Mo.) May 31.—The warrant for Dr. Woodruff's arrest on a charge of kidnaping a child was sworn out before Justice of the Peace in Kansas City yesterday by Mr. Moyer, who arrived here recently from Ohio. All concerned in the case are prominent druggists in that city, and the Moyer family was with Dr. Woodruff two years ago when the latter came from the East to act as coach for the Kansas University football team.

In February last, Mrs. Moyer went to the home of her parents in Monticello, Mich., to recuperate from a serious illness. Moyer followed within a month, but finally alone. Criderville, O., where he has since been engaged in business. Mrs. Moyer said to have left Criderville with the child on May 8 and Dr. Woodruff, Mrs. Moyer and the child are said to have left for St. Joseph, Mo., on May 13.

COMING AFTER CHILD. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. LAWRENCE (Kan.) May 31.—Mr. Moyer left for Portland, Or., today, accompanied by an attorney. Moyer said before leaving that he desired to see possession of the child and that when he had accomplished this he would drop the charge of kidnaping against Dr. Woodruff.

YOUTHFUL BRIDE CONFESSES. GAVE HUSBY CARBOLIC ACID. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. TACOMA (Wash.) May 31.—Stella Brulison, a bride of three days, who was married here early last week in Wilkeson, in this county, Sunday and tried to poison him Tuesday, has confessed that she made two attempts on his life by giving him carbolic acid in a glass of wine, once early Tuesday morning and again in the afternoon. The first time he drank it, and went into great agony, his life being saved only by the intervention of a doctor. She has confessed that she did it, but does not know why, only that someone told her to do it. There has been no trouble between them, and the motive is a mystery.

The bride, who is only 19 years of age, left Wilkeson yesterday, and her father, a man named Worcester, and cannot be found, although her father has returned. The case of the poisoned bridegroom, is out of danger.

SUPERVISORS AND CLARK. LATTERS WERE RAISED. BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. PRESCOTT (Ariz.) May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The Board of Supervisors of Yavapai county has raised the assessment on the United Verde mines and works at Jerome from last year's figure of \$450,000 to \$460,000. The mine is the property of Senator Clark of Montana, and he is in the habit of paying to the county an annual income not less than the tax valuation put upon it. The tax assessors have estimated the value of the mine and appurtenances at \$460,000, and the county, mines included, has only about \$450,000.

Clark's annual contribution to the county treasury has been \$10,000. If the same ratio of increase is maintained, property valuations in the county will be raised to \$4,000,000. The action of the board was based upon an act of the last Legislature that calls for the payment of the levied tax before an appeal may be taken to the courts. Clark will contest the legality of the act to the last ditch.

NORTHERN SUICIDES. RICK OLD AND UNLUCKY. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. STOCKTON (Cal.) May 31.—Gus Kinder, a former saloon keeper, committed suicide today by shooting himself in the right temple with a revolver. He leaves a widow, from whom he separated recently, and two step-daughters in Oakland. Kinder is said to have had a hard luck and the reasons assigned for the deed.

VICTIM OF THE STRIKE. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—Frank Rumbolt, a despondent mechanic who was thrown out of work by the machinists' strike, blew out his brains with a bullet this morning at his home on Jessie street. Yesterday while under the influence of liquor he attempted to shoot his wife, but she succeeded in disarming him.

WIDMAN TAKES POISON. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—Mrs. A. J. Widman, a domestic, was found dead this morning in her room at the White Palace Hotel. She was found by a maid who had just entered the room. The cause of death is not known.

LORD SHOLTO BUYS STOCK. WILL NEXT INSPECT MINE. BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. TACOMA, May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Lord Sholto Douglas arrived here today from the East, where he recently came from England. He announced that he was en route to Alaska, where he will go over the line of the White Pass Railway, in which

YUMA COUNTY PLACERS.

DISCOVERY OF RICH GROUND. BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. YUMA (Ariz.) May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) A rich discovery of placer ground has been made about a mile from the King of Arizona gold mine, in central Yuma county. The discoveries have been producing about \$50 a day with the assistance of a single dry-washing machine. The find is on the bare plain, near Desert Butte. Placers have been worked in northern Yuma county, but the rich ground now being worked has never before been prospected.

INDIANS WITHOUT FIRE. CORBUISIER KILLS RAW FISH. BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. SEATTLE, May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) C. R. Corbuisier, guide of the Alaska Commercial Company at St. Michael, made a trip this winter to the country south of the Kuskokwim River, where he found the Indians live in winter without fire, exclusively on raw black fish and salmon. In twenty-three Indian villages, which Corbuisier visited he found only one stove, and the Indians lived in their "igloos" all winter without any fire, keeping warm with the reindeer skin. There is no wood for miles on the tundra until the mountains are reached, and Corbuisier went for days without fire and lived like the Indians on raw fish. Even at the village he was unable to secure a cup of tea.

BANKERS' PROCEEDINGS. PAPER READ AND DISCUSSED. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN JOSE, May 31.—The second day's session of the California Bankers' Association opened at 10 o'clock a. m. today. The first paper read was by John Brunner of the Germania Trust Company of San Francisco, on "Some Essentials of the Modern Corporation." He outlined what he considered many beneficial changes. James K. Lynch of the First National Bank of San Francisco next contributed a paper on "Corporations—Bank Customers." He said this might be called the corporation age, and that the public little realized the benefits of the corporation or had a thorough understanding of some of the dangers involved. The last paper was by C. W. Bush of Yolo, on "The Banker and the Patron." A discussion followed. Tomorrow the bankers will be taken for a drive to Alum Rock Park.

OFFICERS EJECTED. SAN JOSE, May 31.—Officers were elected as follows: President, J. M. Elliott, Los Angeles; vice-president, James K. Lynch, San Francisco; treasurer, G. W. Kline, San Francisco; secretary, R. M. Welch, San Francisco; executive council, Frank Miller, Sacramento; Richard Bradley, Portland; J. P. Brooke, San Jose; I. Steinhart, San Francisco; W. A. Hale, Martinez; J. W. Hays, Yuba; H. R. Schmidt, San Francisco; J. R. Ryland, Los Gatos; E. P. Foster, Ventura.

ALASKAN FATALITIES. BLIZZARDS CAUSE HAVOC. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SEATTLE (Wash.) May 31.—The Times says that the Gold Digger mine from Council City, says: "The blizzards and severe cold have caused havoc along the coast. March 31st, Dr. Clark and party have returned with the body of Thomas Welch, who was frozen to death on the trail about eighty miles from here."

The Nome Gold Digger reports that Dave Williams, William Small, Abe Appel and Al James, who were reported lost in the Kuskokwim country, are known to be safe. Charles Watson, a four-foot man, ten feet about two miles below Fort Davis.

LOO CHIN AU'S MISSION. WILL STUDY OUR METHODS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—Among the passengers landed from the City of Peking today was Loo Chin Au, a Chinese physician who is Loo Tai, deputy commissioner of commerce, in China. Loo Chin Au has been commissioned by his government to visit the United States and examine into its commercial history and methods with a view of adopting whatever may be good in them for the Celestial Kingdom. He says that the United States entertains very friendly feelings toward the United States for the duration of this government, and during the recent Chinese troubles.

PHIL VAN SLYCK MISSING. FEARS HE HAS BEEN KILLED. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. OAKLAND, May 31.—Philip Van Slyck, a San Francisco broker residing in this city, has been missing from his home since May 8. It is feared he has been murdered, as search has failed to show any trace of him.

He left home at 10 o'clock of the morning, stating, telling his wife that he was going to the office in San Francisco. He said he had some large collections to make and would be late in getting home. He had on his person at that time \$200 in gold, a valuable watch, diamond ring and pin.

FAIR CASE SETTLED. REHEARING FINALLY DENIED. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—The petition for a rehearing in the matter of the suit of the trust deeds in the James G. Fair case was denied by the Supreme Court today.

This order practically settles the famous case, so far as the reality of the big estate is concerned. There is at present pending in the Superior Court a petition on behalf of the Fair heirs for an order distributing the personal property.

SALT RIVER CROPS SPOILING. NEEDED MORE LABORERS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. PHOENIX (Ariz.) May 31.—The inability of the ranchers in the Salt River Valley to secure laborers to gather the hay and grain has caused a serious form, and unless help comes soon the damage will be heavy. Much of the first crop of alfalfa is spoiling in the fields because enough men cannot be secured to care for it, and the second crop will be ready in a few weeks. The largest grain crop ever known in the Territory is ripe, but much of it will be ruined unless men can be found.

LORD SHOLTO BUYS STOCK. WILL NEXT INSPECT MINE. BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. TACOMA, May 31.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Lord Sholto Douglas arrived here today from the East, where he recently came from England. He announced that he was en route to Alaska, where he will go over the line of the White Pass Railway, in which

Summer Suits.

Best Styles. Lowest Prices.



This is looked upon as Los Angeles' principal clothing store. Having won the first place through strong and honest endeavor, through best goods at lowest prices, it's only natural that to maintain the position means to continue as we have begun. And so it shall ever be. Look at our stock this season. It comprehends everything good. When you come here you see a perfect, a complete stock. You see the best made garments possible to bring forth—you find the very newest, the brightest, the smartest ideas of the season. You should come, if only to look.

As good as possible to get at \$12.50 elsewhere—as good in quality, we mean of course. They lack the choice patterns as contained in the \$25.00 line usually seen elsewhere. Stripes, checks, plaids, and plain blues.

Men's Suits at \$10.00. Men's Suits at \$12.00. Men's Suits at \$13.50. Men's Flannel Coats and Pants \$3.50 to \$16.00.

MULLEN & BLUETT CLOTHING CO. N.W. Cor. First and Spring Streets.

HOSE SALE.

There's nothing a woman can wish for, in the way of Hosiery, that this department can't supply, and at a saving. The very newest and most exquisite novelties in fancy hosiery—the finest and softest of plain hosiery—and it's all so daintily knitted and well shaped. The following prices will bring a throng of eager buyers—just as you've seen at all our hosiery sales.

- 20c Ladies' Hose 11c. Ladies' extra fine black, fast color, double sole, handsomely shaped, Saturday sale.
- Drop Stitch Hose 25c. Ladies' extra fine black, made with pretty drop-stitch effect, double sole, high legged heel, Hermsdorf dye.
- Silk Finish Hose. Ladies' soft silk finish hose, full fashioned, very elastic and durable.
- 3 Pair for \$1.00.
- 75c Silkline Hose 50c. Ladies' extra fine grade, black silkline hose, high legged heel, double sole, very elastic, beauty of silk combined with the durability of cotton.
- 35c Tan Hose 25c. Ladies' fine plain tan hose, new shade, fine thread, double sole.
- New Dot Hose 49c. Ladies' fancy hose in red with the new black "dot" dot, all sizes.
- 12 1/2c Misses' Hose 7c. Misses' fast black, fine thread hose, double sole and toe, extra strong and serviceable.
- 15c Boys' Hose 12 1/2c. Boys' heavy rib rib hose, fast black, double sole and toe.
- 20c Misses' Hose 15c. Misses' fine black, elastic hose, double knee and toe, fast color.
- Infant's Hose 20c. Infant's fast black, extra fine thread, fine gauge, all sizes.
- Ladies' Fancy Hose 49c. The newest drop stitch effect, with green and white dot.
- 25c Fleur de Lis Hose 19c. Ladies' black silk finish hose, trimmed with fleur de lis pattern, very swell and dainty.

107-109 North Spring Street.

Odd Sample Glasses

Consisting of goblets, wine and champagne glasses, tumblers, etc. worth from 15c to 85c each; choice today 5c each.

H. F. VOLLMER & CO., Cor. Third and Broadway.

up a body of ore in which is found

Misses' Keeping Ten Stamps Buy With Good Ore—Strike Near the Old Mexican Gold Mine—Pinkham Still the Banner Producer.

CHLORIDE (Ariz.) May 29.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) John C. Wilson, Asa Lee Barron and R.R. Perkins left Tuesday morning for the Colorado River country to complete the assessments on a group of five gold locations they made along in the first days of April. Upon that visit they found that the new district, both for silver and gold, was very rich. The new district, both for silver and gold, was very rich. The new district, both for silver and gold, was very rich.

Struck by Falling Derrick. SALINAS, May 31.—John Grant, a local contractor, was struck by a falling derrick yesterday afternoon. He is now in the hospital, and his condition is serious. The derrick was used in the construction of a new building, and the accident occurred while it was being lowered.

Admission Day Celebration. SAN JOSE, May 31.—At a meeting of a few representatives of the city of San Jose, a resolution was adopted to celebrate the admission of the city to the Union. The celebration will be held on June 1st, and will include a parade, a picnic, and other amusements.

Espe Officers Inspection Trip. SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—President C. M. Hayes, Julius Kruttschnitt and J. H. Wallace of the Southern Pacific Company, left today for an inspection trip over the Oregon and California line. They will go as far as Portland, and will be absent for at least a week.

Historic Frat House Burned. SAN JOSE, May 31.—The historic Frat House of the University of the Pacific, which was destroyed by fire early this morning, was occupied by a rancher and had been used by the university. Loss \$50,000.

Regiment Mustered Out. SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—The Forty-sixth Regiment, U.S. Volunteers, was mustered out today.

A WELL-KNOWN correspondent has interviewed a number of noted scientists on the subject of the possibility of life at the earth's poles, and will tell the results in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday.

JOSE DE OLIVERA has written for The Times Magazine of the coming Sunday the story of a thrilling trip to Mexico's largest lake.

A VISIT to Tlaxcala, one of the most interesting places in Mexico, will be described in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday.

"INDUSTRIES OF CHINA" is the title of a valuable article from the pen of a well informed Chinese, which will appear in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday.

STEPHEN CRANE has contributed for The Times Magazine the coming Sunday a highly entertaining story entitled "The Queen's Head."

T. W. Benn and wife of Englewood, Cal., registered at the Roslyn last evening.

Thomas J. Durand, a mining man from Mojave, registered yesterday at the Roslyn.

W. A. Baldwin and wife of Buffalo, N. Y., took apartments at the Westminister yesterday.

E. D. Bronson and daughter Bernice of Oakland are in the city visiting relatives and friends.

Will G. Wells, the baritone singer, has gone to Colorado Springs for the benefit of his health.

E. E. Gillen, wife and family of Chicago have come to locate permanently in the city. They are at the Ramona.

J. F. Miller and family and Christ Steiner of Blaine and F. A. Heffin of Phoenix, are Arizonans registered at the Natick.

Judge E. L. Lamm and wife of this city will sail, June 15, for the Philippines, where they will locate, the Judge resuming the practice of law. They will visit Japan and China en route. Their fine home on West Adams street has been sold to L. R. Garrett.

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RAILROAD RECORD GOULD'S PLAN FOR ESPEE.

Will Attach the Road
to His System.

Combines Central and
Union Pacific.

Conflicting Interests in the
Northern Pacific Agree.
Morgan's Board.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
NEW YORK, May 31.—[Exclusive
Dispatch.] The Sun this morning says
that a rumor which is credited in
the railroad circles is that
information of the reformation of
the southwestern and transcontinental
railroad system, now in
progress, the Southern Pacific Rail-
road proper will be attached to the
Central Pacific, leaving the Central Pa-
cific as a permanent part of the Union
Pacific, which is controlled by the
Harriman syndicate.

The late C. P. Huntington made the
Central Pacific a division of the South-
western Pacific system, but inasmuch as
the Central Pacific is the only direct
outlet of the Union Pacific from Ogden
to San Francisco, it is believed that a
readjustment of relations will soon
have been effected.

NORTHERN PACIFIC INTERESTS.

MORGAN WILL SELECT BOARD.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)
NEW YORK, May 31.—The conflict-
ing interests in the Northern Pacific
Railroad have reached a final and
amicable agreement upon all matters
of disagreement and their future rela-
tions to the property. There has been
no announcement of the terms of the
new pact, which ends the most re-
markable financial battle in the re-
cord of Wall street, and none of the
details have been made public. Late this
afternoon the following statement
went out of the ticker:

"It is officially announced that an
understanding has been reached be-
tween Northern Pacific and Union Pa-
cific interests under which the com-
position of the Northern Pacific board
will be left in the hands of J. P. Mor-
gan, certain names having already
been suggested which will especially
be recognized as representative of the
common interests. It is asserted that
complete and permanent harmony will
result under the plan adopted by all
interests involved."

OFFICIALS NOT TALKING.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)
NEW YORK, May 31.—Jacob H.
Schiff declined to add anything to the
official statement beyond confirming
the truth of it. All James J. Hill would
say was that a satisfactory settlement
appeared to have been concluded.

One of the stories heard today after
the announcement that peace had been
declared was that at least two North-
western Pacific directors would enter the
Union Pacific fold, and that equal
representation would be given the first-
named road.

ROADS FOR PHILADELPHIA.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)
HARRISBURG (Pa.) May 31.—The
Senate today passed finally the bill
amending the passenger railway act of
1888 to permit the construction of a
passenger railway in any street not
occupied at present, and the bill pro-
viding for the erection of elevated and
underground railways. The extraor-
dinary speed with which bills of such
great importance have been rushed
through the Senate has aroused wide-
spread interest. Ten minutes after
their introduction they were reported
favorably from the committee and they
passed the first, second and third read-
ings without the loss of a moment's
time, all amendments being rejected.
The bills have yet to pass the House.

The Senate broke all records for
prompt action on legislation by passing
the bills finally within less than forty-
eight hours after they were introduced.
They were called up ahead of other
measures on the calendar at today's
session of the Senate, and passed with-
out debate by a vote of 35 to 8. By
Wednesday it is expected they will
reach the third reading and be passed
in the lower House.

The promoters of the bills say a cor-
poration will be immediately organized
with a large capital to take out a char-
ter for a railway system in Philadel-
phia and suburbs.

C. D. ASHLEY TO RESIGN.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)
NEW YORK, May 31.—The Mail and
Express says C. D. Ashley will, at the
next meeting of the Washburn board of
directors, resign the presidency and
vice-presidency. Mr. Ashley will be
succeeded by Thomas R. Ramsey, who
has been elected to the position of presi-
dent of the board.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)
NEW YORK, May 31.—The annual
meeting of the American New Church
Sunday-school Association (Sweden-
borgian) began today at the Church of
the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. The
president, Rev. J. S. Saul of Chicago,
delivered an address on "Teaching the
afternoon session Miss Edna C. Silver
of Boston spoke on "Sunday-school
Festivals."

GERMANS IN SAMOA.

Rapid Progress in Road-building.—
Purchase of Largest American Land-hold-
ings in the Kaiser's Island.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)
APIA (Samoa) May 31.—[Associated
Press Correspondence.] Wire from San
Francisco, May 31. The German govern-
ment has made rapid progress with
the roads commenced by the late gov-
ernment, but it has not been done to-
gether with German money, for that
government, upon the partition of the
islands, secured all the assets of the
thousands of dollars in cash on hand.
The Germans are still in Pili, and the
Germans are waiting him to come back.
It is stated that the Germans will not
return until the Kaiser's Island has been
promised made to them when he was
induced to abdicate the throne in or-
der to give the High Commission a
renewed field to work upon. He was to
receive an annuity of 50,000 marks.
Gov. B. F. Tilly has paid a visit to

the outlying island of Manua, and
had a most loyal welcome from King
Tumuanua and his chiefs.

The German court of Apia has con-
victed two Samoans of the murder of a
Chinese man. The principal, Pupu, was
sentenced to be hanged and his accom-
plices to serve fifteen years of hard la-
bor. Pupu suffered the penalty last
week.

The balance of the lands held by a
San Francisco firm in trust for the
Polynesian Land Company has been
sold to G. Kunst, a wealthy German,
who also several years ago bought
Valdimia, the home of the late
Robert Louis Stevenson. This transfer
places in German hands the largest
American interest in real estate in the
islands under German control. It is
the intention of the new proprietor to
send to German for settlers to work
the lands. Kunst has purchased two
steamers from the Union Steamship
Company of New Zealand for the
American trade. The first is readily ex-
pected at Apia, and from thence the
will proceed to Honolulu and San Fran-
cisco.

FLASHES FROM THE WIRES.

The London Daily Mail says that
King Edward has decided to reduce his
ecclesiastical establishment from thirty-
six paid chaplains to twelve.

A telegram from Cuzco received at
Lima, Peru, announces that the French
explorers, MM. Revaux and Le Monier,
have been assassinated by an Italian
named Giamone in the Valley of Con-
vention. Giamone was afterwards killed
by Indians.

A dispatch from Valparaiso, Chile,
says President Errazuriz has shown
some slight improvement since Tues-
day, but his condition is still very se-
rious.

A violent earthquake was felt Tues-
day in the province of Antofagasta,
Chile, accompanying an eruption of the
volcano. In San Pedro de Atacama the
interrupted railway traffic, the reservoir
pipes were cut and houses tumbled
down.

A dispatch from London says Rev.
James Chapman, president of Wesleyan
Training College, Battersea, one of the
most cultured men in the ranks of the
Wesleyan ministry, has accepted an
invitation of the Theological faculty of
Vanderbilt University to deliver a
series of lectures in connection with
the Cole lecture, in the spring of
next year.

La Union of Valparaiso publishes an
article praising the impartial attitude
of the United States relative to the
Pan-American Congress in rejecting
the candidature of the president of
Chile, who want to drag the Taca-
rica question into the debates of the
congress.

The lower house of the Austrian
Reichsrath adopted the government's
Canal Bill late last night.

The three boys who were drowned
while fishing from a boat in Rocky
River Thursday were Ernest Jacobs,
aged 18 years; Otto Michaels, aged 15
and George Behnke, aged 13, all of
Cleveland, O.

As a result of advice from the Mar-
shalls police, two anarchists have been
arrested at Madrid, one a Spaniard
and the other an Italian. It is rumored
that they had projects against the
Spanish ministers. The Italian, who
confessed that he was an anarchist,
said he was going to America.

A windstorm, almost cyclonic in pro-
portions, passed through Northwestern
California county, Minn., yesterday
morning, prostrating trees, huts and
everything else in its path. So far,
only one fatality is reported—the five-
year-old daughter of Elijah Copeland,
Colorado.

A heavy rain and hailstorm covered
a wide area yesterday morning, and
did great damage to all crops, espe-
cially to fruit, in the vicinity of
Houston, Tex.

Cecil Rhodes, in a speech before the
Chamber of Mines at Bulawayo, Ma-
telaand, on the difficulty of obtaining
laborers, advocated the adoption of
legislation controlling the importation
and deportation of Chinamen.

A cable message received yesterday
by William Cramp & Sons, announce
that the first payment for the cruiser
contracted for by the government of
Turkey has been paid by the Imperial
Ottoman Bank. Until now there has
been an element of doubt as to whether
the cruiser would be built, but with
the first payment the work will be
carried forward.

John Desinski, William Greeling and
Peter Josky, bridge carpenters, were
drowned last night in the Calumet
river, at Ninety-fifth street, Chicago,
by the capsizing of a ferryboat.

The Kranich & Bach Piano

is the highest type of the
piano maker's art. We sell
them at New York prices.

GEO. J. BIRKEL,
STEINWAY AGENT,
Corner Second and Broadway.

AT NEW YORK HOTELS.
NEW YORK, May 31.—[Exclusive
Dispatch.] W. H. Rimson and wife
are at the Waldorf; E. R. Brainerd is
at the Manhattan; F. M. Pierce of San
Diego is at the Fifth Avenue.

BIBLE THIEF ACCUSED.

Public Library Officials
Charge Prominent Cit-
izen With Stealing.

Those who daily in mental
analysis and find food for
thought in the cerebral con-
volutions of the criminal
brain, now have another prob-
lem to solve. This time the
public library furnishes the
subject, and the attendants
will a tale unfold that would
cause the oldest operator with
the "jiminy" to go into
spasms.

For a man has purloined
from the library a Bible dic-
tionary.

Is he a kleptomaniac? Is
he a thief? If not, what man-
ner of man is he? All kinds
of goods and chattels have at
one time and another fallen a
prey to light-fingered gentry,
but never before a Bible dic-
tionary.

What makes the matter more
interesting in the present in-
stance is that the man is—or
considers himself to be—of
high standing in the commu-
nity. He wears a silk tie fairly
shimmering with gentility.
The goatees and the mustach-
ios are done up in brown curl
papers every night that there
may be nothing lacking in
these hirsute embellishments.

Furthermore, the person in
question is at the head of an
organization of some standing
in Los Angeles. These are
the sidelights upon this most
interesting case.

About two weeks ago the
librarian missed a Bible dic-
tionary in three volumes from the
shelves in the reference
department. No one knew
what had become of them or
how they had disappeared.
All the attendants were ad-
monished to keep a sharp
lookout, as they might be re-
placed.

Sure enough, one volume
did appear a little later, and it
was noted that the subject of
this sketch was on hand that
same afternoon for the first
time in some days. Miss Anna
Beckley, head of the reference
department, decided to keep a
sharp watch on this man when
next he should appear.

Last Wednesday evening he
came, and with him another
volume of the biblical diction-
ary. He was seen to slip it
from beneath the ample folds
of his overcoat and endeavor
to place it unobserved upon
the library shelves.

Then the hurricane broke.
Miss Beckley froze him on the
spot, and Miss Mary Jones, the
librarian, added more frigidity
to the iciness of the air. Some
men might have become pet-
rified, but the subject in ques-
tion had an abnormal amount
of nerve.

"I took this volume out on
my own responsibility," he
said, haughtily.

When questioned concern-
ing the whereabouts of the
other volume, he of the silk
tie and the flowing overcoat
denied all knowledge of it.
After assuring him that the
matter would be reported to
the library board the man
with an abnormal fondness
for Bible dictionaries was al-
lowed to depart.

"It is my opinion that he
has the other volume," said
the librarian yesterday. "I
believe that a man who will
steal will also lie."

Today 10c Fancy Elastic— 5c Yd. Of Course You'll Be Here Today

Each Department Manager cutting prices—one trying to outdo the other. Our large cash prizes make them hustle. Saturdays always end a busy day. If you like to have plenty of room and first choice, be here early and take advantage of the Final Cut in Prices.

12c Sleeveless Vests 5c.
Ladies' Swiss striped cotton taped neck
and arm in sets of white.
20c Sleeveless Vests 12c.
Ladies' sleeveless vests, well worth 50c,
in white or pale shades of blue or pink, some
with fancy colored necks, taped neck and
arms.
35c Ladies' Lisle Vests 22c.
Low neck, with black or white trim, all
silk ribbons; special today, 25c.
Ladies' Union Suits 19c.
Ladies' cotton union suits, low neck, sleeve-
less, knee length, taped neck and arms;
special good value at 30c; today 19c.

5c Ribbon 12c yd.
All silk, plaid ends, baby ribbon, every
shade in the lot, usually 10c per yard; on ap-
peal at half price, 5c yard, or 30c spool.
Taffeta Ribbon 3c yd.
All silk more and taffeta ribbon, from 1/2
to 1 inch wide, in all shades and widths,
sold regularly for 10c; today 3c; on sale today 5c.
Fancy Ribbon 12c yd.
All silk ribbons in plaids, checks, stripes
and fancy weaves, in all shades and widths,
sold regularly for 10c; today 5c; on sale today 3c.
We cut the prices so.

10c Men's Suits 5c.
The greatest suit offer ever made; any suit
worth up to \$10.00, today only \$5.00.
Men's Gloves 25c.
For driving or dress, made from good qual-
ity lambskin, patent man's fasteners, fancy
stitched back, variety of shades; worth
50c; special today, per pair, 25c.
Lead Pencils 8c Per Dozen.
Well worth like a dozen, but we want a grand
final for this busy week, so today, per doz-
en, 8c.
10c Men's Socks 3c.
Extra heavy Rockford socks, absolutely
seamless, in blue, brown, and gray mixed;
per pair 3c.

10c Men's Socks 3c.
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seamless, in blue, brown, and gray mixed;
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Dr. O. C. Joslen,
Of Los Angeles

Cure Varicose and associated Pelvic and Nervo-Vital Diseases to stay cured, by a special method which he originated and exclusively controls.

Dr. C. E. Allen, 1011 1/2th Street of Main and Third Sts. Los Angeles, Cal. is the only place in the world where my treatment can be obtained.

The natural forces which I employ are administered by special means and cure any case of Varicose from five to seven days.

If you suffer from Varicose and the associated Nervo-Vital Diseases, write a careful description of your case as you desire, send it to me, and I will examine it and I will promptly, giving you a professional opinion as to your condition.

Owing to the favorable criticism and many inquiries received from me from the Medical Profession and others interested regarding my statement that the so-called Weakness of Men is not a weakness but symptoms of inflammation of the prostate gland, I have been obliged to publish the following orders and early dissipation, and that Loss of Vitality, Prostatitis, etc., are invariably cured by procedures directed toward correcting the inflammation. I wish to state to the medical profession that approximately ten weeks ago, I was entirely a local one as no dragging the stomach is necessary at home under my directions. I will cheerfully enable Physician on request. The colored chart of the organs of the male body is enclosed for your reference. I am making a study for all interested in their anatomy. Very respectfully,

GLEN, M. D., Cor. Main and Third Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

many inquiries, in the columns of disorder, of the male. The treatise, and that the patient may try plain the plan of treatment to any which I send free on application to tag in "Home Diagnosis," as well O. C.

<p>all handle the indicator. The as follows:</p> <p>Zobeles.</p> <p>catcher center field shortstop second base left field right field first base third base</p>	<p>Hoegses. Whaling Lepper Little Harris Long Wilson Adams Francis</p>
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GIANTS-SAN PEDRO.
The Giants and the San Pedros
had a game of ball at San Pedro
last afternoon for a purse of \$50.
The result was a tie.
The referee was
Lew Kelly who
was the game.

GRIFPIN CALLED.
A MAN ON THE SCENE.
The Athletic Club has a man
calling to go against Hank
Smith and the club has
a ten-round preliminary to the
Smith fight, and the club has
any part of it, to wager that
he will stay. It is now up to
his manager.

ONE FIGHT OFF.
WOODS DECLINES.

Woodie-Tom Riley fight is just doesn't like it, and he guinea the fight. He says he would not bet can get better game. Billy can be mistakes, for there are some with regulations in metropolis looking for meal. The colored boy is evidently with a swelling in the cranial bone, and he is not sure. Riley here would be a ring card, should Billy be a champion, could get a any of them.

Boxing at Redwood
A special train will carry to 100 bowling enthusiasts, who will be the finish of the match between the two teams. The winner. The latter team has 131 pins, and a hot game is in progress. The boys are the several allies, and will be an interesting project. The other private moves called off during the afternoon. The afternoon will be given by the bowling slippers by the Turturians. The train will leave and Jefferson street at

NS. EXPOSED.

entertainment by the Athena
Society of the University.
a Well Carried Out.

ena Literary Society of the
has long had the distinction
the largest entertainment and
the largest house of com-
week. "Chronothanale-
"Old Times Made New," as
by the young ladies," last
equal to the best produc-
past, and an audience that
seat in the chapel and the
A, the doorways, and even
outside showed appreciation
of the applause.

entertaining work of Miss Zana
president, and Miss Lena
summar of the society, the suc-
cessful entertainment is largely

After having had entire the technical work of the the first time the work has ed by one of the students. is cleverly written, upon ed invention of a machine, hor could again bring into ns who had been dead even me of Adam. a Terpenning took the part entress and ground out the and picturesque personages the nineteenth century, an-

turned out by the machine a woman in Abraham's came Pharaoh's daughter, arrayed in an Egyptian dyra Sherer looked very lavish costume representing Cora Dumai was trans- the powers of the inventress Elizabeth. Bickerdick, Miss Evelyn made the hit of the evening, a audience in a continual lighter. conclusion of the play di- society were conferred the Misses Helen Christie, Wenning, Wilma Ryus, Jose- and Lena Turner.

ES take

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ate

water after meals,
sion and exhaus-
estion.

Schlitz THE BEER THAT MAKES MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

We, who know brewing, know the value of pure water. We add vastly to the necessary cost of our beer to assure it. You who drink it get the healthful results of our precaution. Your physician knows; ask him.

*Phone James 1131, Sherwood & Sherwood, 218 N. Main St., Los Angeles

Every Bottle Sterilized

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A Cold Bottle

There's delight and refreshment at any time
in a bottle of

BOHEMIAN
"King of all Bottled Beers."
Sparkling, satisfying, nourishing. It contains
the water has "flavor" as delightful as the

yet so seldom found. The ideal family be-

Bridge Street
HAAS, BARUCH & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Bottled at the brewery only. Never sold in bulk.

Our direct book of names—“German Support,” free
 on request. The American Brewing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Perfect Suction Plate

Wick's Dental Parlors, Cor. Fifth and Hill.
TEL. RED 3261.

rus Pile Cure Cur
\$50

W. H. PERRY | **WEAK MEN AND WOMEN** sho

BER MFG. CO.
IRON AND PLANING MILLS
222 COMMERCIAL STREET

18.02.2015

contest for Times
wing to a close.
une 30, 1901.

concluding 30.
itors will be per
s already in the
who on June 30
as many as 100
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contestants with
Each will receive
several of them
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will aggregate over

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have already
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standing. There
the surprises.

competitors
standing May 31

15,012
11,934
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8,540
8,726
5,111
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3,852
2,957
2,769
2,434
2,434
2,314
2,146
1,998
1,687
1,621
1,470
1,397
1,164
1,144
964
964
812
717
604
604
493
493
489
489
411
411
287
287
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111

prizes in this distribution
results when they present

OF THE TIMES
contributing subscriptions or re

in Southern California.
ing everything known just to find it
ing facilities on the entire Pacific Coast.
in Southern papers combined. Since
persons buyer and seller, issues and
in people who have wants and those who

the United States.
ing "money" and making it
in the household or a disturbing factor

THE ORANGE MARKET.

Special and Authentic Quotations by Telegraph.

CITRUS FRUITS IN THE EAST.

PRICES AT NEW YORK.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
NEW YORK, May 31.—(Exclusive
leap.) Prices today were as fol-
low: Extra fancy, large, 2.50@2.75;
extra, 2.25@2.50; fancy, large, 2.00@2.25;
extra, 1.75@2.00; fancy, large, 1.50@1.75;
extra, 1.25@1.50; fancy, large, 1.00@1.25;
extra, 75c@1.00; fancy, large, 50c@75c;
extra, 40c@50c; fancy, large, 30c@40c;
extra, 20c@30c; fancy, large, 10c@20c;
extra, 5c@10c; fancy, large, 2c@5c;
extra, 1c@2c; fancy, large, 1/2c@1c;
extra, 1/4c@1/2c; fancy, large, 1/8c@1/4c;
extra, 1/16c@1/8c; fancy, large, 1/32c@1/16c;
extra, 1/64c@1/32c; fancy, large, 1/128c@1/64c;
extra, 1/256c@1/128c; fancy, large, 1/512c@1/256c;
extra, 1/1024c@1/512c; fancy, large, 1/2048c@1/1024c;
extra, 1/4096c@1/2048c; fancy, large, 1/8192c@1/4096c;
extra, 1/16384c@1/8192c; fancy, large, 1/32768c@1/16384c;
extra, 1/65536c@1/32768c; fancy, large, 1/131072c@1/65536c;
extra, 1/262144c@1/131072c; fancy, large, 1/524288c@1/262144c;
extra, 1/1048576c@1/524288c; fancy, large, 1/2097152c@1/1048576c;
extra, 1/4194304c@1/2097152c; fancy, large, 1/8388608c@1/4194304c;
extra, 1/16777216c@1/8388608c; fancy, large, 1/33554432c@1/16777216c;
extra, 1/67108864c@1/33554432c; fancy, large, 1/134217728c@1/67108864c;
extra, 1/268435456c@1/134217728c; fancy, large, 1/536870912c@1/268435456c;
extra, 1/1073741824c@1/536870912c; fancy, large, 1/2147483648c@1/1073741824c;
extra, 1/4294967296c@1/2147483648c; fancy, large, 1/8589934592c@1/4294967296c;
extra, 1/17179869184c@1/8589934592c; fancy, large, 1/34359738368c@1/17179869184c;
extra, 1/68719476736c@1/34359738368c; fancy, large, 1/137438953472c@1/68719476736c;
extra, 1/274879906944c@1/137438953472c; fancy, large, 1/549759813888c@1/274879906944c;
extra, 1/1099519627776c@1/549759813888c; fancy, large, 1/2199039255552c@1/1099519627776c;
extra, 1/4397598511104c@1/2199039255552c; fancy, large, 1/8795197022208c@1/4397598511104c;
extra, 1/17588794044416c@1/8795197022208c; fancy, large, 1/35177588088832c@1/17588794044416c;
extra, 1/70375176177664c@1/35177588088832c; fancy, large, 1/140750352355328c@1/70375176177664c;
extra, 1/281500704710656c@1/140750352355328c; fancy, large, 1/563001409421312c@1/281500704710656c;
extra, 1/1126002818442624c@1/563001409421312c; fancy, large, 1/2252005636885248c@1/1126002818442624c;
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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

LOS ANGELES—Unique.
BUTRANK—The mysterious Mr. Dugle.
ORR—The mysterious Mr. Dugle.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Sealed Into the House.

During the absence of the family on Memorial day, a thief entered the home of J. R. Simmons at No. 3925 Vermont avenue by unlocking the front door, and stole \$15 in money and a gold watch chain.

Hearing Postponed.

The hearing of Peter and James Christie charged with possession of a counterfeit of the United States flag, postponed to Monday. The defendants are still in jail.

Killed Himself.

A verdict of suicide was rendered yesterday by the coroner's jury in the case of Charles Huesbeck, the old ex-soldier, who killed himself with a pistol Wednesday night at his home, No. 555 Macy street.

Prices Go Up.

Beginning this morning all barber shavings from 10 to 15 cents, and hair cutting from 20 to 25 cents. This is in accordance with the price given heretofore, and will not come as a surprise to the public.

Sunset Club.

The Sunset Club held its regular meeting at the Lyceum last night. The subject of discussion was "The Consolidation of Railroads, and its Results, as Viewed by Railroad Officers and Patrons." There was a good attendance of members, and the question was thoroughly canvassed, both from the standpoint of the railroad and the shipper.

Funeral of Mrs. Smith.

The funeral of the late Mrs. George M. Smith at the University Methodist Episcopal Church yesterday was attended by many friends. Rev. E. A. Healy, pastor of the church, preached the sermon, and Dr. Graves and President Elder Howard made brief addresses highly eulogistic of the life and character of the deceased. Interment was in Rosehill Cemetery. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Children Free.

This afternoon at the Chutes all the children of Los Angeles will be admitted free. A good programme, with several new features, will entertain the little ones. On Sunday a complete change of bill will be included in the evening programme, following the illumination and playing of the electric fountain. Next Wednesday afternoon and night will be Chinese and the Chinese Board of Trade is arranging to celebrate.

Want a Divid.

A number of the creditors of M. Rubenstein of Hanford yesterday presented a petition in the United States District Court, asking that he be declared bankrupt, and that William Abbott be restrained from disposing of a stock of goods of value \$10,000 transferred to him on May 19. The petitioners allege that their claims aggregate several thousand dollars. Abbott has been cited to appear June 19, to show cause why he should not be restrained from selling the goods in question.

Policeman's Death.

A. P. Richardson, a retired police officer who is well known in the city, died yesterday afternoon of a brain attack at his residence, No. 2510 Pennsylvania avenue. He was formerly an employee of the street railway company, and later served a term as Constable of this township. At the expiration of his term in 1896 he was made a policeman and retired about three months ago on account of ill-health. He was 25 years of age and leaves a widow and two children. Owing to his retirement from the police force, his wife not only lost any money claim on the police pension fund, but he carried insurance in the Macabees, to which order he belonged. He was also an Odd Fellow, and his funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from Old Fellows' Hall, the interment to be in Evergreen Cemetery.

BREVITIES.

Bishop John W. Hamilton, D.D., LL.D., University Baccalaureate sermon, Sunday, June 3, 10 a.m. The bishop delivers his sermon as above instead of at the University Church at 11 a.m. as announced. Rev. T. C. Miller will preach the annual college sermon on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in the University Church. Special music is arranged for both occasions. All our citizens are cordially invited to attend these services.

"The Blind Man and What He Saw" will be the Rev. Dr. George A. Thomas Dowling's topic at Christ Episcopal Church, Flower street, corner Pico (Thirteenth street) tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. Musical service and "Sunday Night Talk" at 7:45 p.m. In the evening all are invited to the University and Pico Heights cars pass the door.

Choral evening will now be sung in St. John's Episcopal Church, Adams and Figueroa streets, on Sundays at 5 p.m. Instead of 4 p.m., as during the winter months. No sermon at evening service, only the full cathedral choral service. The service will last about one hour. Other services, 7:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.

The Rev. Agallia Webb, recently called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, will preach in that church at 11 a.m. tomorrow and will be duly installed as pastor at 7:30 p.m. June 2, when Rev. Hugh K. Walker will preach the installation sermon.

At the First Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow, Rev. George A. Hough, the junior pastor, will preach in the morning on "Man's Place in the Universe." In the evening Rev. Dr. Cantine, the senior pastor, will preach on "The Black Sheep of the Family."

First Congregational Church, Sixth and Hill, service and sermon Sunday morning. Special service, twilight communion and reception of members, at 6 o'clock. On account of the communion no public meeting in the auditorium in the evening.

The choir of the First Presbyterian Church, corner Figueroa and Twentieth streets, will give a praise service in that church at 7:30 p.m. tomorrow, assisted by Mr. West, Dr. Carr, Miss Mary Birch and Miss Zoe McClure.

When moving, save all odds and ends of clothing and furniture for Good Samaritan department of Berkeley Institutional Church for distribution among the needy. Tel. John 26 and women will sell.

The subject of the sermon by Rev. J. S. Thomson at the Independent Church of Christ (Simpson Auditorium), on Sunday morning will be "Christ's Answer to Pilate's Question, 'What is Truth?'"

All women are invited to attend the Young Women's Christian Association service at First Baptist Church, Sunday, 2 p.m. Miss Barnes and Miss Connel, national secretaries, will speak. For time or arrival and departure of Santa Fe trains, see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Don't forget the praise service at the

First Presbyterian Church next Sunday, 7:30 p.m.
Finest cabinet photos reduced to \$1 and \$1.75 per doz. Sunbeam, 238 S. Main.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for W. N. Douglas, C. H. S. Morris and Miss Burchenal.

NEW SCHOOL PROPERTY.

Board of Education Decides to Purchase Twelve Lots for New Building in the Sixth Ward.

The City Board of Education, at a special meeting held yesterday afternoon, accepted the bid of E. C. Cybik to sell to the city twelve lots in the Sixth Ward. The plat of ground referred to is located on Twentieth street, between Central avenue and Naomi street, and extends through to Walnut street, on the north, a distance of 300 feet, thus giving 300 feet frontage on both Twentieth and Walnut streets. It is 100 feet east of Central avenue, being separated by an alley from a tier of lots fronting on that thoroughfare. The price agreed upon is \$3000, the property to be curbed and sidewalked. The east twelve lots of the same block, fronting on Naomi street, would have been taken instead, had it not been beyond the sewer limit, but rather than take any chances, the board selected the other.

The school building now in the same section of the city are located at Twentieth and San Pedro streets, and when built the new school will be conveniently located to relieve the other which are now overcrowded, notwithstanding the recent addition built to each.

It is not designed to make the improvement immediately, but architects will be asked to submit competitive plans for an approved structure, the plans to be paid for if accepted and used at pleasure.

There was an informal expression from several members of the board in favor of a structure of Spanish design, after the style of the High School annex, with a court, or patio, in the center, but whether any striking innovation will be made is a matter for future consideration.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

James A. Hook, aged 23, a native of California, and Lillian Hausner, aged 21, a native of Illinois; both residents of Los Angeles.
Michael J. Buckley, aged 20, a native of Wisconsin, and Barbara Lally, aged 24, a native of England; both residents of Los Angeles.
William E. Newton, aged 27, a native of Wisconsin, and a resident of Los Angeles, and Jennie Tyler, aged 25, a native of California and a resident of Whittier.

BIRTH RECORD.

DIMOCK—May 31, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dimock, No. 262 South 20th street, a daughter.

DEATH RECORD.

HUESBECK—In this city, May 30, Charles Gustave Huesbeck, 55 years of age, 521 May street, Sunday, 2 p.m. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

CRAGG—In this city, May 31, May Burton Cragg, a native of Virginia, aged 14 years. Passed from the residence, No. 610 Moore street, Sunday, June 1, at 3 p.m. Friends and acquaintances invited to attend interment Evergreen Cemetery.

WATKINS—In this city, May 31, W. H. Watkins, a native of Ohio, aged 69 years. Passed from the residence of Robert F. Watkins, No. 411 S. Main street, Sunday, June 1, at 2 p.m. Friends and acquaintances respectfully invited.

RICHARDSON—At his residence, No. 2510 Pennsylvania avenue, May 31, Allen P. Richardson, aged 25 years, brother of Mrs. A. P. Richardson, of John C. and James E. Richardson, in his 30th year. Passed from the residence of his brother, Sunday, June 1, at 2 p.m. Friends and acquaintances respectfully invited.

DANIEL—Passed away May 31, Dan Daniel, in this city, Rev. William Craggion, D.D. Passed away Sunday, June 1, 1901, at 2 p.m. from Westlake Methodist Church.

LOOF, FUNERAL NOTICE.
Members of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 10, and all visiting brothers, are requested to meet in Memorial Hall, No. 286 South Main street, Sunday, June 3, at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late brother, A. P. Richardson, Interment Evergreen Cemetery. WM. PRESTON, N.O. W. P. SCHLOSSER, Secretary.

Los Angeles Transfer Co.
Will carry baggage at your residence to any point. Office, 423 S. Spring. Tel. M. 4, or 10, 12.

Bresce Bros. Co., Undertakers.
Lady assistant attends ladies and children. Broadway and Sixth street. Tel. main 41.

W. H. Sutcliff, Undertaker.
Lady assistant. 618 S. Spring. Tel. M. 101.

Los Angeles Flower Store.
For a carnation bouquet, call 477 S. Spring.

A Picture and Its Frame Should Suit Each Other.

The Times is now able to supply owners of Thomson Art Pictures with art frames to match them. There are five varieties of the frames, all ebony finish and highly artistic. They will be supplied to Times patrons at 25 and 35 cents each, according to design. Samples on exhibition at office, Times Art Co., Los Angeles.

JORE DE OLIVERAS has written for The Times Magazine one of the most interesting stories of a thrilling trip to Mexico's largest lake.

A VISIT to Tlalcala, one of the most interesting places in Mexico, will be described in The Times Illustrated Magazine the coming Sunday.

"INDUSTRIES OF CHINA" is the title of a valuable article from the pen of a well-informed Chinese which will appear in The Times Illustrated Magazine the coming Sunday.

AND weak Stomachs, THOMPSON'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS are a sure relief. Sufferers with any of these troubles should use this remedy.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets 30c.
Dr. Blaklee's Dyspepsia Tablets 25c.
Johnson's Papoid Tablets 40c and 80c.
Murray's Charcoal Tablets 20c.

Boswell & Noyes Drug Co.
Reliable Prescription Druggists,
THIRD AND BROADWAY

Little Troubles Of The Eyes

Often grow to be very serious. Sometimes they cause the loss of sight entirely. To prevent this you should have properly fitted glasses. Cuts at \$5.00, with gold lined frames, guaranteed for ten years.

EYES EXAMINED FREE.
Geneva Watch and Optical Co.
303 S. BROADWAY.

PEERLESS WINES

HAVE HONESTLY WON A WORLD REPUTATION FOR

Purity, Age and Strength.

Fine Old Port, Angelica and Muscat . . . 80c, 75c and \$1.00 PER GALLON

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINE CO.,
230 W. Fourth St.
Phone M. 332

Magnin & Co.

251 South Broadway

THE MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Gowns, 50c up.
Dresses, 50c up.
Chemise, 85c up.
Skirts, \$1.00 up.

Remember that these prices mean underwear well made, perfectly trimmed, and of good materials. Made in our own factory and given care and thought.

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Swell, up-to-date suits for particular young men. Styles that will appeal to every good dresser and every man careful of his appearance. Made of the newest cloths in stripes and mixtures. Included with them is an assortment of business suits for middle aged men. Qualities worth \$13.98

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JUNE 1, 1901.

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"Commerce sits upon a three-legged stool supported by labor, capital and business ability. You cannot remove one of these supports without causing her downfall and the destruction of the peace, prosperity and plenty in her keeping." THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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From Bishop's—of course. *Marshmallow Butter Kisses*—the very name sounds good, gives you an idea of what they are. The finest marshmallows covered with a thin coating of clear, hardened butter—anybody would like them.

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Large loaves from little flour;
Sweetest loaves, that keep their
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More loaves to the sack;
And in each loaf there is more
nutriment than bread made
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Every Sack Guaranteed.

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BISHOP'S ROYAL FLAKES

A cracker dainty enough to be served on the table of every royal family.

These Royal Flakes are like all of Bishop's crackers in one respect—no other crackers can compare with them.

They are small, dainty, most delicate to eat—and always fresh.

Your grocer has them—every progressive grocer has them. Order some tomorrow.

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Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

The East, in the most important matter of progress, has, especially of late, been constantly shifting to the westward. It has been sending its best talent, its wealth and its culture toward the sunset shores of this great continent. We are really the East, as far as our population goes, for the older States of the Union have given us of their best, as far as our social and business life is concerned, and probably the native-born element in this far West is larger in proportion to the population than it is in New England.

"In the State's vital statistics for 1899, which have just been published, it is shown that of 26,855 births in the State, 45 per cent. were registered as of both parents foreign-born, and only 29 per cent. of native parents. The registered mortality was 14,781, of whom more than 10,000 were natives. In forty-one country towns the native deaths actually exceeded the births. These figures show that the young people have struck out into new regions, leaving the old folks behind them. The vital statistics of Massachusetts for 1899 show a similar tendency. The native deaths are more numerous than the births, and the births among the foreign population are much in excess of the deaths."

Beyond question, in the future of this country, the star of empire will shine as brightly in the western sky of the American republic as it ever shone in the East, and the grandeur of American freedom and enlightenment will receive some of its proudest luster from the great West, as it swings more and more fully into the broad line of universal progress.

PRIMAL AND CONTEMPORARY LIFE.

The geological changes, since the tertiary period, are in the study, and many physical vicissitudes are related in the history of the old earth.

The late Prof. Marsh of Yale is said to have also reached the conclusion that the original home of man was the Philippines. Dr. Becker's hypothesis was there-

In considering the various interpretations of the topography of Eden, it is said that Milton in imagination saw features of the real landscape, and, in his ecstasies of contemplation; something of the wonderful dawns and moonlights and perfumed canopies of bloom, which characterize the island vista.

The present intellectual condition of any region is no sure evidence of the intelligence of the race at that time, when man, made in God's own image, held converse with his Maker. From the records of Genesis primal man did not live in caverns nor underground. The eldest son of the first man builded a city. (Genesis iv, 17,) and in verses 20 and 21, of the same chapter, it is told that the lives of these people were enlivened by music, for the harp and the flute were there, and they could only have been constructed and played by a race of people skillful in the arts.

Like the slowdown on the dial has the progress of the world reached the point where, like the rivers of the primal Eden, it may send out refreshment to the four quarters of the globe. Since the time of Plato the world has been seeking for the lost Atlantis, and the myths of all nations point to the perfection of "a golden age" without barbarism.

Christianity, which places the idea of humanity above that of nationality and teaches the value of individuals and the spirit of truth and justice, however faulty its performance, has the power to find something of the dream of the primal Eden in the isles of the sea. The dark races of the world are coming in contact with the white, and the United States government is called upon to illustrate ideas and statesmanship commensurate with the progress of the country. Many great problems of ethnology are to be solved, and far-reaching duties await the advocates of human liberty and equal rights.

One has only to read Gen. Ludlow's report of the Compostella School in the old barracks of Havana, for the unhappily large class of orphans and dependents of that city, to see illustrated the beneficiary spirit of the government. There half-grown girls and young women are instructed in the practical arts which will give them the capacity of self-support. The school is now caring for all the orphan children within the sphere of its usefulness, and is said to be, after two years of experiment, so successful a realization that it is an example to the entire world. The school is asserted by Mr. Bangs of the editorial staff of Harper's Weekly, to be but one of many evidences lying before the eyes of those who visit Cuba, of the wonderful energy, the deep sincerity and the magnificent philanthropy of the work of American military authorities in that island. To train new races for future citizenship that they may be noble and upholding forces for God and country is no small part of national duty. It is too early to determine the benefit which these islands may be to the United States. The ethical spirit of the hour inquires how much of light, love and charity civilization can carry in the train of possession. L. F. H.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Anarchists who believe in assassination really have no valid grounds for complaint about the death of Brecci, even if they suspect he was murdered.—[Kansas City Star.

Col. Mills has no doubt raised a crop of enemies by his determination to crush hazing at West Point, but he has earned the respect and approval of the mass of the American people.—[Buffalo Times.

Perhaps the man who has invented a system of telegraphy by which messages can travel both ways on one wire at the same time, may yet evolve some plan by which railroad trains may pass each other on the same track.—Topeka State Journal.

A congress of mothers has just assembled at Columbus.

As a result of the shirt waist agitation, letter carriers in a number of eastern cities have adopted a combination shirt and coat which goes under the name of "comboo." It has been selected by the letter carriers of New York for summer wear, and the Boston postmen are now taking the matter of wearing "comboos" into consideration. "Comboos" is an ugly name for so benevolent a garment, but no uglier than "khaki," for the matter of that, and no matter at all if it fulfills its promise of comfort.—(St. Joseph Gazette-Herald.)

LIGHTING UP THE COLOSSEUM.

There is the additional abomination in these days of a big brass band and a chorus of a hundred voices, in an invocation to the Flavian amphitheater. The effect is tremendous, but somewhat stunning to those who are accustomed to their Colosseum empty and flooded with peaceful moonlight, where pictures from the past rise with the clearness of second sight, and no sound is heard but one's own breathing or the song of the night-ingale. Contrast with such a scene the red, blue and yellow Bengal lights, the smoke, the confusion, the hundred shrieking throats, and—the clang of the brazen instruments! Imagination shrinks, and curses the Roman of today with whom such a thing is possible. But is it his fault? As I said before, it is a great financial success, and the Italians certainly do not patronize it. Query—Who does?

TO TRY ON FOR THE KING.

It is understood that King Edward, who is taking keen personal interest in the proposed changes of dress for his army, had expressed a desire to see the field service equipment supplied to German soldiers in China and in the various German colonies, and that the Emperor accordingly directed these two officers of his own immediate entourage to proceed to London and afford His Majesty facilities for inspection. The sergeant has been sent with them in order that he may don the equipment and that King Edward may thus be enabled to judge of the advantages of the outfit. The inspection will take place at Marlborough House on Monday.

NO SALIC LAW FOR SERVIA.

The change is hailed with satisfaction by the people throughout the kingdom, the only ones who have offered a word of protest against it being the Kara-Georgevitch pretenders, who naturally saw their way clear to the throne in the event of King Alexander dying without any legal heir.

LILIES.

The roses grew and nodded by its side,
The pansies upward looked about its feet,
And all the spaces of the garden wide,
Drank in its flowing tide of fragrance sweet.

The world was brighter for its presence there,
Although it was a little thing within
The great walled spaces where all things were fair
And beauty from each growing thing did spring.

How like the lily in this world of ours,
The Christian's life when it is pure and true,
How sweet the fragrance which it daily showers,
How rare the graces which it brings to view.

The fragrance of self-sacrifice it yields,
The whiteness of its purity we see,
And like the lilies of the summer fields,
It sheds a sweetness that is full and free.

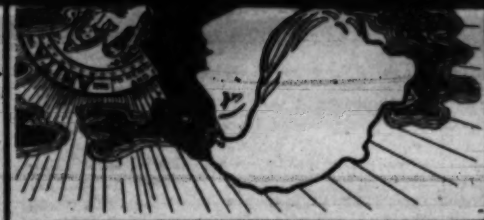
God walks with us if we but walk the way
That Jesus trod. His presence makes it sweet.
Take Thou our hand, O Father, be our stay,
Lilies of faith make blossom round our feet.

May 28, 1901.

A Lincoln, Neb., woman boasts of the fact that she never was kissed by a man. If it could be arranged to bring her and that unkind Chicago professor together and both were in a repentant mood, there might be a scene over which the gods would weep joyful tears.

—Denver Post.

—[Denver Post]



NO PAIN IN DEATH
IN MAN'S LAST MOMENTS HE HAS PRACE OF
MIND AND BODY.
More material than the patient, who asked, "O
Death, where is thy sting?" the physician of today not
only asks the same question, but answers it.
"It has none," says Dr. C. P. Ryan, St. Paul, Minn., who has
made extended observations of the phenomena of death.
In its many forms, "In his last supreme moments man
is free of all physical suffering," says Dr. Ryan.

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BULLION FLATS.

THE STORY OF BURIED TREASURE THAT MANY HAVE DUG FOR BUT NEVER FOUND.

From a Special Correspondent.

FLORENCE (Ariz.) May 18.—Lost mines are a familiar and plentiful enough stock in trade of the desert. Lost treasures, buried in the waste stretches of the alkali desert flats by the hands of man, are another thing. Interest here is possible for the old-timer, where the last mine must hunt for a patient hearing and eager acceptance at the hands of the tenderfoot—the tenderfoot from far east of the Rockies.

Between here and Casa Grande, not so far from the Dead City and the old Aztec ruins of world-wide fame, this section has its buried treasure. Those who have hung over the story and figured it down to a fine point say the value of the buried wealth is near on to half a million, in good American money. Some of these might allow that it possibly wasn't worth that much, but no one has ever had the temerity to intimate that there was less than \$100,000 of the fine quill buried at Bullion Flat.

A few years ago, there was a good deal of excitement about this buried treasure. With the development of new mineral wealth and the coming of busy days in tributary territory up the Gila in the Kelvin country, the hidden treasure was forgotten. Now, the up country has settled down to a steady and prosperous grind, and the old Bullion Flat excitement is taking the opportunity to revive and jester the community again. When the last excitement was brought on John Turney was slowly passing over the log trail to the unknown beyond. On his deathbed, down in the Tucson country, he told a confused story, between moments of delirium, about thousands buried at the old Butterfield stage station, southeast of Casa Grande. Others had told something of the same sort before Turney, but none of the previous relations had been on a deathbed. So poor Turney's half-delirious outpouring had a long lead on the other accounts and was accepted by not a few for 100 cents on the dollar. Before the dying man was counted among those gone before, two of his friends were down at Bullion Flats digging in the northeast corner, on a line with a venerable mesquite. That was the description given by the dying man of the place where the money was buried, a description given him by the stage station man who had buried it before falling victim to a bloodthirsty gang of marauding Apaches. They dug at night, Turney's friends and confidants, and they dug hard and fast. Before even the stage driver, who covers the now quiet road past the famous old station every day, knew there was digging going on at Bullion Flat, the treasure-seekers had got down fifteen feet, and were no longer caring much who knew that the old hole was there. Fifteen feet and no sign of hidden wealth—no sign of anything but sand and country rock. Weary and disgusted the treasure seekers trudged home. Discreet silence and wise looks becoming the school of prospectors to which they belonged, led to a variety of conclusions. Predominant for a while was the belief that the men had discovered and again secreted the lost bullion to avoid any claims that might be made upon their find. But they drifted away with the never-ending tide of prospectors, and wore neither silks nor satins so long as trace was kept of them. Overalls and sparse flannels continued good enough for them, and belief in the theory that the treasure had been found died gently but surely. Now the old song sighs in the desert breezes, "They dug in the wrong corner," and one or more new holes are to be put down. In fact, the prospect is excellent for upturning of the entire flat on which the old station building stood, nor will the big corral be slighted. This time it is to be a thorough job. When it is done, the only hope for posterity will be to locate a new site for the old station and do the thing all over.

The early-day history of Bullion Flats would make an interesting volume. Its parched sands were slaked with the blood of half a dozen bold frontier parties upon whom the Apache fell, merciless and unrelenting. Briefly, it was the site of a station of the Butterfield stage route, the first coast line attempted. Indians finally compelled abandonment of the southern route, the line moving to the north. It was just previous to the abandonment of the original route that Bullion Flats station was destroyed. The raid upon it, its destruction and the murder of its inmates was, indeed, the beginning of a series of raids along the line that trailed a stream of blood. As the story runs, a faithful mes-

senger in charge of a large amount of bullion that he was sparing the life of neither man nor beast to get to civilization and safety, was caught at Bullion station. Surrounded, and realizing that escape with his treasure was impossible, he buried it. When the attack came, he fell with those about him and was left for dead by the Indians. Two days later a squaw he had once befriended passed among the dead, searching for trinkets that might have been left behind. She endeavored to save the messenger and he gasped the story of the wealth he had hidden, with an appeal to her to carry information as to its whereabouts to the nearest Butterfield agency. Fearful of punishment for conviction with the raid the woman failed to carry out the request. But through her the story finally came out, and on the strength of this Bullion Flats bids for enduring fame.

FAN LOOKS LIKE EGG BEATER.

[New York Sun:] A man without sense of romance has invented and patented a mechanical hand fan and sets it up as a rival of the toy gauze and lace which has been a feminine weapon throughout untold ages. His fan buzzes and is not beautiful, but it provides a steady draught of cool air. In appearance it is a cross between an egg beater and a glove stretcher. It is made of wood and brass, and he asserts that in expert hands it can be made to reach a speed of 8000 revolutions a minute and will throw a current of air as far as an electric fan of the same size.

It works by compressing in the hand two wooden handles of a glove stretcher like arrangement. A ratchet and two small cog wheels at the end of the arms transmit this force to the blades of the fan, which are miniature electric fan blades. Both of these are detachable so that the fan may be easily carried when not in use.

The inventor says that he has disposed of 4000 of his hand fans in a few months. He isn't sanguine of its general adoption by the gentler sex, but he thinks that lots of men would use it in hot weather. Sentiment oughtn't to play any part in comfort seeking, he says, but he has to admit that it generally does.

HOW THE FILIPINA GIRLS LIVE.

[Ramon Reyes Lala in June Ledger Monthly:] The life lived by the Filipinos is not an intricate life, nor is Philippine etiquette the highly-involved system that is found in the old and artificial society of western lands. I do not know that I can better describe it than by following a society young lady of Manila through the ordinary events of one day's existence. It may interest American women to know how their sisters beyond the seas pass their lives.

The day of the fair Filipina is a long one. With her there is no lazy rising to a 9 o'clock coffee and toast. She is usually up with the sun, not later than 6, and, if very religious, as early as 4, that she may attend early mass. Breakfast is set early, about 6 o'clock. Then come the morning duties of the household, sewing, washing, cooking, or whatever there may be, for our young lady is not expected to spend her days in idleness. The midday meal is taken at 12 o'clock, in order that the warmest hours of the day may be the hours of rest. About two hours are thus spent in the enjoyment of the siesta, when our lady fair arises, refreshed and ready for the later pleasures of the day.

At 4 o'clock the "afternoon tea" is served. This is a light repast, usually consisting of chocolate, with rice and cakes, or other simple viands. Then, at the hour of 5:30 or 6 o'clock, the carriage is brought out and the daily ride taken to the Luneta, the beautiful park on the bay south of the city. Here the military band discourses sweet music every evening, and the beauty and fashion of Manila meet and enjoy the evening air and melodious strains. Returning from the drive about 7 o'clock, the evening meal, or supper, comes next in order, after which our belle of Manila is free for any mode of spending the evening hours that may appeal to her; perhaps a friendly visit, a trip to the theater or opera, or an "at home" to receive callers. Early as she arose bedtime often comes late, and no hours more than nature demands are spent in the enjoyment of slumber. Going to rest, however, is different there and here. Ladies, even of the highest social rank, do not sleep in a bedstead, but prefer the floor, lying on a petate, or mat, which is provided with a long bolster or pillow, and covered with the conventional mosquito netting.

Emperor William has ordered reporters to be barred hereafter when he is making a speech. It might be suggested that an official summary of his remarks be prepared for the press—a sort of transformer, to reduce the high tension current, so it will not be dangerous. —(Omaha Bee)

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As a result of the shift which has taken place in the position of the United States in the world, the American people are being called upon to make a new adjustment of their attitude toward the world. The American people are being called upon to make a new adjustment of their attitude toward the world. The American people are being called upon to make a new adjustment of their attitude toward the world.

Dr. Hall of the University of Minnesota, a geologist of national reputation, has expressed much interest in the subject and has the placing of the American flag over that portion of the globe an event of no insignificant importance.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separately from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

June 2, 1901.]

Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Illustrated Magazine Section

THE SQUIRE'S MADNESS.

By Stephen Crane.

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "Active Service," etc.

LINTON was in his study, remote from the interference of domestic sounds. He was writing verses. He was not a poet in the strict sense of the word, because he had eight hundred a year and a manor house in Sussex. But he was devoted, at any rate, and no happiness was for him equal to the happiness of an imprisonment in this lonely study. His place had been a semi-fortified house in the good days when every gentleman was either abroad with a bared sword hunting his neighbors or behind oak and iron doors and three-foot walls while his neighbors hunted him. But in the life of Linton it may be said that the only part of the house which remained true to the idea of fortification was the study, which was free only to Linton's wife and certain terriers.

The necessary appearance from time to time of a servant always grated upon Linton, as much as if from time to time somebody had in the most well-bred way flung a brick through the little panes of his window.

This window looked forth upon a wide valley of hop fields and sheep pastures, dipping and rising this way and that way, but always a valley, until it reached a high, far-away ridge, upon which stood a windmill, usually making rapid gestures, as if it were an excited sentry warning the old gray house of coming danger. A little to the right, on a knoll, red chimneys and parts of red-tiled roofs appeared among trees, and the venerable square tower of the village church arose above them.

For ten years Linton had left vacant Oldrestham Hall, and when at last it became known that he and his wife were to return from an incomprehensible wandering, the village, which for four centuries had turned a feudal eye toward the hall, was wrung with a prospect of change, a proper change. The great family pew in Oldrestham Church would be occupied each Sunday morning by a fat, happy-faced, utterly squire-looking man, who would be carefully at his post when the parish was stirred by a subscription list. Then, for the first time in many years, the hunters would ride in the early morning merrily out through the park; and there would be, also, shooting parties, and, in the summer, groups of charming ladies would be seen walking the terrace, laughing on the lawns and in the rose gardens. The village expected to have the perfectly legal and fascinating privilege of discussing the performances of its own gentry.

The first intimation of calamity was in the news that Linton had ren'd all the shooting. This prepared the people for the blow, and it fell when they sighted the master of Oldrestham Hall. The older villagers knew then that there had been nothing in the youthful Linton to promise a fat, happy-faced, dignified, hunting, shooting over-lord; but still they could not resent the appearance of the new squire. There was no conceivable reason for his looking like a gaunt ascetic who would surprise nobody if he borrowed a sixpence from the first yokel he met in the lane.

Linton was in truth three inches more than six feet in height; but he had bowed himself to five feet, eleven inches. His hair shocked out in front like hay, and under it were two spectacled eyes which never seemed to regard anything with particular attention. His face was pale and full of hollows, and the mouth apparently had no expressions save a chronic pout of the underlip. His hands were large and raw-boned, but uncannily white. His whole bent body was thin as that of a man from a long sick bed, and all was finished by two feet which for size could not be matched in the county.

He was awkward, but apparently it was not so much a physical characteristic as it was a mental inability to consider where he was going or what he was doing. For instance, when passing through the gate, it was not uncommon for him to knock his side viciously against one of the posts. This was because he dreamed almost always, and if there had been forty gates in a row he would not have acted then more than he did the one. As far as the villagers and farmers were concerned, he never came out of this manner, save in wide-apart cases when he had forced upon him either some great exhibition of stupidity or some faint indication of double dealing; and then this smoldering man flared out, encircling his immediate surroundings with a brief fire of ancestral anger. But the lapse back to indifference was more surprising. It was far quicker than the flare in the beginning. His feeling was suddenly as ashes at the moment when one was certain it would lick the sky.

Some of the villagers asserted that he was mad. They argued it long, in the manner of their kind, repeating, repeating, and repeating; and when an opinion confusingly rational appeared they merely shook their heads in piglike obstinacy. Anyhow, it was historically clear that no such squire had before been in the line of Linton of Oldrestham Hall, and the present incumbent was a shock.

The servants at the hall—notably those who lived in the countryside—came in for a lot of questioning, and none were found too backward in explaining many things which they themselves did not understand. The household was most irregular. They all confessed that it was really so uncanny that they did not know but what they would have to give notice. The master was probably the most extraordinary man in the whole world.

As for the "squire's lady," they described her as being not much different from the master. At least she gave support to his most unusual manner of life, and evidently believed that whatever he chose to do was quite correct.

Linton had written:

The garlands of her hair are snakes;
Black and bitter are her hating eyes.
A cry the windy death-hall makes,
Oh, love, deliver us.
The flung cup rolls to her sandal's tip.
His arm—

Whereupon his thought fumed over the rest two lines, cursing like greyhounds, after a fugitive vision of a writhing lover, with the foam of poison his lips, dying at the feet of the woman.

Linton arose, lit a cigarette, placed it on the window ledge, took another cigarette, looked blindly for the matches, thrust a spiral of paper into the flame of the log fire, lit the second cigarette, placed it toppling on a book, and began a search among his books for one that would draw well. He gazed at his pictures, at the books on the shelves, out at the green spread of countryside, all without taking mental note. At the window ledge he came upon the first cigarette, and in a matter-of-fact way he returned it to his lips, having forgotten that he had forgotten it.

There was a sound of steps on the stone floor of the quaint little passage that led down to his study, and turning from the window he saw that his wife had entered the room and was looking at him strangely.

"Jack," she said in a low voice, "what is the matter?"

His eyes were burning out from under his shock of hair with a fierceness that belied his feeling of simple surprise.

"Nothing is the matter," he answered. "Why do you ask?"

She seemed immensely concerned, but she was visibly endeavoring to hide her concern as well as abate it.

"I thought you acted queerly."

He answered, "Why, no. I'm not acting queerly. On the contrary," he added smilingly, "I'm in one of my most rational moods."

Her look of alarm did not subside. She continued to regard him with the same stare. She was silent for a time, and did not move. His own thoughts had quite returned to a contemplation of a poisoned lover and he did not note the manner of his wife. Suddenly she came to him and laying a hand on his arm said: "Jack, you are ill."

"Why no, dear," he said with a first impatience, "I'm not ill at all. I never felt better in all my life." And his mind, beleaguered by this pointless talk, strove to break through to its old contemplation of the poisoned lover. "Hear what I have written." Then he read:

The garlands of her hair are snakes;
Black and bitter are her hating eyes;
A cry the windy death-hall makes
O, love, deliver us.
The flung cup rolls to her sandal's tip
His arm—

Linton said: "I can't seem to get the lines to describe the man who is dying of the poison on the floor before her. Really, I'm having a time with it. What a bore! Sometimes I can write like mad, and other times I don't seem to have an intelligent idea in my head."

He felt his wife's hand tighten on his arm, and he looked into her face. It was so alight with horror that it brought him sharply out of his dreams.

"Jack," she repeated tremulously, "you are ill."

He opened his eyes in wonder. "Ill? Ill? No; not in the least."

"Yes, you are ill. I can see it in your eyes. You—act so strangely."

"Act strangely? Why, my dear, what have I done? I feel quite well. Indeed, I was never more fit in my life."

As he spoke he threw himself in a large wing chair and looked up at his wife, who stood gazing at him from the other side of the black oak table upon which Linton wrote his verses.

"Jack, dear," she almost whispered, "I have noticed it for days," and she leaned across the table to look more intently into his face. "Yes, your eyes grow more fixed every day—you—you—your head, does it ache, dear?"

Linton arose from his chair and came round the big table toward his wife. As he approached her an expression akin to terror crossed her face and she drew back as if in fear, holding out both hands to ward him off.

He had been smiling in a manner of a man reassuring a frightened child; but at her shrinking from his outstretched hand he stopped in amazement. "Why, Grace, what is it? Tell me."

She was glaring at him, her eyes wide with misery. Linton passed his left hand across his face, unconsciously trying to brush from it that which alarmed her.

"Oh, Jack, you must see some one; I am wretched about you. You are ill."

"Why, my dear wife," he said, "I am quite, quite well. I am anxious to finish these verses, but words won't come somehow. The man dying—"

"Yes, that is it, you cannot remember; you see that you cannot remember. You must see a doctor. We will go up to town at once," she answered quickly.

"It's true, he thought, that my memory is not as it used to be. I cannot remember dates, and words won't fit in somehow. "Perhaps I don't take enough exercise, dear. Is that what worries you?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, dear, you do not go out enough," said his wife. "You cling to this room as the ivy clings to the walls—but we must go to London. You must see some one! Promise me that you will go, that you will go immediately."

Again Linton saw his wife look at him as one looks at a creature of pity. The faint lines from her nose to the corners of her mouth deepened, as if she were in physical pain; her eyes, open to the fullest extent, had in their expression the dumb agony of a mother watching beside her dying babe. What was this strange wall that had suddenly raised itself between them? Was he ill? No; he never was in better health in his life. He found himself vainly searching for aches in his bones. Again he brushed away this thing which seemed to be upon his face.

There must be something upon my face, he thought, else why does she look at me with despair in her eyes;

those eyes that had hitherto been so quickly responsive to each glance of his own. Why did she think that he was ill? She who knew well his every mood. Was he mad? Did this thing of the poisoned cup, that rolled to her sandal's tip—and her eyes, her hating eyes, means that his—no, it could not be. He fumbled among his papers on the table for a cigarette. He could not find one. He walked to the huge fireplace and peered nearsightedly at the ashes on the hearth.

"What—what do you want, Jack? Be careful! The fire!" cried his wife.

"Why, I want a cigarette," he said.

She started, as if he had spoken roughly to her. "I will get you some. Sit quietly; I will bring you some," she replied, and she hastened through the small passageway up the stone steps that led from his study.

Linton stood, with his back still bent, in the posture of a man picking something from the fireplace, until the echo of his wife's footfall on the stone floor had died away. Then he straightened himself and said: "Well, I'm damned!" And Linton was not a man who swore.

A month later the squire and his wife were on their way to London to consult the great brain specialist, Dr. Redmond. Linton believed that "something" was wrong with him. His wife's anxiety, which she could no longer conceal, forced him to this conclusion: "Something" was wrong.

Until these last few weeks Linton's wife had managed her household with the care and wisdom of a chateleine of mediaeval time. Each day was planned for certain duties in house or village. She had theories as to the management and education of the village children, and this work occupied much of her time. She was the antithesis of her husband. He was a weaver of dream stories; she that type who have ideas of the emancipation of woman and who believe the problem can be solved by training the minds of the next generation of mothers. Linton was not interested in these questions, but he would smile indulgently at his wife as she talked of the equality of mind of the sexes and the public part in the world's history which would be played by the women of the future.

There was no talk of this kind now. The household management fell into the hands of servants. Night and day his wife watched Linton. He would awaken in the night to find her face close to his own, her eyes burning with feverish anxiety.

"What is it, Grace?" he would cry. "Have I said anything? What is the reason you watch me in this fashion, dear?"

And she would sob, "Jack, you are ill, dear, you are ill. We must go to town, we must, indeed."

Then he would soothe her with fond words and promise that he would go to London.

This present journey was the outcome of those weeks of watching and fear in Linton's wife's mind.

Linton's wife was trembling violently as he helped her down from the cab in front of Dr. Redmond's door. They had made an appointment, so that they were sure of little delay before the portentous interview.

A small page in blue livery opened the door and ushered them into a waiting-room. Mrs. Linton dropped heavily into a chair, looking in a frightened manner from side to side and biting her under lip nervously. She was moaning half under her breath, "Oh, Jack, you are ill, you are ill!"

A short, stout man, with clean-shaven face and scanty black hair entered the room. His nose was huge and misshapen and his mouth was a straight, firm line. Overhanging black brows tried in vain to shadow the piercing dark eyes that darted questioning looks at every one, seeming to search for hidden thoughts as a flashlight from the conning tower of a ship searches for the enemy in time of war.

He advanced toward Mrs. Linton with outstretched hand. "Mrs. Linton?" he said. "Ah!"

She almost jumped from her chair as he came near her, crying: "Oh, doctor, my husband is ill, very ill, very ill!"

Again Dr. Redmond, with fixed eyes upon her face, ejaculated, "Ah!" Turning to Linton, he said: "Please wait here, Squire. I will first talk to your wife. Will you step into my study, madam?" he asked Mrs. Linton, bowing courteously.

Linton's wife almost ran into the room toward which the doctor pointed.

Linton waited. He moved softly about the room, looking at the photographs of Greek ruins which adorned the walls. He stopped finally before a large picture of the gate of Hadrian. He traveled once more into his dream country. His fancy painted in the figures of men and women who had passed through that gate. He had forgotten his fear of the blotting out of this mind that could capture these glowing colors. He had forgotten himself.

From this dream he was recalled to the present by a hand being placed gently upon his arm. He half turned and saw the doctor regarding him with sympathetic eyes.

"Come, my dear sir, come into my study," said the doctor. "I have asked your wife to await us here."

Linton then turned fully toward the center of the room and found that his wife was seated quietly by a table. Dr. Redmond bowed low to Mrs. Linton as he passed her, and Linton waved his hand, smiled and said: "Only a moment, dear." She did not reply. The door closed behind them.

"Be seated, my dear sir," said the doctor, drawing forward a chair, "be seated. I want to say something to you, but you must drink this first." He handed Linton a small glass of brandy.

Linton sat down, took the glass mechanically and gulped the brandy in one great swallow. The doctor stood by the mantel and began slowly: "I rejoice to say to you, dear sir, that I have never met a man more sound mentally than yourself."

Linton half started from his chair.

"Stop!" said the doctor. "I have not yet finished, but it is my painful duty to tell you the truth—it is your wife who is mad!"

NO PAIN IN DEATH.

IN MAN'S LAST MOMENTS HE HAS PEACE OF MIND AND BODY.

More material than was the psalmist, who asked, "O Death, where is thy sting?" the physician of today not only asks the same question, but answers it.

"It has none," says Dr. C. Prun Stringfield, who has made extended observations of the phenomena of death in its many forms. "In his last supreme moments man has no need for spiritual or physical comfort. The peace of mind and body is his without the aid of priest or physician, either."

Dr. Stringfield holds that dissolution not only is painless, but that the dying—if conscious at all—becomes reconciled to the approach of it. This welcome to the destroyer may be extended only a minute before life goes out, or the patient may have been awaiting his coming for many weeks and months.

"I have found that most persons under thirty-five years old make a fight for life to almost the last moments," said Dr. Stringfield. "Beyond thirty-six and forty years, something in the contemplation of death reconciles them to it, or else they welcome it as a release from cares and responsibilities. The strong young nature, making its instinctive fight against death, may be in mental protest almost to the last moment, whereas a man of fifty years probably would realize his position and await the end calmly, perhaps for hours. But in that supreme moment of passing, each would find the peace of leaving life."

"Right there is one of the great mysteries of death. Even when the mind has become completely reconciled to death, we find the whole physical framework fighting it. There is the muscular struggle for breath, sometimes to the last. Even when a man has been dead for hours his muscles will twitch and react from the irritation of electrical currents. Yet the mind of the dying one may have welcomed death as a boon."

"Long sickness and intense sufferings may have much to do with reconciling a person to death long before it comes."

"Then many persons in normal health tire of living; not for any one reason, but because they have figured that life isn't worth the trouble. Two remarkable cases of the kind are under my observation now. They are a widow and her daughter-in-law. They are not morbid. They would never commit suicide, but they would not care if death should come tomorrow. There is every reason for their living, too. They are wealthy, move in good society and are unusually intelligent."

"Take these two women, and, other conditions being equal, they will die much more easily than one who has never thought of death. No acute disease, either, could shake them in their desire for death. The mind is dominant over the body."

Illustrating this fact, Dr. Stringfield told of a case a few years ago which had impressed him deeply. He was in general practice at that time, and was called to see a woman supposed to be dying. Her husband was rather dissolute, and often had ill-treated her. On that morning he had been harsh with her, and when the doctor arrived he found the woman in only a semi-conscious condition, with a three-year-old daughter looking on in wonderment and awe. The mother's one fixed idea was that she wanted to die.

"She was close to it at that moment," said the doctor, "but I fixed my eyes on hers and slowly and distinctly kept repeating to her: 'No, you must not die; you must live for your little girl.'"

"After a time she seemed influenced by my steady gaze and repeated words of advice. I had occasion to go into another room for water and I heard her, rousing up, say sharply: 'I won't go—I won't die—leave me for my little girl's sake.' She was better when I went in, and she grew better and finally well."

"A year later she came to my office, deeply in earnest, saying she wanted to tell me something. She asked me if I recalled leaving the room that time when she was so near death. I told her that I did; also that I had heard her say she wouldn't die. She seemed pleased that I remembered, and she told me that while I was out a small bright light had come through the wall at the foot of the bed and came closer and grew larger until the figure of Christ had stepped out of it in blue flame, beckoning her to come. It was to this figure she had spoken. It had stood for just a moment in sorrowing posture, then had stepped into the cloud of fire and disappeared as it had come. The woman said she had often wanted to tell me of the incident, but was afraid to, and to show how earnest she was, even a year after the incident, she thanked me with tears in her eyes for not laughing at her story of what she believed was a divine manifestation."

Dr. Stringfield believes that a person may die in full possession of his faculties, up to one minute or less, of final dissolution.

"In the case of the man Rigby who died in the Grand Pacific hotel a short time ago, he was conscious to the last moment. He talked of Yorkshire, of his wife, and of half a dozen other things. He could have been asked a question concerning any period of his life and he would have been able to answer it five minutes before he died. He was no unusual example, either. Sometimes it looks as though there was a clearing up of the brain of a man until his faculties are keener than normal when he is on the threshold of life."

"No doubt there are visions and hallucinations just at the point of death. Things get far away. They see trees and streams and meadows. I recall the case of a woman who was dying. Her husband was at the foot of the bed, crying, when I spoke to him telling him if he wished to have a minister present he would better send for one."

"But the woman heard me. She started up in fright, exclaiming that she was not going to die; that I had no right to frighten her so. She was shaking with the fright of the suggestion. I tried to soothe her, but she kept crying out that she was not going to die—that she did not want to die."

"But suddenly she lay back with closing eyes sighing that she had found such peace. Only she was uneasy that Alphonse, at the foot of the bed, was getting so far away. She saw beautiful meadows and flowers and birds, but she was uneasy that Alphonse would not come. 'So far away' she complained with her last breath, and was dead at the instant."

And yet death, as it is commonly understood, is not an arbitrary thing. A person may have been dead two hours or more from asphyxiation or from drowning and be resuscitated and brought back to a long life.

Not long ago in Chicago a young medical student died. An acute disease had cut him off in the prime of life. His friends in the profession would not have it,

so for twenty-four hours longer, after his heart had first ceased to beat, they supplied artificial respiration and kept that organ at its work. The patient was unconscious, but his pulses beat regularly and even the lungs performed some part of their accustomed function, prompted by the life that had been restored to them.

"At any time in that twenty-four hours," said a well-known physician, "those persons supplying air to the lungs could have left him a dead man. In reality he was dead when they took hold of him. He had crossed the line between life and death but these friends had pulled him back."

"At the point where a man passes from life to death, just a little tipping of the scale will hasten his departure, always. Often just a little measure of encouragement will bring him back. Shock is one of the agencies used for resuscitating a man. He may be slapped briskly. His tongue may be seized and pulled forward, strongly. Electricity may be used. Anything to shock or stimulate the body may serve to awaken a man from the lethargy of death. Whether it be a lasting effect, however, depends upon the constitution and the cause of dissolution."

HEROISM OF YOUNG GIRLS.

THEY WEAR GOVERNMENT MEDALS FOR HAVING SAVED HUMAN LIVES.

[Chicago Journal:] Among those not connected with the government service who have received medals for saving or aiding to save life are a number much younger than the average age of this student crew. One of the first girls thus honored was Edith Morgan of Hamlin, Mich., who endeavored with her father and brother to row in a northerly gale and heavy sea to a vessel capsized three miles out. When the boat was forced back Edith aided in clearing a track through logs and driftwood for the surf boat, which had meanwhile been summoned, and also help launch the boat. On a previous occasion she had stood in snow six hours helping the life-savers work the whipline of the beach apparatus.

Edith Clark, when 16 years old, and a pupil in a convent at Oakland, Cal., plunged into Lake Chabot to rescue a companion, who, in wading on the treacherous margin, had disappeared in sixty feet of water. Edith seized the unconscious girl, and, keeping her head above the water with one arm, paddled with the other and trod water until a boat came to the rescue.

Marie D. Parsons of Fireplace, Long Island, N. Y., was only 10 years old when, seeing a man and a child swept off a pleasure boat by the boom, and observing that the child clung to the man so that the latter could make no headway, she sprang into a small boat and reached the spot just in time to save these two lives.

Maud King, when only 13 years old, saved three lives off Castle Pickney, the lighthouse depot in Charleston harbor. At the time there was a southwest gale and a heavy sea. In a furious squall which added impetus to the gale, a yawl containing three men and a boy was capsized. The boy managed to swim ashore, but the two men got only as far as the piles of the wharf. There they hung, to exhaustion to climb up, while the third man, unable to swim, clung to the yawl. Maud, notwithstanding her mother's protests, prepared, unaided, to launch a small boat in the boisterous sea. But she was joined by her aunt, Mrs. Mary Whiteley, and together this brave girl and her aunt rescued the imperiled men.

AMERICAN TURQUOISES.

[Manufacturing Jeweler:] This country is now producing the bulk of the world's supply of turquoise, which is the most important of American gems commercially, the output being mainly from New Mexico, where the deposits have been worked at irregular periods for centuries. Long before the time of Columbus the New Mexican mines were worked in a primitive way by the aborigines, and in these days the same stores of mineral treasure are yielding stones up to sixty carats in weight and of quality equal to the finest Persian. Two companies are turning out more than \$200,000 worth of turquoise annually, and a guarantee is given to replace any specimen that changes color within six months.

Turquoise owes its beautiful blue to the presence of phosphate of copper. For reasons not well understood, the color is not always permanent, and to this trouble the Egyptian stones are particularly liable. Persian turquoise frequently alter, but the New Mexican comparatively seldom. The Persian stones are a softer blue than ours and more opaque; the Egyptian are darker.

The aborigines of New Mexico took out the turquoise by building fires against the rocks, so as to crack them and thus get out the precious substance. The Egyptian turquoise, so called, come in reality from Mount Sinai. The highly-valued Persian stones are obtained from Nishapur in the most primitive manner. A wooden wheel, operated by the feet of two men lying on their backs, brings the broken rock to the surface in bags; the fragments are smashed with hammers; and when a turquoise is discovered it is put aside and sent with the next batch to Meshed to be cut. There is a market even for imperfect and green specimens, this kind of gem being greatly prized by the orientals. The best of those found go to the Shah, who owns a magnificent collection of turquoise.

ARE THE FRENCH LATINS OR CELTS?

[Spectator:] In connection with the recent visit of the Italian fleet to Toulon, there have been many references in the European press to a renewal of the entente cordiale between two "Latin" nations. It may be of some interest to inquire in what sense the term "Latin" can be correctly applied to the French, whom, almost in the same breath, many people are apt to describe as a "Celtic" people. One thing surely is certain, that in blood the French cannot be at the same time both "Latin" and "Celtic." Yet the inconsistency does not seem to strike people. I think that, although outside Provence the French have little or no Latin—i. e., Italian—blood in their veins, the explanation of their being described as a "Latin" race is to be found in the fact that their language and civilization are both Latin. It seems no longer permissible to hold that the French are mainly "Celtic" in blood, the view being now generally accepted that the bulk of the population in France is of a pre-Celtic, and probably of Iberian or Ligurian, stock. And this view seems to hold good also of Ireland and Wales.



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THE RAILROADS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Australasia's Railroad System.

The most of the Australian railroads are on the eastern side of the continent. Indeed, the bulk of the population lives east of the long range of mountains which extends from north to south a little back of the eastern coast, embracing the greatest part of the wealth of the country. Queensland at the northeast has 2800 miles of railway; New South Wales, just below, perhaps 2900, and Victoria, which is smaller than either, more than 3000 miles.

In Western Australia the railroads are fast growing. That country is about one-fourth the size of ours, including Alaska, but it is largely desert. Still it has already 1800 miles of railroad and is building more. Tasmania has 508 miles, and New Zealand, small as it is, 2,157 miles.

In nearly every State the government owns the railroads. There are a few private lines in Western Australia and you find a stray mile or so here and there in other colonies, but the bulk of the roads belong to the governments and is managed by them. Each government has had its own system and methods, some having a single manager and others a board of three commissioners, which has entire charge.

During our chat I asked him whether he thought it advisable that the government should control the railroads. He replied:

Politics in the Railroads.

"No," was the reply. "Our laws provide that we shall be absolutely free during our term of office. The government cannot dictate to us and the politicians have nothing to say. We have our own staff of officials, whom we appoint, and no promotion can be made without our consent. We have all told about thirteen thousand employes in this State alone, and we handle them without strikes or trouble. We are careful to do justice and hold a court every other Wednesday, at which discharged or punished employes can appeal to us if they have grievances. There are many such appeals and about one-third of them are settled in favor of the men."

The Railroads Pay.

"Yes, it is our business to make them pay. Our total

The Government Owns the Street Cars

"That is true," said Mr. Fehon. "All the tramways of this State are under us. We have all told about sixty-six miles of street railroad, mostly here in Sydney and in Newcastle. These are steam, electric, cable and horse trams. We have recently discarded steam for electricity on a part of the Sydney system. We are using American machinery and American cars. At present our fares average about one penny (2 cents) per mile, and we have the lines divided into sections of one and two miles. We carry school children at reduced rates. There is some difference of opinion as to whether the street cars should be run by the cities or by the government, but we think that the government control is the best for the people."

Uncle Sam Should Own the Railroads

"Such a thing is a possibility," replied Commissioner Fehsen, "although it is probably far in the future. You have the largest railway system of the world, and any change in its management would be a gigantic undertaking. If the government should take over the railroads it would have to pay an enormous amount for them. It could buy them by assessing them at their commercial value according to the dividends paid. This could be largely done by changing government bonds for railroad bonds, and the interest on the railroad debt should come from the roads if they were properly handled.

Railroads in Queensland.

"As far as I can see, the government control of our railways has been an excellent thing for the country. It has given us profitable railways, which would never have been built by private parties. Take our Rockhampton line, for instance. It begins at the coast and goes 400 miles to the westward, through a country thinly populated. There are places on that line where you can ride 100 miles without seeing a town. Still, the land on both sides of the road is available for sheep. It is now taken up for pastures, and there are hundreds of thousands of sheep feeding upon it. Formerly it was devoted to cattle, but now that there is an outlet for the wool these big flocks have been introduced. Towns are springing up along the lines, and in time the road will pay well."

Three Per Cent. Dividends.

"They are just beginning to pay. The most of them now net 3 per cent. on the capital invested. We don't want a big profit, for it is our principle to put the rates of freight and passage as low as we can to the people. As we make more we shall lower fares and increase wages. We have about \$90,000,000 already invested and have more than 100 feet of railway for every family in the State. We have several unprofitable lines, but, you see, we are a new country, and we have to build with reference to our development, knowing that the road will pay in the end."

How the Australians Build Railroads

"The proposition has first to be brought before the State Parliament," replied Mr. Thallon, "for that is the only body that can appropriate money or decide matters of such importance. Our commission proposes the matter to the Parliamentary Railway Committee, and this committee discusses the situation and sends out its agents to investigate the cost and probable profits. At the same time we make a separate investigation of our own. We go over the proposed territory, surveying the route and taking testimony as to the advisability of building the road. We make our report to the Railway Committee and through it to Parliament. If it approves the construction of the road is in our hands. We then

American Engines in Australia

"Do you find the narrow gauge profitable?" I asked.

"Yes. It pays us better than the broad gauge. Our roads cost only about half as much per mile as those of New South Wales, and they do all the business required."

"We have the entire control of them in Queensland," said Mr. Thallon, "and we make them pay, but they cause us more trouble than the railroads. We are giving on the average a two-mile ride for 2 cents, which is much cheaper than your 5-cent ride in the United States. We have a number of electric tramways and are purchasing our supplies for them from your country."

Railroad Fares and the Commercial Travelers.

There is also a 20-per-cent. reduction to commercial travelers on account of the large number who are always on the road. The trade here is done by drumming the commercial travelers going from town to town with their samples. The distances are so great that such men are often out for six months at a time. They go to the ends of the railroads and then travel from station to station and town to town on horseback or by stage. Some of them take tents along and camp out on the way. There are hotels at all the small towns, a saloon and hotel often being combined. The hotels charge commercial travelers \$2 a day. They have sample rooms for them and give them every assistance.

^e From Brisbane to Sydney.

A curious feature is the drinking water supply. It is impossible to get ice in most parts of Australia, and the cars do not carry ice-water tank, as in the United States. In place of them, each car has a water bag two feet wide and a foot and a half long, made of canvas. This is filled with water and hung to the roof of the rear end of the car. There is a spigot in the bottom of the bag and fastened to it a tin cup. The wind causes a rapid evaporation on the wet surface of the bag, and this keeps the fluid within as cold as ice water.

Luncheons are served during twenty-minute stops at one or two principal stations. The meals are laid out in the dining-rooms and served by girl waiters. Each meal costs 62 cents, or half a crown.

The Trees Shed Their Bark.

The scenery in a ride like this is worth noticing. part of the way was through mountains and rolling lands used for grazing. A part was through forests of eucalyptus and other Australian trees. The leaves of the trees hang down as though in mourning, and the bark of most of them is half off. Nearly all the trees of Australia shed their bark instead of their leaves. The leaves remain green all the year round, but the bark is the raggedest of its kind in nature. The old bark is black, and it hangs in long strips down the trunk of the tree as though it were disheveled hair. The new bark is white or silver gray, which looks very pretty when the black has all fallen off.

In some places you see groves of dead trees. They have been ringed with an ax in order to kill them in clearing. Such a tree loses its leaves, its bark falls and the trunk and branches are of a dazzling silvery gray, which, under the bright sun, looks like clean, well-polished bones. A dead forest in Australia is skeleton forest: it is the deadest thing in nature.

Where the trees have been cut down the stumps are perfectly white. The logs lying on the ground are white and the surroundings are those of a bone yard.

At The Pastures of the Darling Downs.

I wish I could show you some of the pastures along this line from Brisbane to Sydney. Take the Darling Downs, for instance. These are prairies at the headwaters of a branch of the Darling River, and are as beautiful as the best lands of the Mississippi Valley.

of work. She selected almost entirely social happenings, using invitations and other suggestive mementos. One whole page was given to a visit to a friend at Thanksgiving time. On the upper part of the large page was the tag which was on her trunk; under it, arranged in a design, were the little hand-painted dinner cards, and so on. Again, on a page commemorating a clam-bake, given on the rocks of a summer watering place, were some sprays of the seaweed that the clams were baked in, dried, pressed and fastened in the book by little strips of brightly-tinted paper, etc.

Programmes of operas, plays and lectures, dance cards, tally cards from whist and euchre parties, filled out the pages, which showed great variety.

The Memory Book of a college student showed on one page a torn scrap of a sweater worn at a memorable football game, and on another the programme of some college entertainment at which he assisted. Every woman has some bright spots that she would be glad to recall—an evening at the grand opera with a congenial friend—a merry sleigh ride—a gay dance—a sailing party. Even insignificant and homely relics bring pleasant thoughts and a smile of gladness. The pages can be varied and made attractive and artistic with the help of the brush and paint-box. An occasional sketch in water color or black and white often brings to mind very vividly the scene itself, as well as the incidents. Another good idea for the Memory Book is to have a page or so for autographs of friends. Even though an acquaintance drops out of one's life, when the pages are turned, his name is there with some pleasant association.

The Memory Book for traveling should be much smaller—portfolio size—to admit of use on the steamer's deck, or on the long journeys by train. Many a delightful incident with its accompanying souvenir can be slipped into its pages for future fastening, that would otherwise be forgotten and lost forever in the crowding experiences that follow.

"My Memory Book is the most precious thing I own," said a young fellow. "It has helped me through many a dismal evening in a lonely city room." Years add to its value and, in the library of the maturer man or woman, successive numbers will stand like ledgers of the pleasure times of youth.

SHALL WOMEN MAKE PERFUMES?

AMERICAN WOMEN GREAT SCENT USERS—HOW POMADE IS MANUFACTURED.

By a Special Contributor.

Throughout the South, in Southern California and the Middle West there are many places where soil and climate are particularly adapted to flower-growing, and the field is open for some energetic individual to start an industry which eventually might become as great as those of renown at Grasse or Nice. The Americans, it is said, are the greatest scent-using people in the world. Every year thousands of dollars' worth of perfumes and pomades are imported and distributed throughout the States. The best violet pomade, which is one of the most expensive made, sells at wholesale for not less than \$2.50 per pound, while a number of others are hardly less expensive. In the hope of eventually supplying this demand, violets during the last few years have been produced by the ton in Southern California.

Pomades are first made, a sort of stock, from which the skillful perfumer extracts the odors by means of alcohol. The refuse, or waste material he then, with a little judicious doctoring, makes into soaps, other pomades of toilet waters. From roses, pomades are usually made through the process called "exhaustion;" stated simply, it is in the following way: Great pans filled with lard or beef fat are covered thickly with the petals of the blossoms and then heated by steam. As they begin to give up their essences their color pales, an occurrence which is the signal for their removal. The lard is then covered with the fresh petals which again are only allowed to remain on its surface long enough to lose their fragrance. Three or four times the lard is thus strewn with fresh petals, until it has become so thoroughly saturated with their odors that it will receive no more. The fat then is placed in a sieve and the thick substance which is pressed out of it is called pomade.

The distillation of scent is usually done by a machine which collects the water or oil and thus obtains the very quintessence of perfume. Something of its value may be conceived when it is known that 10,000 pounds of rose leaves produce but one pound of the essence, but of such intense strength are these essences that with the aid of oil, resin or some animal secretions, perfumers, through combinations and manipulations, can obtain from them almost any desired scent. They can, moreover, keep strictly in pace with the fashions. It is because of this that we occasionally read of the immense sales which some favored orchid perfume has had, although we may know that this particular flower is quite lacking in the charm of fragrance. At one time, we had thrust upon us innumerable golden-rod perfumes, because the plant was then being talked about for the national flower. The sweet-scented golden-rod, *Solidago odorata*, however, is the only one of the great tribe which has any perceptible odor, and that being similar to anise would hardly be agreeable to wear continually about one's clothes. At the present time, violet is the most fashionable scent, and the flower has been perfected to an astonishing degree. Besides the output from various other places 300,000 pounds of these blossoms are used annually at Grasse in France, and 40,000 pounds at Cannes and Nice. To obtain this perfume the flowers have to be treated in quite a different way from roses. Like heliotrope, tuberose, jessamine and mignonette, they cannot be subjected to heat. Therefore they are brought into contact with wool saturated with olive oil through which their particular oils pass outward; or else they are exposed to lard thinly spread on framed sheets of glass. Of course, as with the rose leaves these flowers are renewed until the grease is thoroughly saturated.

Everything, it must be remembered, in connection

with the handling of the flowers must be done quickly, for much depends on their perfect freshness, their scent being their most elusive and quickly lost characteristic. At Grasse, hundreds of women are about before the dawn picking the blossoms, which they also clean and pile in great masses in the work rooms. These places must be spacious, full of light and air, but never admit the direct rays of the sun. Owing to this very necessity for speed the yearly product of essences, which is now enormous, would not be possible were it not that the flowers follow each other in succession in their seasons of blooming.

Always there seems to be a demand for some new scent. The well-known frangipanni essence, which at one time was only detected on a certain select few, is made up from several species of plumeria, a genus of plants which grows in certain parts of South America and in the West Indies, or perhaps more especially from plumeria rubra, the Japanese. Glitcha, now the most exclusive and fashionable scent, leaves a wave of faint impressions similar to the odor of sandalwood.

To the women who would seek for money or renown in the procuring of original scents or salable pomades it may be hinted that knowledge must in some practical way be gained of how first to obtain lard absolutely pure and without the slightest tinge of odor. It also must be so clarified that rancidity is impossible or all pomades will fall before the tests to which the dealers subject them.

A WOMAN POLICE SERGEANT.

HE HAS HELD OFFICE UNDER SIX MAYORS KNOWS WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] Sergt. Mary E. Owens of the Chicago police department is the only woman in the world holding such rank and title, and if she is not a good officer six Mayors of this city have failed to find it out. She is on the regular police pay roll, wears sergeant's badge No. 97 and reports daily to Chief Collieran of the detectives. Nobody, from the Chief of Police down, gives her orders. In the language of the street "she knows her business," and it is an open secret that she knows it so well that she can wear her badge and draw her salary as long as she likes.

She began her official career in 1889, soon after the death of her husband. The support of a family of three young children devolved upon her suddenly, while she was ignorant of any profession, trade or method of money-making. Her husband's friends brought enough pressure to bear to have her chosen one of the five women health officers appointed by Mayor Cregier. She did the rest herself. When the women were dropped by the health department Mrs. Owens had made herself so conspicuously useful to the police that the elder Carter Harrison told Chief McClaghry to appoint her patrolwoman, with a special assignment in the sweatshops, department stores and shopping districts, where most of the violation of the child labor and compulsory education laws were being made.

"For years I have been attached to the Board of Education as a special officer," said Mrs. Owens. "Of course I have full police power, but I find myself more than busy rounding up truants, looking after cruel parents and preventing violations of the child-labor law. Sometimes I arrest tots whom I find peddling around the saloons or sleeping in down-town doorways when they ought to be at home in bed. One night, not long ago, I picked up a mere baby dozing in a doorway, all played out and with a box of chewing gum she had been peddling. I took her to the Harrison-street annex, and when we got there the child's father and mother suddenly appeared and claimed their baby. Of course, they had been hiding in some adjacent doorway while their little one worked on the sympathies of passersby. I kept the child all night, and the parents, protesting in vain, waited for her. But they never again sent her out to peddle among saloons or on the streets.

"If a truant is reported at the school headquarters as having gone to work under the legal age, I make a round of stores and find the child. The affidavit of the parents stating that the child is 14 years old or older must be forthcoming or I send the little one home in a hurry.

"I can generally get the truth out of the children and store keepers are usually anxious to aid me. I have known cases where the earnings of a child 12 or 13 years old were absolutely necessary to the support of a widowed or invalid mother. I don't push the law too hard in such cases, and so long as the affidavit is there I don't bother them."

Mrs. Owens is nearly 35 years old, but she looks younger and is enthusiastic over her peculiar situation. She has four children, three boys and a girl, the eldest of whom is 18 and the youngest 12. She is giving them all a good education, and her housekeeping is done by a hired maid. City officials agree in stating that, aside from her police work, she has accomplished great good in the cause of charity. Every factory employer, manager and owner of a store in the business district of Chicago knows Mrs. Owens, and she has made most of them her friends.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND DRESS.

The views on "The American Woman and Dress," expressed by Helen Watterson Moody, in the Ladies' Home Journal for June, are based on the marked difference in the way the different nationalities of women visitors at the Paris Exposition last summer treated the problem of clothes. The English women were gowned with the utmost regard for utility and comfort. The American and French women appeared in toilettes of silk and satin and lace which properly had no place whatever in the exposition grounds. But while the French women's clothes were as beautiful as the American women's, and fuller of that indescribable charm called style, they were not nearly so costly. The cost of dressing grows greater every year,

and the shifts of fashion are prompter and more imperative. Where the English woman goes plainly dressed with a serene mind, the American woman "keeps up with the fashion," but lines her face with anxious thought as to how it shall all be managed. Our last season's gowns, perfectly fresh and just as pretty and suitable as ever, are altered and recut and retrimmed at the cost of many dollars and much time and hard work, not because they need it, not because we want to, either, but simply because Mrs. Wood across the way, and Mrs. Pope in the next street, are doing the same thing—and they are doing it because we are! The truth is, we American women not only lay too much emphasis upon dress, so that it takes quite too prominent a place in our scheme of life, but we also spend too much money on dress.

A PYRAMID OF PALMS.

[St. Louis Republic:] Henry Ostertag, florist, has conceived the novel idea of building for the World's Fair a palm pyramid as a worthy competitor of Eiffel towers, Ferris wheels, aerial globes and similar show inventions which take people up into midair.

The frame of the entire structure which Mr. Ostertag contemplates, with the exception of the palms and the earth into which they are planted, is to be of iron and steel. From a 200-foot base of fifteen spiral walks, composed of shallow stairs, lead to the apex. These walks are to be six feet wide at the base, narrowing to four feet toward the top. The iron boxes into which the palms are planted are to be three feet wide, thus making the lower spirals nine feet wide, with a proportionate decrease toward the apex. The drainage is to be taken off with pipes, the automatic sprinkling is to be arranged as it is in vogue in all modern green houses today. The automatic sprinkling and drainage pipes will also carry the incandescent lamps and the supply wires for the illuminating power. Palms of hardy variety are to be used, and must be planted as early as the climate will permit. They are to be artistically arranged for instruction as well as entertainment.

If desirable, other ornamental foliage the thousands of lamps aglow, should make the palm pyramid a fit rival for the electric fountain in the court of honor, which was the masterpiece of the Chicago World's Fair, or the electric tower, the great show work of the coming Pan-American Exposition.

The following are the dimensions proposed:

Height, 150 feet.
Number of spiral walks, fifteen.
Diameter of base, 200 feet.
Width of walks (shallow stairs, narrowing as they approach the apex,) six feet.
Boxes for palms, allowing for two rows of plants, three feet.
Diameter of apex, twenty feet.
Number of palms, 3000
Earth into which palms are planted 4500 cubic feet.
Cost of palms, \$15,000.
Number of incandescent lamps, 6000.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND THE HOME.

[Mary Lowe Dickinson in June Success:] I would urge a college training upon each girl, if only for the sake of the home she now has and the home that may be her own. Think, for a moment, what she may bring back to the home from which she goes out to college, to share with the parents who in their youth had no such chance as they have given her. They may not care for her Latin and Greek, perhaps, but they always care for the general interest and knowledge that, while it does not rob them of their daughter, gives them a companion and friend.

Think what the college girl, who has kept the love of home alive and warm in her heart, may be to the younger brothers and sisters, whose admiration for her makes them wax in her shaping hand. There are no measurements to tell how infinitely more she can be in the life of her elder brother, because of the training that lets her look out on life from his point of view, knowing what he knows, able to move with him along lines of thought where companionship is wise and best.

By and by, when she enters the home of her heart's choice, what a power she has of sharing a still dearer life, in whose inmost recesses she ought to be at home. What a treasure she may bring, not of mere facts out of mere books, but of trained faculties, developed judgment, power of adapting means to ends—all gifts to be applied to the home problem, so complex and so changing as to tax her resources at their best. She may be all that is possible as a woman, yet there is none too much of her for the varied demands of wifehood and motherhood and the home.

For its dear duties, her mental training cannot be too thorough, or her heart preparation too tender and warm. If, now and then, she wears of the smaller nursery tasks, and feels she has little use for college training, let her remember that it has fitted her to be, by and by, the close companion and most intimate friend of the boy in the cradle, when he, too, passes out into life through the portal of college days.

[June Ladies' Home Journal:] Is the race to become extinct while our women hunt for work higher than that which God gave them? It is infinitely lower work. What Woman's Club or Woman's Column can match the home which the wife and mother makes beautiful and sacred for her husband and sons? What are a thousand canvases to a live child with its fair dimpled body and living soul?



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Furrier,

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A full line of skins of all kinds carried in stock. A perfect fit of every garment guaranteed.

D. BONOFF, Furrier, Formerly with Marshall Field & Co. Chicago.

Transportation in Australia. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Los Angeles Sunday Times. June 2, 1901.

June 2, 1901.

Illustrated Magazine Section.

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There are about four million acres in the Downs, a vast tract of meadows surrounded by low-wooded mountains. This tract consists of green fields as flat as a floor, walled by wire fences, inclosing flocks and herds of fat cattle and sheep. Sometimes there are 2000 sheep in one field and single paddocks inclose hundreds of cattle.

Here and there a field is cultivated. The soil is as black as that of the Nile Valley, and it shines like velvet under the sun. Now you pass a tract of a hundred acres covered with alfalfa, and now see the green wheat poking its head through the black soil. Now you cross a stream where the water has cut deep into the land. You can see that the soil is many feet thick, and that it can be used for a generation without fertilization.

The farm buildings are few. The houses are one-story cottages, made of wood, painted yellow, and roofed with galvanized iron. There are no big bank barns and no farmhouses of any size. Wood is expensive. Galvanized iron is used largely for sheds, and the houses have big round galvanized iron water tanks on their porches to catch the rain from the roofs. Many have galvanized iron chimneys, and some few are built entirely of this material, imported from England.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Sydney, Australia.
[Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

SAVED NEARLY FIFTY LIVES.

It seems hardly possible that a girl of 16 should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death. Yet that is what Grace Bassell did—the Grace Darling of Australia. It happened one day in December, 1876, that a vessel was wrecked off the coast of Australia, a few miles from the Bassell house. The lifeboat on board the steamer was lowered, but it capsized and the eight people in it were drowned. So the rest of the crew clung to the sinking steamer. The surf ran so wildly that no one could dare to swim through it, and there was not a house or person in sight. But help was near, though they knew it not. The girl of 16, who was a splendid horsewoman, was riding along with a native servant.

She caught sight of the vessel in distress, and, turning her horse's head toward the coast, she started at a quick gallop. When she reached the sea, she urged her horse into the angry surf.

She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With great difficulty she took some of the children in her arms, and put them before her on the saddle; then with bigger children and women clinging to her dress, she started for the shore, gave those she had rescued to the care of her servant, and returned again to the wreck. So she went backward and forward for four hours, till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden to bring out the last man.

All will agree that Grace well deserved the medal of the Royal Humane Society, which was soon after presented to her.

RARE FLOWER PAINTINGS.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] In the Field Columbian museum there is on exhibition the largest, most complete and most valuable collection of botanical paintings in the world, depicting, life, size, the flora of Australasia, the East and West Indies and North America. The 700 water colors are work of Mrs. Ellis Rowan, an Australian, who has spent twenty-two years painting flowers. The artist is the daughter of a large land owner in the island continent, and comes of an old Irish family. She was forced by ill health to make her home in a part of Australia which offered exceptional advantages for the study of flowers, and to occupy her leisure time she commenced painting them.

Becoming interested in the work she decided to travel over the country and reproduce its flora from Nature. In her artistic excursions she explored parts of Australia and Australasia where whites had never been, encountered many dangers and discovered many plants and flowers never before known. The paintings not only are beautiful, but exquisitely faithful to details, so that botanists are able to secure information from them that is invaluable.

With the plants and flowers is pictured the particular insect which fertilizes the flower. Miss Rowan has received ten gold, four bronze and thirteen silver medals at various exhibitions in foreign countries.

THE PANSY PRINCESS.

Purple and gold as sunset of the North,
Thou Pansy, tell what thought lies hid in thee;
Dost dream upon a time when knights went forth
The pomp and splendor of thy court to see?

In trailing robes of satin and brocade,
Didst reign a queen o'er nations wild and vast,
Till ruthless Time decreed their suns should fade,
Their glories be but ashes of the past?

Close to thy side, all fierce in black and gold,
A pansy warrior guards thee still with care;
Dost thou recall a day when, over-bold,
He wooed thee with the sunlight on his hair?

And near in shadow, pale as some sweet saint,
A snow-white pansy opens to the day—
A pious nun with pallid lips and faint,
Who bows her head the while she seems to pray.

For thee, O pagan princess of the dawn,
For thee, O warrior knight of valorous deeds,
The pale nun prays, with downcast face and wan,
While through her fingers slip the silent beads.

And is it true that all the prayer and love,
And all the wealth and worldliness of powers,
When centuries have come and gone, will prove
More memories in thoughtful pansy flowers?

—[Gertrude Neres in June Smart Set.]

Forty Indians pounced down on Roosevelt at Buffalo and bore him away a captive. Had there been but thirty-nine they no doubt would have been equal to them.—[Chicago News.]

NOTABLE DISCOVERIES.

THE BIRTH CAVE OF ZEUS AND THE PALACE OF MINOS.

By a Special Contributor.

ON THE wild and little visited island of Crete two of the most valuable and interesting archeological discoveries of modern times have recently been made. These are the finding of the birth cave of Zeus, a spot described in both Greek and Roman classics; and the discovery of the famous palace of King Minos, with its mysterious labyrinth and chambers, on the ancient site of Cnossus. These two discoveries are the outcome of the work of the British archeologists, D. G. Hogarth, who found and explored the ancient cave, and Arthur J. Evans, director of the British School at Athens, to whose researches the world is indebted for the excavations that have brought to light the palace of Minos. Both discoveries were made in the interior of Crete, and from them it would appear that this island was the birth-place and cradle of Greek civilization and culture.

In the ancient Greek mythology the god Zeus was the son of Kronos, King of Heaven, and was born in a cave on a high hill of the island of Crete. Because of a prophecy that the child should cast him from his throne, Kronos sought to kill his son, and it was because of this that the mother, Rhea, fled to Crete and there reared the child, before whom Kronos was forced to bow. The cave came to be regarded as a holy place by the Greeks. Minos, the Lawgiver of Greece, was the son of Zeus, and every nine years he repaired to the cave there to receive the inspired laws for the guidance of the land. The recent discoveries would seem to prove that the legend of Zeus and Minos of the ancient rested on a basis of reality and that there was a historic side to them.

Mr. Hogarth Placed in Charge.

For many years Greek officials, and wild hillmen intolerant of strangers, have prevented any explorations of the inner part of Crete, and it is only recently, therefore, that there has been any archeological research there. Reports reached the outer world that shepherds, tending their flocks in the vicinity of the rocky hill known as Dicta, had found strange objects of bronze and other metals near the mouth of a cavern. Some of these objects found their way in time to the hands of archeologists and so manifestly were they votive offerings of very ancient date that they indicated plainly a locality rich in interest. When Crete was liberated the interior of the island was open to visitors and the British government, securing a concession to explore this cave, put Mr. Hogarth in charge of the operations. At the opening of the year he established a camp of Cretan workmen at the foot of the hill and began the work. Soon a zigzag mule track was made up the 500-foot slope of rock which led to the entrance of the cave. It took four days to blast away the immense boulders that blocked the entrance to the cave, exposing the black mouth of the great orifice, which Mr. Hogarth describes as follows:

"The great cave is double. There is a shallow hall to the right and an abyssal chasm to the left, the last not unworthy of a place among the famous limestone grottoes of the world. The rock at first breaks down sheer, but as the light grows dim, takes an outward slope and so falls steeply for 200 feet into an inky darkness. An icy pool spreads from your feet about the bases of fantastic stalactite columns on into the heart of the hill. Hall opens from hall with fretted roofs and black, unroofed floors. Fit scene enough for Minos' mysterious colloquy with his father Zeus."

Unburned Offerings.

A way having been cleared into the interior, search for objects began in the damp mould which lay at the back of the chamber from five to seven feet deep. In the upper layers many unburned offerings were found which had been made in all periods from about the year 800 before our era, back to the dim antiquity contemporary with the twelfth dynasty of Egyptian Pharaohs, 3000 B. C. The objects were mainly in bronze. A knife of Mycenaean curve, whose handle ends in a human head of regular, sharp profile, was one of the noteworthy discoveries. Here were also found many ivory ornaments from disintegrated sword hilts, and in the topmost strata swords, knives, axes, bracelets, etc., of iron, with remains of the earliest Hellenic pottery. These lay thickest about a rude block built of stones and three feet high, no doubt an altar for burnt offerings. Two weeks were consumed in clearing the upper chamber. The great cavern below was left to the last. This proved the most prolific in treasures, as it was likewise the most inspiring from its size and depth. Of the work in this great subterranean grotto, Mr. Hogarth says:

"The men and women clambered down unwillingly to their final task in the damp abyss. Gradually, however, they descended lower and lower into darkness until they reached the margin of the underground pool, and began to grope in the mud for the objects. Here was found the first perfect battle-axe, in almost pure copper; the traditional weapon with which Zeus went out to war. Rings, pins, blades, needles, signet gems, engraved with animal figures, were found by the score. Here chance gave a startling and most singular discovery. A sealous groper, wishing to put both hands to his work, stuck his candle into a slit of stalactite column and therein espied the edge of a bronze blade. This proved a perfect Mycenaean knife. But except by human agency it could hardly have come into that crevice. Crevice after crevice was discovered to be stocked with blades, pins, tweezers, and here and there a votive ax. Often it was necessary to smash the stalactite lips that in long ages had almost closed upon the objects. Here, then after all, was the real Holy of Holies. In this most awful part of the sacred grotto it was held most profitable to dedicate in niches made by Nature herself ob-

jects fashioned expressly for the god's service. In these pillared halls of unknown extent and abyssal gloom undoubtedly was laid the scene of Minos' legendary converse with Zeus. That here is the original birth cave of Zeus there can remain no shadow of doubt. Among the holy caverns of the world this on Mount Dicta in virtue of its lower halls, must stand alone, unrivaled. One seemed in this dismal, chasm to have come almost to sight and speech of the men before history. As we saw those pillared aisles so the last worshiper who offered a token to Zeus saw them 3000 years before."

Excavations at Kephla.

In another part of the island Mr. Evans has been digging out the buried glories of Minos, the son of Zeus. By purchase from the Greek government he obtained the hill known as Kephla, overlooking the ancient site of Cnossus. Excavations began at once and the result has been the uncovering of a large part of a vast prehistoric building, Minos' palace, with its numerous dependencies. About four acres of this has been unearthed and by an extraordinary piece of good fortune the remains of walls began to appear only a foot or so below the surface. This dwelling of ancient kings had been overwhelmed by a great catastrophe. Everywhere there were traces of a mighty conflagration. Burnt beams and charred wooden columns lay within the rooms and corridors. There was here no gradual decay. The civilization represented on this spot had been cut short in the fullness of its bloom. The palace showed frequent stages of remodelling and its early elements may go back a thousand years or more before its final overthrow, some 3000 B. C. On the walls of the corridors were still preserved the lower part of a procession of painted life size figures, in the center of which was a female personage, probably a queen in magnificent apparel. Along nearly the whole length of the building ran a spacious paved corridor lined by a long row of fine stone doorways giving access to a succession of magazines. On the floor of these magazines huge stone jars were still standing, large enough to have contained the Forty Thieves. One of these jars, found in a small chamber, was nearly five feet in height and profusely carved. Only a few of the jars were open and they proved to be empty, but there is but little doubt that they were constructed for the deposit of treasure.

The frescoes discovered on the palace walls constitute a new era in the history of painting, the finest of these being that of a youth bearing a gold-mounted silver cup. The colors are almost as brilliant as when laid on over 3000 years before. For the first time a true portraiture of a man of this mysterious race is pictured to us. The limbs are finely moulded, though the waist, as usual, in Mycenaean fashion, is tightly drawn in by a silver-mounted girdle. The profile of the face is pure and almost classically Greek. The profile rendering of the eye shows an advance in human portraiture such as was achieved by the artists of classical Greece in the early fine art period of the fifth century B. C. A transition from painting to sculpture was supplied by a great relief of a bull in hard plaster, colored with natural tints. It is unquestionably the finest plastic work of the time that has come down to us, stronger and truer to life than any classical work of the kind. In the palace King Minos had built the dancing ground of Ariadne and the famous "Labyrinth." A great part of the ground of the palace, with its long corridors and repeated succession of blind galleries, its tortuous passages and spacious underground conduit and its bewildering system of small chambers presents many of the characteristics of a maze. Excavations are still in progress in the palace area and additional finds will undoubtedly be brought to light in the near future further illustrating this mysterious civilization.

J. D. P.

AT EIGHTY BELOW.

HOW THEY DRESS UP IN DAWSON WHEN THE ALCOHOL THERMOMETERS REGISTER THUS.

[Baltimore News:] F. H. Griffith has returned from a four-year sojourn in the Klondike. Mr. Griffith finds the weather rather warm on coming back to this country. The cold snap on Wednesday gave him a little taste of what he has been accustomed to, but even that was not a sufficient substitute for the frigid atmosphere which he had been breathing.

When Mr. Griffith left Dawson the middle of January, the temperature was 83 deg. below zero, or 114 deg. below the freezing point. This temperature was taken by unofficial thermometers, as the government thermometers went down to 57 below and froze up. It was thawed out and again set to registering the temperature. It fell to 68 deg. and again froze up, and went out of business. Mr. Griffith says private thermometers continued to fall until some reached 87 deg. below. The average was taken of several, and it was found to be 83 deg. below zero.

In the midst of the awful cold Mr. Griffith managed to enjoy life. He had to make a journey to the mines, and as it was too cold to take his dog team out, he concluded to walk. The distance was fifteen miles. He stopped every three or four miles to thaw out at road-houses, but even then he found that he had frozen his heels, ears and nose. He took the frost out by rubbing the frozen members vigorously with snow, and sustained no injury from the cold.

Mr. Griffith says it is not necessary to wear any great amount of clothing in order to withstand the cold. On his feet he wore a pair of thin half-hose, and over them a pair of bicycle leggings, with a pair of felt shoes. The sweater is a favorite garment with people in the Klondike.

They have invented a new garment also, which might not be very fashionable on North Charles street, but which is all the rage at Dawson. It is called the "parkie" and is made of bed ticking, resembling a Mother Hubbard. The parkie has a headpiece, which is generally fur lined, and pulls with a string tight about the throat. With this garment encircling them, the men can defy the 83 deg. cold of the Klondike.

of work. She selected almost entirely social happen-
ings, using invitations and other suggestive mentions.
The whole page was given to a visit to a friend at
Thanksgiving time. On the upper part of the large page
was the tag which was on her trunk; under it, arranged
in a design, were the little hand-painted dinner cards.
And so on. Again, on a page commemorating a class-
mate, given on the rocks of a summer watering place,
were some scraps of the summer's waiting place.
Inked in, dried, pressed and fastened in the book by
little strips of brightly-tinted paper, etc.

with the handling of the flowers must be done quickly,
for much depends on their perfect freshness, their
accent being their most elusive and quickly lost char-
acteristic. At times, hundreds of women are about
the dawn picking the blossoms, which they also
clean and pile in great masses in the work rooms.
These places must be spacious, full of light and air,
but never admit the direct rays of the sun. Owing to
retirement at the cost of many dollars and much
trouble and hard work, not because they need it, not be-
cause we want to, either, but simply because Mrs.
Wood across the way, and Mrs. Pope in the next
house, are doing

June 2, 1901.]

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

GOWNS FOR GIRLS.

THE GRADUATE MAY HAVE A DASH OF COLOR
IN HER GOWN, BUT WHITE LEADS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 27.—The needs of the girl graduate are of rather a dominating interest all along the clothesline just now. Hitherto the damsel who transmits her burning thoughts to a ribbon-tied manuscript, to electrify the awe-struck audience, has been pleased to dress in white, like a bride or a baby. This is the century of novelties, however, and fair valedictorians and sweet oratoresses may elect to dash in a becoming and not at all unwelcome touch of color. For instance, lots and lots of sweet little graduation gowns have been built of cream-tinted and embroidered batiste, dropped and fitted over foundation skirts and bodies of green, or rose, or strong hyacinth blue taffeta.

White Gowns Are Prettiest.

As a matter of fact, the pure white graduating gowns are few and far between, and those that have been seen have been made of glittering louisine, crisp silk muslin, or clinging crepe de chine. But if ever a maid seems sweet and interesting it is upon her graduating day. Therefore let her celebrate it in daintiest attire, and remember that the best taste for her gown still is virgin white and maiden simplicity, even if the fashions now are allowing much elaboration and colored commencement dresses.

In the way of materials, diaphanous textiles, by rea-

stickpins, a small brooch of turquoise matrix, or a luck bracelet, which is no more than a gold wire set with a four-leaf clover in tinted enamel. Coral, which is always the privilege of youth, makes a delightful blot of color against the sheer, white gown.

Pearls Have the Lead.

The most learned young ladies, however, have put their well-stored heads together and resolved this year that it will be the most perfectly au fait for a graduate to wear pearls, real ones if possible, and imitation if her father can't afford anything better. One pretty string, worn up close at the top of the collar, is the most seemly way to utilize them, and what every college girl yearns for in her deepest heart of hearts more than she yearns for honors and Greek prizes is a La Valliere, made of a thread-like chain of gold with one single, large, irregularly-shaped water pearl pendant from its center. The chain is to be hidden inside the high collar of her graduation gown, but the pearl is to hang out conspicuously just under its owner's round, white chin.

The Class-day Hat.

All properly-constituted class-day gowns are to have elbow sleeves, and a marked partiality is displayed for rich shoulder draperies and flowing sashes. Two exquisitely fresh and comely little graduation costumes are sketched to show toward what good styles the cultured mind leans. Both of these are embroidered batistes, in warm cream tones, and one is dropped over a foundation of the tenderest spring green taffeta, while the other shows a faint blue through its soft mesh. Big,

same type soon to arrive from Paris. It is braided of common river and swamp reeds, a growth that affords a fine, becoming tone of green, and, as a rule, these are wisely garnished with the blossoms of water plants. White and purple iris, marshmallow pinks, yellow swamp lilies and such are the appropriate flowers, though in this instance blue and purple and white hyacinths are employed.

Who's Got the Button?

There is no need to ask, "Who's got the button?" or buttons, rather, for every third woman at least wears the order of the button repeated many times on her dress waist. A dress of pale gray heavily-corded eolienne is sketched to show one at least of the manifold ways in which gowns are again decorated with pretty little knobs of gold and bogus stones. This gown has three flat flounces which fall from the knee, with an overdress on top of them all. Every flounce is scalloped and bound with gray liberty satin ribbon, and the underkirt, gleaming softly through the go's, is a bright sunset yellow silk. A rest and undersleeves of yellow chiffon, striped in lines of gold, forms a picturesque combination with the gray Siberian lace boleros, and the straps, belt and shoulder pieces are of golden brown panne, on which oval buttons of cabochon topas are set. The buttons are sewed close together and are set in narrow rims of gold.

Wooden buttons are among the showcase contents that get a great deal of interested attention from the shoppers. Some of them are very small, but beautifully carved, and come very naturally from Switzerland. An-



TWO DRESSY COMMENCEMENT GOWNS.



PALE GRAY EOLIANNE AND LIBERTY SATIN.



GOWN OF HYACINTH BLUE EOLIANNE.

son of their girlishness, are preferred to the surahs and wash silks of a year ago. The new method of tucking is a conspicuous feature of the thin confections. Scarcely more than a pinch of the material is caught up in the new tuck, which gives it the appearance of a flat cording. A plainly-hemmed skirt shaped over the hips has a pointed tablier effect in front in perpendicular tucking, the ornamentation shortening at the back in cuirass style. A few Directoire bodice effects are seen for girls whose slim figures permit the short, trying waist line. With one of these, which was swathed with a shaped sash of ivory gros-grain, drawn through a long buckle at the front and tying in a flat prim bow at the back, went a Directoire bag of the same silk, intended to hold all the trifles necessary to the happiness of the graduating maid.

Sleeves are tucked to fit the arm loosely at the top and bulging in bishop puffs at the bottom. Sash, stock and wristbands may be of ivory satin ribbon, the little lace-edged turn-over collar and cuffs, now so much in vogue, adding a dainty touch.

Some of the mull and India lawn gowns display pointed and round yokes that are marvels of fine needlework. Airy entre-deux in medallions and blocked squares of applied lace appear upon the solid materials, while a mull gulmpie may be all of drawn-work, cobwebby fine.

Other Pretty Summer Dresses.

These open-work, detachable yokes, being cool and easily renovated, are considered a useful wrinkle for the frocks of smarter materials, china silk, pongee, surah and satin, which, from their very expensiveness, are expected to serve after commencement for summer party gowns.

Many charming little undersleeves are seen, of course, with the bell-flowered effect alone, and sometimes a daintily simple frock will be cut slightly square at the neck, to show a girlish throat and a thin neck chain with a turquoise pendant.

The graduating maid may wear also, pearl or coral

becoming bows of white louisine ribbon shine in the simply-combed locks, but older girls display a preference for showing themselves in wide, white hats.

One big, fair hat just finished for a Vassar graduate, was made wholly of large white silk poppies with golden hearts. The huge poppy petals covered brim and crown and the yellow centers showed in a wreath about the crown's base. Hats made completely of daisies, and white leghorns garnished with white lilies, are, among others of striking characteristic, made on special demands that emanate from the seats of feminine learning. One milliner, who speaks with authority, tells of a number of lovely hats, made for wear at the festivities of men's as well as women's colleges; hats they are of tulle, with enormous tulle strings. The strings are arranged to knot at one side of the chin and let fall a shower of tulle nearly to the knees. The effect must be distinctly worthy of the occasions for which the fragile headgear is manufactured.

Eolienne Beautiful as the Harp.

Embroidered eolienne, or eolienne, with lace motifs applied to its surface, is the latest goods to earn that highest feminine praise of being "perfectly sweet." Eolienne, plain, wrought of a large amount of silk and a little wool, we have had now for two seasons, but eolienne in bayadere ribbed effect and in the newest hyacinthine, shell and cloud tints, with the above-mentioned lace applications, is a goods fit to rave over. There is a picture of a beautiful Roman hyacinth blue eolienne that accompanies this text, and, with the unerring French instinct for color combinations, the semi-transparent goods is dropped over a stem green foundation petticoat. Dust brown Arabian lace points are introduced about the hems of the foot fall and the overdress, and at intervals entre deux of the lace run up from the tops of the points to meet at the waist line similar lines of lace that run down from the square yoke of the basque. The hat that is worn with this suit deserves special comment, because its like has not been seen before, and it is promising the way for many of the

other type of wooden button is decorated first with the pyrographic needle and then artistically colored. Wooden buttons are, of course, but a fancy of the flying day, and yet they are delightfully ornamental when used on the brown grass linen gowns and shirt waists.

MARY DEAN.

A MEMORY BOOK.

THE YOUNG DELIGHT IN IT—SOME THINGS EVEN
THE OLD LIKE TO REMEMBER.

By a Special Contributor.

A good many young people and older people, too, have begun the delightful task of arranging a Memory Book, to record the happy times they have had and the delightful people they have met. Its make-up is easier, it is of more general interest, and much less tedious than the old-fashioned journal, with its daily recount of often trivial and unimportant events. A large scrap book, strongly bound, with guards or extra strips between the leaves to admit the pastings and entry of souvenirs, is the first requisite. A pretty over-cover can be made of denim in blue, green or brown, or of the ordinary tan canvas, with the title in embroidered lettering in outline, or in gold running through the center.

The title itself may be as fanciful and poetic as one wishes, so long as it is in harmony with the idea, "For Memory's Sake," "The Light of Other Days," etc. A spray of forget-me-nots or a scattering of the blossoms on the outside or on the fly-leaf inside gives a dainty suggestiveness.

Let the cover be large enough to meet over the edges and bound with a neat braid or ribbon, stitched on and tied across the ends and at the front.

As this is a keepsake book for the years of after-life, it is worth some trouble to make it pretty and attractive. The filling of the pages will be according to the tastes of the maker. A girl of nineteen summers has made her Memory Book, really a very dainty piece

MEXICO'S INLAND SEA.

A CRUISE ON THE LONGEST BODY OF WATER IN THE REPUBLIC.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS altogether a casual incident, my experience on Lake Chapala, but withal it constitutes one of the liveliest recollection of my wanderings in the land of the yucca bloom.

By way of diversion, I had ridden into the Madre Hills, which lie a few leagues to the south of Jalisco's busy capital, with the object of hunting the wild goat which frequents that locality. Thus occupied, a week slipped by, and from continually shifting about I had quite lost reckoning as to my whereabouts. Even the mozo who accompanied me was forced to admit his ignorance of

tried numerous reformatory measures without avail, and when finally, in hopeless desperation, I discharged him, the same evening witnessed his advent on the public pasco attired from head to foot in my best toggery, which he subsequently pawned, investing the proceeds in pulque, the affair terminating in my paying his fine in the Police Court and restoring him to duty. But notwithstanding these petty defects in his moral constitution, he averaged up fairly well for a mozo, and on such excursions into the country as this on which I found myself in the Madre Hills, proved himself simply invaluable to me.

Lost, but Not Disheartened.

The uncertainty as to my exact position was by no means a serious matter, for there was an abundance of game to be found and time was at its average local valuation. Hence, I continued on my devious wanderings until late one afternoon, when, upon gaining the crest of a high ridge, I beheld spread out before me a scene which, though ineffaceably fixed in my memory, challenges an adequate description. The sun was just

to accuracy; wherefore my most generous ideals had pictured it as little more than a specious duck pond, and now it was revealed to me as a majestic inland sea. For a full hour I remained in profound contemplation of the gorgeous spectacle, and as the deepening twilight threw its shadowy veil over the scene, descended to the water's edge, which at this point extended north and south. My circuitous tour had brought me out upon the west shore, which I followed for several miles in a northerly direction, coming at length to a large stream which flowed from the eastward into the lake. This I knew to be the Rio Lerma, the longest river in Mexico, and on its banks I bivouacked for the night.

Off for Chapala.

Calling the mozo into a campfire council, I learned that at Chapala, the nearest settlement on the lake, some sixty miles to the westward, I could secure marine transportation facilities in any form, from a canoe to a modern steamboat, and forthwith determined to abandon my hunting expedition in favor of a lake voyage.

Accordingly, on the following morning I transferred my equipage to the opposite side of the Lerma, a no inconsequential task considering the swiftness of the stream, and leaving my mozo to cover the distance with the outfit at a more leisurely gait, galloped away on a hard day's ride toward my destination. For the entire distance along the northern border of the lake my route took me through a beautiful agricultural country, but partially developed, and which might justly be called a farmer's Utopia. Shortly before noon I crossed the Rio Grande de Santiago, the broad outlet which reaches from Lake Chapala to the Pacific. The river contains an immense volume of water, and were it not for the numerous waterfalls and rapids along its course would be navigable for steamboats.

Continuing on my way, I passed during the afternoon a number of pretty country villas, belonging to wealthy residents of Guadalajara—the lake being but forty miles distant from that city—and I could readily discern the splendid future in store for this favored locality as a watering place.

A Town Without a Hotel.

Just at dusk the picturesque little pueblo of Chapala came into view, the tall, white spires of its ancient cathedral silhouetted against the green foothills in the background. This quaint hamlet contains but a few hundred inhabitants, yet its magnificent sanctuary would be a credit to a city many times its size. There is no public inn at the place, and I availed myself for the night of the hospitality proffered me by one of the native residents. In the course of the evening I acquired some definite knowledge relative to the proportions of Lake Chapala, its average dimensions being ninety miles in length by twenty in width, making a total area of 1800 square miles. To my inquiries with regard to securing a boat on the morrow for the purpose of making a cruise on its waters, I received from my host a rather dubious reply, with the additional information that a "festa" was in progress at Tixipan, another small town on the opposite side of the lake, at which almost the whole population of Chapala, together with its entire available flotilla, was in attendance.

This intelligence was far from reassuring, and the knowledge of the festivities on the further shore, which were to continue throughout the following day, infused me with an ambition to reach the scene at any hazard. Therefore, early the next morning I instituted a careful search throughout the village and along the shore, being rewarded by the discovery of a dilapidated old shallop, long since consigned to "rotten row," as naval parlance goes, but which I immediately set about to make seaworthy. I calked her many seams as best I could, stepped a mast forward in her bow, and fashioned a rude pair of oars and a broad sweep aft, in lieu of the regulation steering gear. I then rigged a sail for her after the "leg-o'-mutton" order, and sat down to await the arrival of the mozo and remainder of my cargo.

A Sail in an Improvised Boat.

This contingent put in an appearance shortly after noon, and we lost no time in getting our effects aboard of our newly-commissioned craft and setting sail. It was six o'clock, miles across to Tixipan, but the wind was in our favor, and I hoped, barring accidents, to make port by nightfall. Our boat behaved beautifully, everything considered, and the mozo, who at the outset had manifested no overconfidence either in our vessel or in my abilities as a navigator, grew more sanguine as to the possible outcome of our voyage. We had brought some fishing tackle along with us, and when fairly under way the mozo busied himself with getting out the lines. I held the steering oar in one hand, with the other tending one of the trols, and presently my arm received a wrench which made me clutch the gunwale to avoid pitching overboard. The line was running out at a rapid rate, and, hastily giving the helm over to the mozo, I caught a turn about a convenient cleat, with the result that an instant later the thick cord snapped like an overtaut bow-string.

"Vagré," explained the mozo in answer to my inquiry as to what particular species of marine monster frequented these waters, illustrating its average measurements by placing one hand athwart his chin and glancing unmistakably at his sandaled toes. Now, "Panza" was by no means a diminutive mozo, being every bit as well developed physically as descriptively; and, notwithstanding the vigor exhibited by my late invisible quarry, I seriously questioned his veracity when he attempted to persuade me of its being some five feet in length. Nevertheless, I determined, if possible, to unravel the mystery, and set about rigging out a line of sufficient resistance to detain one or the other, the fish or the boat, in the event of another catch.

Something of a Fish.

But I had considerably underrated the lustiness of the Chapala vagré, and when, a few moments subsequent to casting the line astern, I received another violent tug, which caused the boat to career in a dangerous manner,



On the Shore of the Lake.



A Country Seat on Lake Chapala.



Ancient Cathedral by the Lakeside.

our exact latitude with a bewildered, "Señor, quien sabe?" and a still more expressive gesticulation which I had learned to interpret as a violent exaggeration of the French shrug.

This same mozo, by the way, was a character whose unique personality remains until now unduplicated in my observations of his particular class. The only appellation to which he laid any claim was "Sancho," which, by Quixotic authority, I straightway reduced to "Panza," and which flowery title thereafter clung to him as adherently as he did to me. He possessed at once the combined proclivities for making himself indispensably useful and keeping me in a constant state of penury by his remorseless appropriation of such articles of my wardrobe as chanced to appeal to his fastidious taste, together with whatever cash surplus remained in his hands after the replenishing of our commissariat. I

sinking in a great golden sphere, not behind a horizon barred by mountain steeples or undulating plain, but beneath the scarce perceptible skyline of a vast sheet of water which stretched away from the range of hills on which I stood like a placid, billowless sea.

As the great glowing orb in the distance gradually faded from view, its slanting beams rested benignly upon mountains and valley, irradiating the gathering shades of evening with a deep effulgence, which found its reflection in the mirror-like depths of the expansive waters. What was this immense inundated region?

The mozo came up with the pack animals, and as the scene was unfolded to him the comprehensive expression which lighted up his countenance found embodiment in one word, "Chapala!" Then I understood.

I had heard of this lake before—heard of it as one is apt to hear of so many things in Mexico—without reward

2 AN Dix Lalt The (LON Cable, Robert the co news Britan the G Wade King cage tree the co Garvie largen p military suffer the the said "Gen. was the with regret have CRUISE (ST T) NEW paper "Lond" laun in a south bare, turd CH term Topo Paaty not a fair ing

village throughout Bearn. Its preamble is as follows: "Whereas complaints have lately been made to the prince and his high court concerning wicked blasphemers and deniers of God, of the glorious Virgin Mary His mother, and of the saints of paradise, as well as touching the vain oaths and perjuries made in His name, by reason of which said blasphemies we must presume, according to Holy Scripture, that persecutions and tribulations partly come for the affliction of human nature in this world; now, the prince and court, being of opinion that, in accordance with the disposition of divine and human law, Almighty God ought to be praised and honored by His reasonable creatures and not blasphemed; and inasmuch as our laws have imposed punishment upon such blasphemers, now," etc. In and after 1552, whether owing to the odium theologium then beginning to run its course in Bearn, or by reason of some other contemporary social agency, blasphemers who offended twice had their tongues pierced, were flogged the third time, and on the fourth occasion punished with death. As an example of the growing severity, in December, 1546, a heretic named Charretier was whipped round Eyronne and had his tongue pierced with a hot iron, after being compelled to listen to a sermon in the cathedral in his shirt, bare-headed, with a rope around his neck, a fagot on his shoulders and a lighted torch in his hand.

THE FAIRY COACH.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN MISTAKES A SQUASH FOR A PUMPKIN.

By a Special Contributor.

The London newspapers all had long accounts of how Robin had restored the Mother Goose Wax Figures to life, and how they were taking a pleasure trip under the guidance of the young lad, and crowds followed them whenever they went out to walk. This was only natural because the giants were at least thirty feet tall, and Puss in Boots was handsome enough to excite remark anywhere, and he walked along so daintily in his patent leathers that anyone could see at half a glance that he came of a very good family of cats. I believe that his great-great-grandfather on his mother's

you. I've never ridden in a real carriage, and I want you to get your fairy godmother to make a coach for us out of that pumpkin that's in front of the shop. And we have two big rats caught this morning, and I think I'll find some mice in the trap in the court yard."

"Why, my dear," said Cinderella; "I'd be glad to do it, but I haven't called upon my godmother in years. Not since that ball. You know that folks say I married the prince, but I did not. That was all a fairy story. I stayed doing kitchen work for my stepmother until I was turned to wax with Mother Goose and the rest, and it was not until Robin set us free that we were able to travel about. I don't think that my godmother would pay any attention to me. Now let me go."

But the girl was very obstinate. "No, no, I am sure that you can get her if you call, and if you knew how I long to go a-riding you'd do it right off."

Cinderella thought a minute. It would do no harm to call her godmother, and in the mean time some of the company would have noticed that she was not with them, and would come back to look for her.

"Come, hurry up, there's a dear," said the girl. "Here's the pumpkin outside. Make some poetry and call her with it."

Cinderella laughed her silveriest and said half in joke: "Dear, fairy, godmother please to approach—Give to this maiden a pumpkin-made coach."

Then and there a little old woman appeared on the counter and, resting her hand on a big cheese, she drew a wand from under her green cloak and said, "Abra—" but the girl interrupted her to say:

"Do it outside, so that the neighbors can see."

Imagine interrupting a fairy! It's a wonder the girl was not turned to cheese in a moment. But Cinderella's godmother was a very agreeable old lady, and she stepped to the door and approached the pumpkin just as the rest of the company came back looking for Cinderella. The streets were crowded, for it was the time of the closing of the shops, and thousands of work people were on their way home. Cinderella told Robin what was going to happen, and some one in the crowd heard it and the news quickly spread.

The godmother approached the pumpkin and touched it with her wand and—it remained a vegetable still. The crowd began to jeer and the girl began to cry, and

who had been watching the mice, the fairy touched them, and they were turned into footmen just as they were in the story of Cinderella.

But now a curious thing happened. The poor girl who had wanted all this splendor was abashed when she saw such a "beauty" coach-and-four, and such splendidly-attired footmen and driver, and she said, "That's too fine for me. Just take that little crippled girl that lives on the corner out for a drive."

Then it was the turn of the fairy to do something more. She touched both Cinderella and the girl and the mother of the girl, who had come out in time to see the changes, and the three were as handsomely dressed as if they had been princesses. Then Cinderella said to the other two: "We'll all go a-riding."

And the three stepped in and the footmen shut the door and the crowd cheered, and Puss in Boots sprang up behind and they drove to the corner and beckoned to the little cripple, who was looking out of the window at them, and she understood and came down painfully, and Robin lifted her up in his strong arms and put her into the coach dressed just as she was and, with the crowd cheering and shouting, the driver whipped up the spirited horses and the coach-and-four swept into Drury Lane and past Covent Garden—which isn't a garden at all—and so down to Hyde Park, which is better than a garden, and there were at least four happy people in the party.

This real use of magic in the London of today made Robin Taylor's companions very popular, and after that the godmother traveled with them.

But the coach was left in London for use among the poorer classes. There were some lousy people who wrote to the Times that it was a shame to take people in dirty clothes out in such a magnificent coach, and that a plain wagon and one horse would be far better, but Cinderella, who had given orders for its use, said that the gold coach and the comfortable springs and the beautiful horses were like a glimpse of real fairy land to the poor people, and as long as it had been made for them, it ought not to bother anybody else. And she was quite right.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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ARE YOU A GOOD GUESSER?

TWO CLEVER GAMES FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO EXERCISE THEIR WITS.

By a Special Contributor.

What boy or girl knows how to play the game of "Cities?"

This is how you commence:

I ask you the question: "What city in the United States am I thinking of?"

You reply by naming some city you think I have in mind.

If you do not guess right the first time, I say no; that city is too far north, south, east or west, from the one I have in mind.

For instance: Suppose I am thinking of San Francisco. I say to you: "What city in the United States am I thinking of?"

You answer, "Boston."

"No," I reply, "Boston is too far northeast."

Then you try again, this time naming a place further west and south of Boston; say, Philadelphia.

I tell you that Philadelphia is still too far east.

Thus you continue, naming the cities further west until you say San Francisco, when it will be your turn to think of a city, or until you "give it up," when it will be my turn to choose another one.

If you can keep before your mind's eye a picture of the United States, with the position of the many colors representing the States, you will find it of immense service in locating the direction of the various cities.

Can you guess the title of the book I am thinking of?

In imagination I see a picture of it: I see a long, sandy stretch of shore, the waves dashing up against the rocks, and hear the song of a robin. The merry laugh of a fisherman's son is borne to me from the distance. Out in the water a boat is anchored and the crew are casting their nets over the side. So my picture fades.

Can you tell me the name of my story?

Why, you say, "Robinson Crusoe," of course.

Now I will picture another title for you. These are two books. One a sequel to the other.

I see a schoolroom. The sun is shining on the floor and on the desks, showing many a cut and scratch. Seated at the desks are many little boys and girls learning how to spell C-A-T, cat, and D-O-G, dog. Some day, thinks their teacher, these little boys and girls will be men and women; but they will still carry the C-A-T and D-O-G with them and will say categorical and dogmatic.

Now, what are the titles of my books?

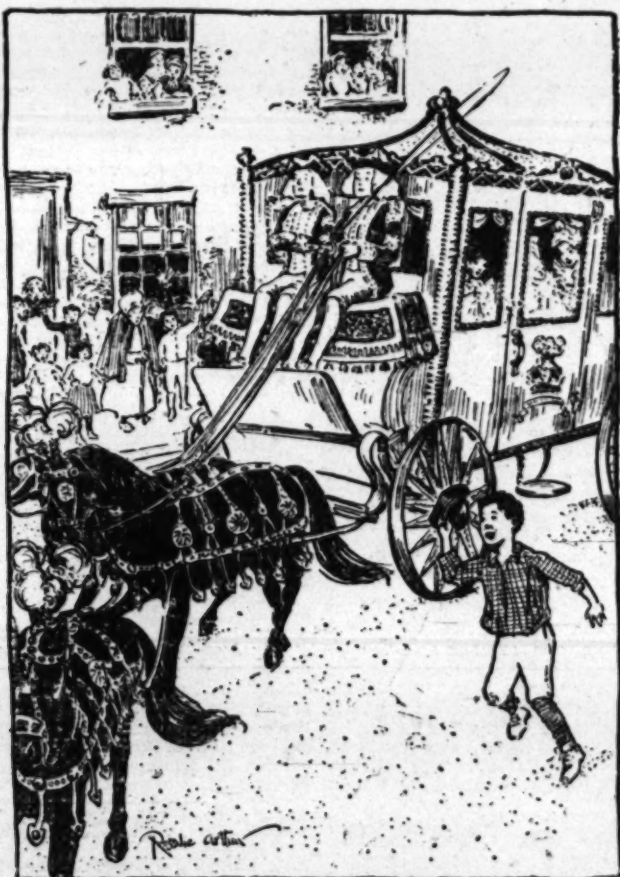
Right: "Little Men" and "Little Women."

FEMALE BIRD RULES.

[Baltimore Sun:] Among several species of the birds of prey a deference for the female sex is shown which is not met with in the great majority of the feathered kind, says Frank C. Kirkwood, an ardent student of the ways of birds and beasts. He says:

"Several years ago it was my fortune to capture two young eagles of the bald-head species. When meat was thrown into the room where they were confined the male showed plainly how great was his desire to pounce upon it, but a glance from his sister was sufficient to keep him rooted to the perch until she had finished. When beef or other similar meats were given them this easy victory for the fair sex was the rule, but when a fish was introduced it was only after a fierce fight that the female succeeded in reminding her brother of the respect due her.

"A pair of young great-horned owls which I at one time had also displayed this female domination. I fed them principally on live rats, and when they were turned loose in the room the male retained a stolid and indifferent pose upon his perch until the female had satisfied her hunger, after which he would dispatch what was left. Many other are the instances among the eagles, hawks and owls in which the female bird is the master of the situation."



THE COACH AND FOUR SWEEPED INTO DRURY LANE.

side was the cat that Dick Whittington owned before he was Mayor of London.

One day they were walking through Drury Lane to their lodgings in Bloomsbury, and their way led through a very dirty and forlorn little alley, in which bedraggled children were trying to have a good time in spite of their dirt and poverty.

Although Cinderella was dressed in the clothes that she wore before the first ball, she always attracted a good deal of attention because she had such a fresh, clean complexion, and such a winsome expression on her face, and as they were passing a green grocer's shop, a pale-faced girl about 12 years old tugged at Cinderella's sleeve and beckoned to her to come into the store. The rest passed on up the alley, but Cinderella, who was not at all timid, followed the child into the shop.

"What do you want, my dear," said Cinderella, kindly to the girl. The girl talked in the manner of the London poor, and as it is as hard to spell it as it is to read it after it is spelled, I will not do it, but will translate it into passable English.

"You're Cinderella, ain't you?" said the little girl.

"Yes, I am," said Cinderella. "Please be quick, because the others did not see me stop and they won't know where I am."

"Oh, but you can find them. Any policeman 'll tell

sympathetic Cinderella wished that she had not done anything about it.

But Robin Taylor, observant American that he was, looked at the pumpkin closely and said: "Why, this isn't a pumpkin at all. It's a squash."

"That accounts for it," said the fairy godmother, who was beginning to wonder if her power had left her. "I never turned a squash into a carriage in my life, and I wouldn't know how. Who has a pumpkin?"

"I have," said a green grocer, whose shop was across the alley. He disappeared into his shop and came out in a moment with a somewhat withered, but still a real pumpkin.

The fairy godmother touched it with her wand, and in a moment there stood a gold coach with silver springs and plate-glass windows two inches thick. Its window frames were studded with diamonds and the spokes were made of Indian gold carved to represent sunbeams.

"It's finer than the Lord Mayor's coach," shouted half a dozen voices. "It beats anything I ever see," said an old woman nearly a hundred years old, and that settled it, for she had seen the coronation of George IV, and William IV and Victoria.

The fairy now touched the rats and in a second four magnificent bay horses, with flowing tails and manes, stood in front of the dingy shop. Oh, how their coats shone and how proud they were!

Then, much to the disappointment of Puss in Boots

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I deemed it advisable to take in sail until the contest had been decided. It was fully thirty minutes before I pulled him out, but when at length he lay in the boat it was worth many times the exertion it had required. In appearance it bore considerable resemblance to the jewfish or tuna, though not so large, measuring exactly three feet and weighing a trifle less than fifty pounds. We caught two more of the same species during the afternoon, together with a number of whitefish, which, although of a smaller variety, proved to be exceedingly fine eating.

The fishing had occasioned no little delay in our progress, and nightfall found us still several miles distant from our objective point, but the full moon arose above the lake, and as we approached the festive village by its mellow light a vision as of fairyland was disclosed. Hung in festooned arches over the houses along the shore and above the boats of the pescadores moored in the tiny harbor were hundreds of transparent paper lanterns in variegated hues, by the weird illumination of which a multitude of white-clad natives were seen sitting hither and thither to the accompaniment of the enchanting strains of guitar and viol, mingled with the music of their own glad voices, in their merry-making. Suddenly in the midst of the scene a fantastic design in fireworks was displayed, emblematic of the saint in whose honor the celebration was being held. With such a capacity for enjoyment, in the keeping of their ancient traditions, what wonder that these were the happiest people of the earth!

I spent the night at Tixipan, and on the following morning, the wind being favorable, headed our boat for Jiquilpan, another pueblo seventy miles distant upon the southeast shores of the lake, which at that point attains a width of twenty-four miles. But our brave little shallop was destined never to reach another port, and our voyage narrowly missed terminating as disastrously for us as it did for our craft.

Shipwrecked, but Rescued.

All went well with us for the first half of the day, and we were bowling along over the water at a merry rate, when the breeze suddenly veered and in less than half an hour it was blowing a stiff gale from the north-east. At the first sign of a change I had hastily taken in the sail, unstepped the mast and gotten out the oars, but the lake was soon lashed into such a fury of waves that I was able to do little more than keep the boat headed into the wind. I momentarily expected to be swamped, and knew of no hope lay in keeping aloft until the gale tossed us ashore at the western extremity of the lake. The mazo had completely lost his head and was upch his knees in the bow wildly crossing himself and calling upon his patron saint for deliverance. I was on the point of telling him to cease his demonstrations and bail out some of the water which was rapidly accumulating in the bottom of the boat when, with a lurch, she capsized and I found myself struggling in the swirling tempestuous lake.

When I came to the surface the boat was several yards away, tossing about bottom up, with the mazo clinging for dear life to her bow. I was obliged to swim hard in order to reach her, but finally succeeded in doing so, and with difficulty scrambled upon her inverted keel. Along this I worked my way to her bow, and reaching down pulled the mazo up with me. Matters had indeed reached a serious climax, for the storm showed not the least sign of abating, and as far as I could see no land was visible. I had just begun to reflect upon the disarranged condition in which I was about to leave my terrestrial affairs, when a shrill whistle sounded close at hand, and looking around I perceived a small steamer wallowing and diving toward us through the boisterous waters. At first sight of this unexpected source of rescue I could scarcely believe my senses, but quickly recalled the mazo's enthusiastic delineation of Chapala's great straits and as promptly forgave him for whatever exaggerations he had regaled me with concerning her dimensions.

In a few moments more we were safely hauled on board and generously cared for by the captain, who had sighted us by the merest accident while crossing from Tixipan to the opposite side. Two hours later I stepped ashore at the same point from which I had started on the previous day, and thus ended my brief but eventful cruise on Mexico's inland sea. JOSE D. OLIVARES.

HOW SHIPS DISAPPEAR.

[London Chronicle:] A paper bearing the prosaic title of "Underwater Sailing Ships and Steamers," read yesterday before the Shipmasters' Society by William Aillingham, contained enough material to have supplied Clark Russell with a foundation for a dozen sea romances. The public know of some of the risks incurred by those who go down to the sea in ships. But one not frequently heard of by landmen is that of "unloading when in ballast." As the author of the paper observed, "If we could have truthful accounts of the narrow margin between safety and disappearance experienced by the tramp steamers and big sailing ships in ballast during the last few years, they would be more thrilling than any of the yarns evolved from the inner consciousness of the naval romancer." The danger of underloading, Mr. Aillingham pointed out, was hardly less great than that of overloading. Yet sailing ships and steamers proceed to sea daily with insufficient ballast, whereas an overloaded vessel would be prevented from leaving port. There was an increasing shipping casualty list due to underloading. Some action, he said, would have to be taken, and the question of insuring the safety of ships in ballast by providing an underload line in addition to the present loadline might well be considered. In the period from 1890 to 1900 no fewer than twenty-two British ships disappeared while on inter-ocean voyages without leaving a trace as to their fate.

EQUIVOCAL ENTHUSIASM.

[Smart Set:] Husband: Today I met a gentleman who told me he was engaged to you at one time. Wife: What did you say? "I congratulated him, of course."

OUR ORIENTAL WARD.
SOME STRIKING FACTS ABOUT THE
FAR-OFF FILIPINO.

From the Washington Star.

IN THE course of another letter recently received by his relatives Capt. Will H. Monroe of the Thirty-First Infantry, United States Volunteers, now stationed at Zamboanga, Mindanao Island, gives a striking picture of the characteristics of the Filipinos. In the course of his epistle he says:

The Filipino is a compound of laziness, good nature, superstition and stupidity. The Zamboanganian is no exception to the rule; he has some good qualities and all the vices; generous and brave, but, on the other hand, vicious and lazy, and passionately fond of gambling. He will sacrifice his immortal soul for a few "pesos" to put on a cock fight, and has been known to set a price on wife or child for one more chance in some Chinese gambling hell. Even in dress he affects a characteristic mode. He usually dresses in white cotton, with a loose shirt worn outside of his trousers. He seldom wears shoes and stockings, but is very proud if he can get an American hat, especially if it happens to be a stiff hat, say of the vintage of '62, or other ancient date. The Filipino woman is usually in a class by herself, always neat and clean and well dressed, no matter how poor she may be. Except when in mourning her dress is gay, sometimes even loud. The skirt seems to be a great fold of light material tucked up at one side and leaving the leg bare almost to the knee. No stockings are worn, and the foot is slipped into an odd-looking shoe called a "chinel," without heels or uppers, except a narrow strip over the toes. It is an art to keep this dainty footgear on, but the native girls even dance in it. Over the shoulders a wrap of coconut fiber is worn in a triangular fold that comes well up at the back of the neck and is fastened with a bow of ribbon on the breast. Sometimes the place of this wrap is taken by a kerchief of the rarest lace, so fine and beautiful that even under the closest scrutiny no flaw can be detected.

The waist or bodice is very loose and hangs freely from the shoulders. It has wide flowing sleeves, and is made of some very thin material which permits the camisa, often handsomely embroidered, to show through. Filipino women, as a rule, are rather homely, with dark skin, black eyes and coarse black hair of remarkable length. Some of the native girls are rather attractive, but they wrinkle up and grow old at an early age; and I doubt if there are any uglier old crones in all the world than those occasionally seen among the Filipinos. They are fond of weaving, and make beautiful "pina" and "just" cloth of the finest quality. The work is done entirely by hand, as in fact almost everything here is done, in the most primitive manner, every board or piece of timber, for instance, being sawed out of the log by hand. "Pina" cloth is manufactured from the fiber of the pineapple. The cloth is thin and silky, with a certain amount of stiffness which makes it very pretty for dress goods. It is often made in bright colors, and in many different patterns.

Moro Women's Gorgeous Attire.

Like most savages, the Moros are exceedingly fond of bright colors. Moro dress is usually a riot of color, and both men and women have a notion of fit that would make you gasp. Instead of the loose and open camisa with wide flowing sleeves, such as the Filipino women wear, the Moro women wear bodices in which there is not an inch of material to spare. They wear trousers which are wide and long and gaudy. The cloth is frequently flimsy silk dyed in several different colors. The Moro lady who contemplates making herself a pair of trousers has a very vivid notion of color, and this nether garment is apt to display gorgeousness of no uncertain tone. Some few wear skirts similarly colored. Some go barefoot, some wear slippers after the Filipino fashion. None wear any covering for the head, except, perhaps, the "patadion," a long piece of silk or other light material, a loose outer robe which generally hangs in graceful folds from one shoulder. As to the Moro man, it is hard to say which is the more picturesque, his head or his legs. On his head he wears a turban which increases in magnificence with the number of colors it has. On his legs he wears trousers so tight that every movement he makes is a source of wonder to the beholder. The turban is made of a large "panuelo," or kerchief, of raw silk, woven and dyed by the Moro women. The folding of a turban is most artfully contrived. It is small and close-rolled, and is variously arranged to denote the rank of the wearer. The Moro wears a jacket that always looks too small for him. About his waist he binds a sash or girdle in which he carries his kris or bolo. Every Moro over fifteen years of age carries a murderous weapon of some kind, very often of the finest steel and as sharp as a razor.

Children in Nature's Garb.

As for children they run about in the garb that Nature gave them. Sometimes they wear a "patadion," which is a long scarf-like garment sewn to gether at the ends and draped in various ways about the body. These children are the brightest and quickest imitators in the world. They are born soldiers. It is amazing to see bands of these boys, not a day over five years old, drilling like American soldiers and going through everything from guard mount to parade in the most perfect manner. And what is more astonishing, all the commands are given by their leaders in clear and distinct English. It is really a wonderful performance.

The natives dearly love a holiday, or "fiesta," and, in imitation of Spanish custom, Datto Mandi got up a famous bull fight not long ago in honor of the "president's" birthday. It was successfully carried out, with all the pomp and display of the great Spanish na-

tional diversion. After the excitement of this specimen fight I can well understand how people forget the cruelty of these contests, in view of the animation and splendor of the vast assemblage, the agility, skill and bravery of the contestants, the thousands and thousands of human faces agitated by emotions of terror and admiration inspired by the picturesque scene, below a burning sun and a rare sky, unique and unequalled in all the world. "El toreo," or art of fighting bulls, is not simply the slaughtering of defenseless animals, but is really and truly a dangerous contest, in which the contestants take their lives in their hands. It requires an intrepid man to face one of these animals, once enraged, when they often become as ferocious as a lion or a tiger.

A Bull Fight Audience.

The bull fight that I speak of at Zamboanga did not lack for Spaniards, for indeed all the contestants were Spaniards. These men paraded the streets before the fight, and they presented a very handsome appearance. They wore suits of brilliantly colored silk, with broad-brimmed felt hats, and variously colored capes, lined with red, thrown over one shoulder. They rode fine-looking native ponies, and some of them carried long lances decorated with ribbons, and all wore swords. Datto Mandi and the "presidente," with other local personages, headed the procession. Carriages followed with all the native beauties of the vicinity tricked out in their best and adorned with flowers. Some of the carriages were gaily decorated, especially that of the queen of beauty, who was to bestow the prizes on the victors in the fight. She really was a charming-looking creature, a niece of ex-Presidente Alvarez, a mestiza of a Spanish type, with a splendid face, hair combed a la pompadour, and dressed in a very becoming costume of light "pina" cloth, with wide flowing sleeves trimmed with ribbon. A full blooming rose in her dark hair rivaled her rich red lips in beauty and completed a most pleasing picture.

When we reached the rude amphitheater Mandi had built in the midst of the Moro village we found quite a brilliant assemblage there. Crowded together were picturesque Moros, all dressed in the gayest of gay colors and curious turbans, neat Filipinos with less brilliant attire, and Spaniards in white duck, soldiers, sailors, officers, civilians, some English, some German, some American, besides troops of native women and children, all eager to see the show. The parade was completed by a grand march around the arena, while the native and American bands played, and some great bombs were exploded with the noise of cannon, and strings of firecrackers eight yards long, suspended from tall poles, were set off with the rattle of musketry. The Moros can surely give us Fourth of July people some pointers on making a noise.

Description of the Fight.

Datto Mandi occupied a balcony just opposite that of the queen of beauty, and before the first fight began he threw into the circle a shower of silver dollars, and packages of cigars and cigarettes. Many flowers were also thrown down as Don Juan Cuadrado and his associates of the ring rode gaily to and fro. The fights then took place in rapid succession. The first bull entered. He did not seem to know what to make of the arena, resplendent with light and agitated by the hum of a thousand voices in a circle all around him. It was an imposing sight to see him standing there in his pride. Only for a moment he paused, then started on a run about the inclosure, awaited at different points by mounted "picadors" armed with long poles or lances with a sharp bit of steel at one extremity. The bull charged the first one he saw and was skillfully met at the point of the lance in such a way that he could wound neither horse nor rider. But not all the riders were so successful. One horse went down under the horns of the infuriated bull and the rider had a narrow escape from being caught. The bull pursued him, but a man rushed out waving a red-lined cape in the very eye of the animal. The "capeador" thus distracted the bull's attention, while another picador advanced and a "banderillero" walked boldly up and stuck a great bunch of flowers and ribbons, fastened to a dart, deep into the flesh of the animal's shoulder. By that time the wild creature did not know which way to turn, and those in immediate danger made their escape. Some of the banderilleros managed to just slightly wound the animal, and the banderillas did not stay. Neither did the bull.

So there was a lively foot race until another capeador got in the way with his intolerable red cape, and off the bull started in a new direction. It certainly required nice calculation. A slip of the foot, a moment's hesitation on the part of his associates, might have left him at the mercy of the enraged brute. But the critical moment was when the "matador" came out to end the animal's suffering. He seized a red cape in one hand and a stout sword in the other, and walked coolly toward the bull with a flourish of the cape. Down went the bull's head, and with a terrific roar he charged. At the same time the matador rushed on the animal and thrust the sword in between the shoulders over the lowered head, stepped deftly aside and the bull fell dead at his feet. The first matador did beautifully and deserved the roar of applause from the spectators and the garland of flowers the queen of beauty bestowed upon him. But the succeeding fights ended badly, and the poor animals must have suffered terribly under the repeated attempts of the matadors to get close enough to give the fatal thrust.

Progressive Datto Mandi.

Datto Mandi is a Moro chief, whose manners are those of a courtier and whose word has never been broken. His attitude toward the Americans has ever been one of utmost friendliness. He usually appears in spotless white linen, but wears a many-colored turban on his head.

He does not chew "buvo" nor does he blacken his teeth. In this respect he is far and away ahead of his people, who universally adhere to these practices. And what is more remarkable, Mandi has only one wife, of whom he is very proud. He has a splendid house in the midst of the Moro village, and there he spread a feast in honor of the assembled guests. But he could only drink a cup of wine to their health, his religion as a Mohammedan forbidding him to take salt with Christians. In the evening a grand ball was given at Mandi's house and the datto proved himself a princely entertainer.

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The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THE "SEA SWALLOWS."

AN INTERESTING KIND OF BIRDS FOUND ALONG THE OCEAN SHORES.

DOUBTLESS most of us have at one time or another noticed, when at the beach, a number of birds of about the same contour and manner of flight as the well-known gulls, but considerably smaller than the least of these latter, and possessing long, deeply-forked tails. All of them are light colored, and most of them are of a snowy whiteness relieved only by a black patch on the top of the head and a streak of black along the midrib of the outer tail and wing feathers.

These birds are terns, or "sea swallows," as they are commonly called, and are found throughout the world from far polar seas to warm equatorial waters. They belong to an order of birds known as "longipennes," meaning "long-winged," and which embraces the skuas, the gulls, the terns, and the skimmers in its list. About twenty species of terns are found on the shores of North America, north of Mexico, and of these, three are found on the coast of Los Angeles county at various times of the year, though probably but one variety, the least tern, nests on this portion of the coast. The other two species, which are migrants, are known as the Royal and Forster's terns respectively.

They are as great fishermen as the gulls, though, of course, they are not so strong as their big brethren of the air and dare not attack so large game. They are not so familiar as the gulls, either, but are much more graceful and dashing than those clumsy fellows, who seem to know that they are protected by the law and can fish or loaf at their own sweet will. Dr. Leonhard Stejneger in his "Birds of the Commander Islands and Kamchatka" mentions three species of terns as common even in that far northern latitude and adds that the natives (Esquimaux) called them "Martischka," irrespective of species.

The Caspian tern, an inhabitant of the Atlantic coast, is the largest in this family, while the least, our own common little sea swallow, is the smallest. One of these



COMMON TERN.

long-winged birds, an inhabitant of the West Indies and other tropical islands, is of a sooty black color, so dark that the species is known as the black tern.

The food of the terns and gulls consists mainly of such "small fry" as old ocean may happen to cast up, or that may get stranded in a little pool among the rocks. Their beaks are very large and strong for so small a bird, to enable them to crack the shells of small clams and crabs. Unlike the gulls they do not care for decayed food of any kind, but prefer to capture their prey alive. I have seen a small shark, which had been dead for several days, so covered with gulls that no portion of the fish could be seen.

Wherever there is a level strip of sand well above high water mark, there the terns may generally be found nesting. Oftentimes, as at Anaheim Landing in Orange county, they select a sand pit running out into the surf and hundreds of pairs will make their summer homes there, laying their eggs within a few inches of another nest and often getting them sadly mixed, so that while one bird is calmly sitting on a lone egg, another will be vainly trying to cover four. Along the Atlantic sea-board and on the coast line of the States bordering on the great Gulf, these birds once nested, not only by hundreds but by thousands, as the huge white pelicans still do on the outermost of the Florida Keys. Parties who have visited such places tell me that in former years the outcry made by the nesting birds when disturbed was indecibly deafening, but that, within the past generation, plum-hunters have so persecuted the birds that where once were thousands, now are barely tens. The American Ornithologists' Union has, however, taken the matter in hand and it will probably be but a few years until the slaughter now waged against birds for millinery purposes shall have become a serious misdemeanor, heavily punishable, as it should have been long ago.

The eggs of all the terns resemble those of the various members of the gull family, except in size, very closely. They are usually three in number—except in the case of a bird known as the "Noddy," which lays but one—and are laid in some depression in the sand, or among the small pebbles of the beach. Rarely a few straws or fine twigs are laid about as a lining, though this is more often done among the Atlantic species than here. Very often drifting sand covers both nest and eggs and they are frequently laid so closely together that one

cannot take a step without crushing several eggs. One species, the Caspian tern, already mentioned, is known to nest from the islands of the Indian Ocean on the south to Jutland and Denmark on the north, extending its range from Hungary, Greece and Asia Minor westward to the Atlantic coasts of both Americas.

A teacher in a school not a thousand miles from Los Angeles once showed a very finely-mounted specimen of the tern to her class, when a bright little fellow in the back seat raised his hand and said: "Please, Miss Smith, there ought to be another." "Why?" asked the teacher. "Because one good turn deserves another," he replied.

HARRY H. DUNN.

THE HISTORIC LINDEN.
INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THIS NOBLE SHADE-GIVING TREE.

By a Special Contributor.

In Europe the linden seems to be the tree which lives longest, and which attains the most gigantic proportions. The linden of Neustadt is a remarkable example. The little village which possesses this colossal specimen of vegetation is situated in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, in Germany. This linden measures 133 yards in circumference, and its branches are supported by 106 stone columns. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Duke of Wurtemberg had his coat of arms painted on two of these pillars. At the summit, this tree was divided into two large branches, one of which was broken by a storm in 1875; the one remaining today measures thirty-five yards in length.

The most ancient linden trunk perhaps in all Europe is at Donndorf, near Bayreuth, in Bavaria. On a map dated 1390, it is mentioned as a very old linden, twenty-four yards in circumference. Some authors give its age as more than twelve centuries. Today there remains of it but the bare trunk.

June 22, 1476, there was planted at Fribourg a linden in memory of the victory over Charles the Téméraire. A young Fribourgeois, it is said, after having contributed to the victory of Morat, ran into his native village, like the soldier of Marathon, at Athens, and covered with blood and dust, fell dead crying "victory!" They planted near to his body the branch of linden which he held in his hand.

In the sixteenth century, each Saturday, justice was administered under its shade. Today, the judge breaks there a little ring on the heads of the guilty condemned to death.

A Fribourgeois doctor said to his compatriots, "When your tree undresses itself, dress yourselves, and when it dresses itself, undress yourselves."

The linden of William Tell at Altorf, under which tradition says that he shot an apple from the head of his son, has been replaced by a monument.

In France, one could cite numerous celebrated lindens, without counting the promenades planted with these beautiful trees.

The leaves of the linden, shaped like a heart, have given it the name of "The Tree of Lovers."

BOY ELECTRICIANS.

THEY OWN AND RUN AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT PLANT NO MEMBER OF THE COMPANY IS OVER TEN.

[St. Louis Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer:] The most remarkable electric light plant in Missouri and probably in the United States is located in St. Louis. The company is not incorporated, has no capital stock, is not in debt, owns its own plant and none of its officers is over ten years old.

The building in which the plant is installed is of brick and was built especially for the purpose for which it is now used. The name of this remarkable company is the American Electric Power Company, and it is located in the rear of Edward Field Goltra's residence at No. 3832 Delmar boulevard.

The proprietor of the lighting plant is Edward Field Goltra, Jr., and he became proprietor in as unique a manner as the plant is unusual. Field, as his parents call him, has long evinced a taste for mechanical apparatus, inherited probably from his father, who is an officer in the American Steel Foundry Company of Granite City. His father ordered the erection of a 12x15 one-story brick power house. When it was finished an upright steam engine capable of carrying 200 pounds of steam was placed in it, a thirty-five foot iron smokestack raised from the roof and a four-horse-power dynamo, with 40-light capacity, was installed. In the meantime Master Field had taken his chums into the matter and a company was formed with the following officers, all under ten years of age.

Edward Field Goltra, Jr., proprietor and chief engineer; Louis Del Imman, of 3899 Washington avenue, chief electrician; McLaren Sawyer, of 3836 Delmar boulevard, assistant electrician; Robert McAlpine, of 3806 Delmar boulevard, chief fireman; Charles Glinton Imman, assistant fireman, and John Tausig, of 3863 Delmar boulevard, carpenter.

McLaren Sawyer was at first chief electrician, but he fell ill with the mumps and lost his job, for the plant must have a chief electrician on the scene of action at all times. Once organized, these youngsters started in to study electrical engineering, and applied themselves so diligently that now they run the entire plant without any assistance from older heads.

It was necessary for them to have some business for their plant, and after hard begging permission was obtained by the company to wire the Goltra home and make connections for electric lights. The house was

already connected for lighting purposes with one of the large lighting companies, but the fact that they were in opposition to a great lighting corporation with millions of dollars of capital did not deter them from going after the business. They had a "pull" and won and the initial lighting day of the residence by the new company was one of great importance to the youthful electricians.

The power house is fitted up with a complete machine shop, and one entering it alone would never suspect that any one over ten years of age was forbidden there. Over the door is a sign "American Electric Power Company Plant No. 1." Immediately underneath the sign is the familiar locking warning so conspicuous in a large lighting plants, "Keep Out." Field explained that this is called Plant No. 1 because there is going to be another plant installed at one of the other boy's homes called No. 2. With true business instinct, the location of this second plant is kept secret until it is inaugurated.

MESMERIZED HIS ROOSTER.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY'S INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH HIS PET.

I knew a little boy who used to perform this trick very successfully. He had a bright young rooster of which he was very fond and which he often brought into the house. He would hold the rooster on his lap and with a piece of chalk draw lines from the tip of its bill to the back of its neck, pressing very lightly with the chalk. At first the rooster would appear sleepy and then would nod its head very drowsily, and finally, to all appearances, go fast asleep.

If put upon the floor the rooster would remain standing, but with its eyes fast closed. Then the little boy would bring a light near to the rooster's eyes, and it would stretch its neck and crow a great many times, as if the sun were just coming up, although its eyes were closed all the time. Then this young mesmerist would lightly tap the rooster's bill and stir with a lead pencil. The rooster would immediately ruffle up his neck feathers, flap his wings, thrust with his spurs and go through all the motions of a furious fight. He would keep this up until stopped by being lifted from the floor and then set down again. When the little boy would give the usual call which summoned the chickens to their meals the rooster would try his best to pick holes in the floor, thinking he was making a fine meal of corn. If a few pieces of grass were brushed against his face and some buttons dropped upon his toes he would scratch away at a great rate, as if doing his best to destroy a garden. Doesn't it seem surprising that a rooster should have such an imagination? The rooster was awakened by stroking the feathers on the top of his head backward and then giving him a slight jolt and setting him on his feet. It is curious that the more he was mesmerized the easier it became and the more things he would do. And it did not hurt him in the least. He grew to large and handsome that he was finally sold for a fancy price.

MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

When the north wind whistles 'round the house
Piling the snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—
My little gray kitty and I.
I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud I surely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,
And softly licks my face,
As I tell her 'bout the word I missed,
And how I have lost my place.
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

—[Florence A. Jones in Pets and Animals.]

DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO MANILA.

[Kansas City Journal:] A dispatch from Washington says that many Kansans have applied for educational and other positions in the Philippines. Which reminds us that once upon a time positions in the Philippines did not appear so alluring to Kansans. In 1890 Amasa Sharpe, editor of the Ottawa Republican, was a delegate in the national Republican convention. In reward for his services in this capacity, he thought a foreign consulate would be about the right thing, so he applied for it to President Garfield. The only thing Garfield would give him was the position of consul at Manila. This Sharpe refused indignantly, saying that he did not propose to live in a country where the climate was sure death to a white man. But, as fate so arranged it, Sharpe fell dead on the streets of Ottawa only a short time after his term in Manila would have commenced.

PUNISHMENT FOR BLASPHEMY.

[Gentleman's Magazine:] August 17, 1443, in Catholic Bearn, Gaston XI, husband of Eleanor of Aragon, in his Rubrique de Blasphemateurs, prescribed but 30 sols Morlaas, or a day in the pillory, as an adequate punishment for him who should deny or blaspheme in a public place God or the Blessed Virgin, or commit perjury; and merely six sols to be paid by each of those who heard such blasphemy without denouncing it forthwith. To give this enactment greater force, it was wont to be published with the sound of trumpets each year, on Midsummer day and at All Saints, in every

times rebuilt and has received a great variety of cover-
ing, completely new in one year. For a while there
were but two; at the present time there is but one
left of the Khedive. For all the knowledge we have of
what transpires at Mecca and Medina after the arrival
of the caravan, we are indebted to Burkhardt, Sir Rich-
ard Burton, and a Frenchman, each one of whom made
the pilgrimage in disguise at the risk of his life, since
no man not a follower of Mohammed is permitted to the
sacred city on pain of death.
J. H. B.

CAIRO YEARLY SENDS OUT A PIL-
GRIMAGE FOR THIS PURPOSE.
CARPETING THE KAABA
From a Special Correspondent.

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Los Angeles Sunday Times.

[June 2, 1901.

LIFE AT THE POLES.

OPINIONS AND SPECULATIONS OF
NOTED SCIENTISTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) May 27.—Can the North and South poles be ever utilized for any practical purpose? This question I have asked a number of scientists. Their opinions, taken collectively, might warrant this prophecy:

Hotels will be built upon both poles, provided there be land at those points. They will become favorite resorts for wealthy tourists in quest of the wonders of the world and eager to observe the polar phenomena. The poles will be utilized especially as study grounds for scientists. Observatories will be erected there—hence a colony of investigators will remain there from time to time.

This theme is distinctly new. Each savant questioned declared that he had never before thought of it nor heard it discussed. Even the most skeptical now admit that the North Pole, at least, will be discovered at an early date. This century is to excel its immediate predecessor as one of discovery and vigorous research. At the same time it is to be an age of intense economy. Everything is to be put to use. Even the poles? Yes. In detail, this is how:

"The poles would be valuable sites for astronomical observatories," said Dr. T. J. J. See, professor of astronomy at the United States Naval Observatory. To so utilize either of those mysterious points now seems utterly impracticable, of course. But in the event that the poles be made accessible, they will offer themselves as valuable fields for study. One great subject for investigation there would be the refracting influence of the atmosphere—its influence in changing the direction of light rays penetrating it. This phenomenon, theoretically, is greatest at the two poles. Light rays there bend more below the horizon than they do elsewhere. Thus they would enable us to see the sun rise much earlier than it actually does. It would cause the rising or setting sun to look much larger and flatter than when seen from other parts of the earth's surface. At polar observatories the scintillations or twinklings of the stars would appear much more exaggerated than anywhere else.

Working in the Six-Months' Night.

To make such observations astronomers would have to become swallowed up by the awful six months of night which blackens the North Pole from the 21st of September until the 21st of March, each year, and which at the South Pole lasts between the same dates, but begins with the latter and ends with the former. At the poles day is summer and night is winter. After having been engulfed in the long polar night it would be a weird sight to witness the sunrise, according to Dr. See. First would appear the red edge of the great orb of day. This would travel about the horizon casting but a faint light on the polar snow and ice. It would require several days to rise, during which it would come up in a spiral, circling the horizon again and again, but only gradually lifting its disk above it. It would elevate itself to a height in the sky of 23½ deg. above the horizon. Then it would stand still for a day or two. Afterward the three months of sunset would commence.

"To bore a deep hole at each pole would be an experiment of great value to science; but we do not know whether there is land, ice, water or what at those points," Dr. See added. "Going down into those holes with thermometers, physicists could study how fast the temperature falls therein. They could thus throw light upon the former condition of the earth's temperature. Then, if a zenith telescope were placed upon the North Pole and directed straight up to the Pole Star, the irregular path of the latter would directly trace the wobbling of the earth at the poles."

A meteorologic station at each of the poles would have important and valuable research to perform, according to Frank H. Bigelow, professor of meteorology at the United States Weather Bureau. Such could be established as soon as the poles were made accessible and provided there is land there.

Each Pole an Atmospheric Vortex.

Each pole is an atmospheric vortex, according to Prof. Bigelow. Theoretically, the eyes of these vortices must have a terrible velocity, which physicists have estimated to be infinitely great. They have figured that 10 deg. from each pole the wind velocity must be 3800 miles an hour, increasing as the poles are approached. This would be true, says Prof. Bigelow, were the earth a perfectly smooth surface. But there are irregularities on its crust which cause storms to form minor vortices, checking these great ones at the poles.

The poles are not the coldest spots on earth, in Prof. Bigelow's opinion. The earth's coldest point, thus far found, is Werchojansk, in Northern Siberia, where the thermometer falls to 90 below zero, Fahr., in winter, and rises to 86 deg. above zero in summer. The hottest spot found on earth, by the way, is Death Valley, Cal., where the mercury has made a monthly average of 102 deg. above zero. It is not probable that it is colder than from 60 to 70 below zero at the poles. Weather stations at the poles would observe many of the dominating influences which affect the climates of the populated parts of the world.

The Weather Bureau is sending meteorological instruments with the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition and is training an attaché of that coterie of explorers in their use.

Hotels at Poles Some Day.

"A hotel of some kind will probably stand at each pole, eventually, provided there be land to place it upon," said Prof. W. J. McGee, ethnologist in charge of the Bureau of Ethnology. As soon as they are accessible,

the poles will be visited by tourists, who will go there to get the benefit of the change of air and scene, but primarily to view the interesting phenomena to be found nowhere else. Assuming that the poles can be approached by open sea, there is no reason why vessels can't venture thence every summer, to carry a thousand passengers, or more.

"The cost of such an excursion to the North Pole would probably be \$5000 a head to begin with. The fad having been started, the price would soon fall. But the tourist would not want to remain in such an environment any considerable time. Provided there is land, I think it probable that scientific observatories would be maintained there. I don't think any attempt would be made to transmit heat or light there in wholesale quantities. Vessels would probably carry up sufficient coal to meet all demands for fuel.

"The Caucasian can live at the poles if willing to pay the price, and he can heat them, if he desire. But it will never pay to reclaim those frozen areas. There is no reason why the poles should not be already populated, provided there be land for the people to live on. The northernmost settlement known is in Northern Greenland, about 800 miles from the North Pole. It is occupied by the "Arctic Highlanders," as the northern Eskimos have been dubbed. Explorers have lived several years at a time even farther north—in Franz Joseph Land and above Nova Zembla, by which way Baldwin is going, and by way of which Nansen returned. No, I don't think life in this region would ultimately transform us into the physique and stature of the Eskimo. His physical inferiority is due more, probably, to his extreme poverty and lack of good food than to climate.

"Man will surely reach the North Pole. All that is required is to put enough money into the enterprise. If Mr. Carnegie chose to devote his wealth to polar exploration rather than to libraries, he could send an expedition to the desired goal. It is simply a question of what man can afford to do.

North Pole Water, South Pole Land.

"The South Pole is land; the North Pole water—probably. The indications are that when the earth was warmer than now there was one continuous strip of land reaching from South America to the south polar regions and including probably New Zealand and Australia."

"The North Pole was the Garden of Eden, according to a theory lately discussed. What do you think about that?"

"Nothing. No one knows what the North Pole is like and no one knows what the Garden of Eden was like. There can be no evidence."

"A French Canadian named La Joye, I think, came to you recently and related his full experiences at the North Pole. I have been shown phonograph cylinders which you made of the language of the inhabitants he alleged to have met there. After mature deliberation, what do you think of his story?"

"Temporary insanity was his difficulty. That is the charitable hypothesis. This fate befalls men lost in the Arctic regions amid the dreadful monotony of the surroundings. Men lost in the deserts have delusions of lakes and gardens about them."

But One Direction; All Kinds of Time.

"The poles will be splendid places to locate magnetic observatories. In the event that they are made accessible," said Dr. L. A. Bauer, chief of the department of terrestrial magnetism, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. "Such observatories would solve some of the vexed problems concerning the earth's magnetism and the action of the mariners' and surveyors' needle. We want to learn the law of the distribution of magnetism in the polar regions and we want to map out the belt in which auroras—the northern lights—are most abundant."

A man living at either pole would certainly be confused as to time and direction, as Dr. Bauer explained. Standing upon the North Pole, for instance, a step in any direction would be toward the south; upon the South Pole, toward the north. Were you to visit an observatory built upon the North Pole, and one surrounded by a group of other observatories, and were you to ask, "What are those buildings over there?" then you might be told, "That one to the south is the meteorological station, that other one to the south is the weather station, and that one behind you to the south is the magnetic observatory," and so on. Washington would be south, China would be south, Africa would be south, everything would be south of you. Were you to ask, "What time is it?" you would be told "It is every time." Since all of the meridians converge at the poles you have there Greenwich time, eastern time, central time, Pacific time, and so on.

It would be well-nigh impossible to get away from the poles, once there, were it not for one convenient eccentricity of nature. This, as indicated by Dr. Bauer, is the separation of the geographic poles from the magnetic poles which, theoretically, should coincide. In other words the magnetic needle should point directly down toward the earth's center when held at the poles, but it does not do so there. The spots where it so behaves are Boothia Felix, northwest of the mouth of Hudson's Bay—the north magnetic pole—and another spot directly opposite, in the Antarctic regions—the south magnetic pole. Were the magnetic poles to coincide with the geographic poles, polar explorers and tourists would have to plant behind them some high structures which would lead them home. But as nature so fixed it, the needle at the poles always points toward the nearest magnetic pole. Even then it stands in all possible angles, according to which of the converging meridians you reckon from. Yet it gives a basis for determining direction. But as yet no one knows how the magnetic needle would behave at the North or South Pole. Hence the value of an observatory in those places.

Floating Observatories Going.

Two floating magnetic observatories are to be shortly sent in quest of the south magnetic pole by England

and Germany. In Uncle Sam's new magnetic observatories will be made, during the period of the trip, systematic observations to determine whether any observations made by those floating observatories have been abnormally affected by magnetic storms pervading the earth.

Scientists will go to the poles to study the great problem concerning the circulation of the waters there. This is the opinion of George W. Littlehales, the noted cartographer of the Navy Department.

"We are finding," said he, "that Greenland extends more and more poleward, and it is not improbable that it extends to latitude 90 deg., which is the North Pole. If there is any land around the pole it must be either a small island or a part of a greater insular formation. If Baldwin or Wellmann discovers the pole and if the United States desires to assert the right of dominion, its title would be ours by virtue of its discovery by one of our citizens." JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

BLIND SEE AND DEAF HEAR.

NEW TRAINING OF ORGANS THAT HAVE NOT
PROPER BRAIN CONNECTIONS.

[New York Tribune:] In the Institution for the Blind, in Vienna, there is a boy of seven years who, blind from his birth, has learned in fourteen months to read and to distinguish color, form and objects of daily use. These he recognizes either by day or by artificial light without previous touch and at continually increasing distances. Prof. Heller, of the institution, who has spent thirty years with the deaf, dumb and blind, recently introduced the lad to the Society of Physicians at Vienna and explained his methods of instruction. Prof. Heller's theory is that the cause of deafness and blindness in persons who possess perfectly formed organs of hearing and sight is due to a loss of proper connection of these organs with the brain. Basing his teachings upon this principle, he has, it is said, made seventy-two children, formerly deaf and dumb, hear and speak. Three years ago two Hungarian boys, brothers, were brought to Prof. Heller for preparation for the blind school. Both, according to a leading oculist of Vienna, have eyes that are perfectly formed and are suffering from "psychical blindness." With both Dr. Heller's methods were adopted. They were placed in a perfectly dark room in which there was a movable, transparent, illuminated disk, and after long and patient effort learned the difference between light and dark. The youngest was soon able to localize the disk. Then a large house key was placed in his hands that he might feel it. When he had learned to know it, the key was hung behind the disk and the boy said, "What you have placed in the light is your house key." In the same way he became acquainted with a ball and soon learned to distinguish them apart. When a piece of red glass was hung between the lamp and the disk, the boy said, "There is another light." This, he learned, was red. In the same manner he became familiar with all the colors. Outside the darkened room the child was still blind, but there he learned geometrical figures and letters. Gradually the instruction was extended to daylight, and now he reads with his eyes.

CURIOUS RITES.

[London Express:] The Land o' Cakes may be the home of popular education; it certainly is the home of many curious superstitions. A startling proof of this has been given by the parish minister of Torridon, in the northern county of Ross, who has just discovered that "shocking pagan rites" are being followed in the neighborhood of the town.

The story of these practices is weird, but interesting. It appears that many years ago a woman committed suicide by drowning herself in the Balgie River, near Torridon. The inhabitants refused to consent to the body being buried in the Annant Church yard on the plea that if the body was buried in view of Loch Torridon the fish would forsake the waters. The remains were consequently interred in unconsecrated ground and one hundred yards from the cemetery, and there they now lie.

What this woman's grave has to do with "pagan rites" has still to be told, however. There is a local belief that epileptics will be cured of their trouble by drinking water from a certain pool out of the skull of a suicide. Such a skull has been kept hidden for many years under the surface soil of this grave, but whether it is the skull of the woman herself is not clear. Those suffering from epilepsy go to the grave in the dead of night, unearth the mouldering skull and drink out of it water of the pool already mentioned. This practice has been going on for a long time, but has only now come under the knowledge of the parish minister.

Some nine years ago the skull had a curious adventure. A number of men from the neighboring village of Applecross removed the skull from its resting place and kept it for some time near the parish manse in order to have the benefit of its mysterious curative qualities. The people who are looked upon as the proper custodians of the relic had great difficulty in recovering it, but ultimately did so, and replaced it in its sepulchre.

This is the story of the skull to date, but the sequel remains to be told, as it is not unlikely that there may be a struggle between the minister and his parishioners for possession of the gruesome bowl.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

[London Builder:] Manufacturers are actually making marble by the same process by which Nature makes it, only in a few weeks instead of a few thousand years. They take a rather soft limestone and chemically permeate it with various coloring matters, which sink into the stone, and are not a mere surface coloring, as in scagliola. The completed material takes a fine polish, and many of the specimens are of beautiful color and marking. Used as a veneer, it is about one-third the price of Nature's marble.

Big Enterprises in Ventura County.
The Ventura correspondent of The Times writes as follows:
Millions of dollars are now being invested in
supply of water. A large pumping plant furnishes water
The Santa Clara Water and Irrigation Company con-
tains the water rights there are 10,000 shares, of
which the Santa Clara Water and Irrigation Company
owns 5,000 shares. The water is sold at a price of
very large bodies of water. In one instance, the price is
been over 3,000 feet of underground work done, besides
work has been carried on very extensively, there having
been over 12 miles of pipe laid in the development
of the water.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Injurious Food Preservatives.

REFERENCE was made recently in this department to a report of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, on adulteration of foods, especially of cereal foods and substitutes for coffee. This is not the only State experiment station which has taken up this important subject. The State of Connecticut has a good food law, which was passed in 1895, the responsibility for conducting experiments and making public the results being placed upon the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station. A subscriber has sent The Times one of the annual reports of this station.

In his introductory report to the Governor of Connecticut, the director of the station calls attention to the extensive and rapidly-increasing use of antiseptics, or preservatives, not evident and not known to the purchaser or consumer of foods and drinks. This is declared to have become a serious evil.

Antiseptics are preventives of the decaying fermentation and putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances. They are for the most part decided poisons, although, of course, the human system may gradually adapt itself to them, as it does to alcohol, nicotine, morphine, opium and other poisons.

The three leading antiseptics, when mixed with articles of food or dissolved in various beverages, are stated to be salicylic acid, benzoic acid and borax or boric acid. Of these, salicylic acid is the most popular, and is now largely used. Its use as a food and drink preservative is said to have originated in Germany. It is noteworthy that Germany has since been loud in protest against the use of this substance in American food products. In France its use is said to have been opposed from the first, as dangerous, and to have been made illegal. In America, according to the report, it is extensively employed in bottle and transport beer, and in catsup.

As to the effects of the continued or frequent use of these preservatives on the health of the consumers, the directors of the Connecticut station say the testimony is conflicting. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt that the continued consumption of these preservatives has a most injurious effect upon the stomach. Without doubt, much sickness and premature death might be traced to this cause. Recently there was noted in this department an opinion of an eastern physician, who maintains that the use of salicylic acid causes sterility in men, and is to a great extent responsible for the small families of the wealthy.

However this may be, it should certainly be provided by law that all food and drinks containing such preservatives should be plainly marked, so that the consumer may at least know what risk he is taking.

Next week further reference will be made to this report, which contains some interesting results of analyses made of various foods and condiments.

Christian Science.

A COUPLE of weeks ago The Times published, in this department, a contribution from a correspondent, who came to the defense of the Christian Scientists. The contribution was published because there are in this country so many people, belonging to all classes of society, who profess to believe the claims that are put forth by the Christian Science leaders, although some of those claims are utterly opposed to what is generally denominated common sense.

Mrs. Eddy, in her book (price \$5.) "Science and Health," on page 22, in the seventy-second edition, in speaking of consumption says:

"If the case to be mentally treated is consumption, take up the leading points (including, according to belief, in this disease; show that it is not inherited, and that inflammation, tubercle, hemorrhage and decomposition are beliefs, images of mortal thoughts superinduced upon the body; that they are not the truth of man; that they should be treated as error, and put out of thought; then these will disappear. If the lungs are disappearing this is but one of the beliefs of mortal mind. Mortal man will be less mortal when he learns that lungs never sustained existence, and can never destroy God, who is our life. When this is understood, mankind will be more god-like. What if the lungs are ulcerated? God is more to a man than his lungs; and the less we acknowledge matter or its laws, the more immortality we possess. Consciousness constructs a better body, when it has conquered our fears of matter. Correct material belief by spiritual understanding, and spirit will form you anew. You will never fear again, except to offend God, and will never believe that lungs, or any portion of the body, can destroy you."

Commenting upon this statement, the Public Health Journal, a monthly publication issued in New Jersey, and edited by physicians, remarks:

"Yet, in spite of all that can be said by this apostle of humbugs and her disciples, we do know that consumption, or pulmonary tuberculosis, is annually the cause of more deaths than any other one disease; that one death in every eight is caused by it. It is estimated that in the United States alone 164,250 die each year from pulmonary tuberculosis, averaging 450 each day. We also know that a great many patients with pulmonary tuberculosis recover; that the death-rate has diminished at least 10 per cent. in the last ten years. This diminished death-rate depends upon several things. First, a more thorough knowledge of the disease, and better methods of treatment; second, earlier recognition of the tubercular condition, and, third, recognition of the pre-tubercular condition and the prevention of the formation of tubercle."

It is also worthy of note that, according to a dis-

patch from San Francisco, the Christian Scientists claim the credit for the recovery of Mrs. McKinley from her recent severe illness.

Notwithstanding such foolish, illogical and misleading statements as that reproduced above from the gospel of Christian Science (price \$5) and such baseless claims as that referred to of regard to having cured the President's wife, these Christian Scientists insist upon having treated in the same serious manner as schools of medicine or hygiene which are based upon scientific investigation, experience and the well-ascertained laws of health.

After making all allowance for the undoubted power of the mind over the body—or, in other words, of the imagination—in the curing of disease, the fact remains that if we accept the Christian Science theories, as set forth by Mrs. Eddy in her book (price \$5) we must believe that the age of miracles has not passed. That is to say, if you believe in what is called Christian Science, you must at the same time believe in the power of certain human beings to upset natural laws, through the direct intervention of the Almighty, who is supposed to use these said human beings as his agents.

Such a belief as this is not likely to meet with general acceptance in this material age. It is, indeed, surprising that the Christian Scientists should make so many converts as they do to their peculiar faith, but then, it is also surprising in the highest degree that in this enlightened age so many thousands of persons should be ready to give up their hard-earned coin to spirit mediums, soothsayers, palmists and others, who pretend to convey to them information from the other world.

The Odor of the Soul.

A CURIOUS theory is advanced by Dr. W. B. Clark of Indianapolis, to the effect that the soul has a distinct odor on leaving the body, also that most persons have a distinct odor, which is perceptible to those with keen organs of smell. This, of course, does not refer to the unpleasant odor that may come from disease, or from lack of cleanliness. Dr. Clarke quotes the famous Parisian detective, Vidocq, who said, "Place me in a crowd and there I will pick out from among a thousand and a galley bird by the smell alone." This, by the way, is not entirely a new idea, a book on the subject having been published about ten years ago in Germany, which attracted a considerable amount of attention at the time.

Dr. Clark also takes up the question of the specific odors attached to certain diseases, in regard to which he says:

"Coming now to the specific odors emanating from certain cases of disease, I wish to apologize because of the paucity of the literature on the subject, for my inability to present a longer list, indeed a definite one for every disease. I believe it reasonable to think that such a result is as possible as it is desirable. It has taken some picking and browsing to compile, from authorities and personal experience, the list of special pathognomonic odors I submit. While it may be difficult to insure the exactitude, or even the practical value of all the assertions, deductions or symptoms here given, I believe that enough has been adduced to clearly show that disease is not bounded by the surface or body, but goes beyond it.

"Were I pinned down to one word for each of the series by which to depict them by their odor, the words would be codfish and mushroom. That is, a woman's distinctive smell is that of codfish, and a man's that of mushroom. "In gout the skin secretions take a special odor, which Lydenham compares to that of whey, and there is more ammonia in the sweat.

"In rheumatism the odor is acetiformic, particularly in the region of the engorged articulations (Monin.) We may call it a sour-smelling acid perspiration.

"In diabetes the smell is sweetish, mawkish; of hay, according to Latham, or rather of acetone (Picot.) or, according to Bouchardat, midway between aldehyde and acetone, being due to mixture, in variable proportions, of those two bodies.

"In jaundice, chronic peritonitis and icterus the odor is of musk.

"In scrofulosis it is like that of stale or sour beer, as fixed by Stark and Hebra.

"In opilation there is a vinegar smell.

"A person with pyemia has a sweet, nauseating breath, as of new-mown hay.

"In intermittent fever the odor is that of fresh-baked brown bread, and in scarlet fever that of fresh-baked common bread.

"Yellow fever has a cadaveric smell, or like the washings of a gun barrel. Typhoid fever has a kind of musty smell, often of the odor of blood. In typhus fever it is ammoniacal and mouse-like.

"In measles it is mealy, or like fresh-plucked feathers.

"Diphtheria has a sickening, gangrenous odor, and is easily diagnosed by it. Gangrene has an old, dead-meat smell, and so have some cancers at certain stages. If there is much old pus from an actively breaking-down cancer the odor is more often like that of decaying fish, and the smell of sarcomas is more apt to be of the latter character.

"In milk fever the smell is acid.

"Hysterical patients have an odor of violets.

"Sudamina has a putrid straw odor.

"Otorrhoea has a clinging, long-lasting odor, not forgotten when once sensed.

"Scabies has a moldy odor, and uremia an ammoniacal odor.

"The dreadful odor of a case of ozæna or bad case of catarrh is familiar to all.

"In the onset period of the plague the odor is sweet (Diemerbroeck,) or honey-like, according to Doppner, who observed the plague at Vatianska, as described in the London Lancet of February 1, 1879.

"Smallpox has a characteristic odor of its own, but modified as to the severity and stage of the disease, ranging from that of a fallow deer to the dreadful one of a whole menagerie; or it may be like that of a burnt horn; if it's a cow's horn, perhaps it's the far-famed bovine vaccination working out. And as to its usual corollary, vaccination, it rankly smells to heaven, and its steps take hold on hell.

"Berard says that, apart from the secretions, the cu-

taneous odor draws all to the human body, and that, however little noticeable it may be, this denotes that death is near; and Loeberhaave (aphorism 728 of the editio princeps) says that a cadaveric odor precedes death. Dr. Althaus tells us that Shoda was hardly ever led into error by this indication, and Compton of Birmingham also laid great stress upon this as an important clinical symptom. But the smell given out at the death agony is totally different from the death odor, or of putridity, and is universally admitted to be specific. Is it that of the soul?"

Typhoid Fever.

THE importance of exercising great care in handling cases of typhoid fever was recently shown in a striking manner in Connecticut. The city of New Haven has had a bad epidemic of typhoid fever, half the population of the city having been prostrated, including students in Yale College. The cause of the infection has been traced to a single spot of germ filth, a little hole in a farmer's field, a foot square, on a distant hillside. The contagion crept down from that secluded farm, nine miles away, and prostrated nearly half a city. The sick list grew till there was not a block in the whole fashionable west side of New Haven but had one or more cases of the disease. The hospitals were overcrowded, and trained nurses had to be summoned from New York. The line of the scourge came down almost to the center of the city. It included famous Yale University, with its thousands of students.

The health officers of New Haven have now found that this fatal pestilence was caused by the carelessness of a German farmer. This farmer had two children taken sick with typhoid fever. He buried the waste from the sick rooms a hundred feet from the cottage, and fifty feet from the brook, in a hole which was covered up early in March. Then began the heavy spring rains, the ground was saturated, some of the germ-laden filth was carried underground to the brook, whence it made its way into the river, and so into a lake which is used as a reservoir, and from which a big iron pipe leads down to the city. In a single day from the time the typhoid germs entered the brook they began to be drawn off in the city faucets. In another day they had been drunk by 50,000 people, and three weeks later the epidemic broke out.

As to preventative methods in case of typhoid fever, Dr. Gustave H. Michel writes as follows in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

"Boil your drinking water, if this is derived from a river or lake.

"Heat your milk to the sterilizing point, i. e., to about 180 deg.

"Gather up the bedclothes of typhoid patients gently and plunge them into boiling water without delay.

"Disinfect the discharges of the patient as soon as passed with five times their volume of boiling water, or with a disinfectant solution. Let this stand in the vessel for at least five minutes. At the end of this time all germs will have been destroyed and the contents may be disposed of.

"Never allow around your dwelling such things as cesspools, piles of refuse, rotting wood or wet sawdust.

"Keep your cellar clean and never throw any dirty water or refuse around your well.

"Do not breathe with open mouth when visiting or nursing typhoid patients."

The great importance of a supply of pure drinking water is set forth by a writer in Modern Medical Science. He says, among other things:

"The self-complacent and unfeeling nation of medical-sanitary writers for the press, to the broad literature of sanitary science—in which they seem to suppose themselves authorities simply per diploma—has caused them to overlook such proofs as this journal has frequently presented for fourteen years past, that agues and dysenteries occasionally prevail from the direct reception of vegetable decay in drinking water or in emanations therefrom. And now that the water-bred mosquito has been detected as an intermediary, they are shouting that the whole family of malarious diseases, including yellow fever, has been corralled in the bowels of that insect!

"Again, from the same cause, there is another universal evasion, no less inconsiderate and culpable, with regard to the rest of the microbes and parasites always known to come by water to their victims; that is the Bunsbyish prescription of 'pure water' from rural streams. The prevailing cant about 'pure water,' from waterworks men, their engineers and their allies or dupes in office—who know or ought to know that there can be no such thing as pure water; on the self-polluting surface of a world like this—is nothing less than a cruel hoax on the confiding public, wherever the pretension or the undertaking is set up. We tire of continually repeating the proof, and the way for every one to produce it, that every gallon of the exceptionally pure Croton water, in its purest stages, yields to coagulant filtration a tangible mass of filth, inhabited by microbes in untold variety; while at the worse and more frequent stages, it will foul the sides as well as the bottom of the filtering chamber with a most disgusting exhibit.

"There may be purer surface water than this; but no large city has it, or can be supplied with it, but through coagulant filtration, which implies a mechanical filtration."

WILHELMINA'S GIFT TO HENRY.

[Hague Correspondence London Express:] Queen Wilhelmina's first birthday present to Prince Henry has taken a somewhat unusual form.

Knowing her then fiancé to be an enthusiast in forestry, the Queen last December, when his birthday occurred, bought an extensive tract of moor or heath near Appeldoorn whereon to exercise his hobby, and presented him with the title deeds.

The formalities of transfer are now complete, and the Prince Consort is throwing himself with great energy into the work of clearing and drainage.

Scientists will go to the poles to study the great problem concerning the circulation of the waters there. This is the opinion of George W. Littlehale, the noted Arctic explorer.

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The poles will be visited by tourists, who will go there to get the benefit of the change of air and scene, but primarily to view the interesting phenomena to be found there. The cost of such an excursion to the North Pole would probably be from \$500 to \$1,000.

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LIFE AT THE POLES.

NOTED SCIENTISTS.
OPINIONS AND SPECULATIONS OF
From a Special Correspondent.

[June 2, 1901.]

Los Angeles Sunday Times.

8

June 2, 1901.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

CARPETING THE KAABA.

CAIRO YEARLY SENDS OUT A PILGRIMAGE FOR THIS PURPOSE.

From a Special Correspondent.

CAIRO, May 18.—To the Mohammedan the most solemn ceremonies connected with his religion are those which occur annually at the time of the pilgrimage to Mecca, which carries the new silken carpet to be hung above the Kaaba, the building inclosing the sacred stone which dropped, shining and white from heaven, and has since been darkened by the pious kisses of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. From Mecca the pilgrimage is continued to Medina where the faithful gather at Mohammed's tomb. Every faithful Moslem makes this pilgrimage once in his life, and as many more times as he is able to do so, for is not one prayer he makes at the Kaaba of more value than a thousand made elsewhere? If a man finds it impossible to leave his home and has money to pay the expenses of a substitute, he may hire him to go with the caravan and profit by vicarious prayers. Having made the pilgrimage the man becomes hadji, a man of increased importance having certain privileges granted him, such as wearing the Prophet's color, green, in his turban and other parts of his dress. In Cairo there are two processions about a month apart connected with the sending of the Holy Carpet, which always arouse great interest among the tourists.

The Kiswah, as the great carpet is called, is made in Cairo by a family which has inherited the privilege for generations. It is a mixture of silk and cotton woven in pieces like rugs and requiring months to complete. When finished, the pieces are carried in procession to the Saldna Hussein Mosque, where they are sewn together and prepared for the pilgrimage. The Kiswah is inclosed in the Mahmil, which is carried like the Ark of the Covenant at the head of the procession.

twenty-one guns were fired by a battery of artillery on the arrival and departure of the Khedive.

On May 15 the caravan left for Suez and the ceremonies connected with the departure were something to remember. The Khedive handed the Kiswah over into the keeping of the Pasha in charge of the caravan with prayers and iteration and reiteration of the name of Allah. There were thousands of pilgrims who marched through the town to the strains of martial music and the weird chanting of the Koran. Native men, women and children were allowed to join the procession to the station, and the harmonious coloring of their quaint costumes and turban heads added to the picturesqueness of the scene. The soldiers escorting the caravan were mounted on fine horses. Some of the rich people who accompanied the procession rode in litters borne by camels or mules. Poorer people rode their camels and donkeys, while thousands of the poorest walked all the way. It was a motley crowd the like of which may be seen nowhere else in the world.

A Crowd to See 'Em Off.

Early as the special train with the Holy Carpet and its escort left Abbasuyeh, 6:30 a.m., an enormous crowd was there to see it off. The train was composed of twenty-five carriages and carried the camels and horses of the escort. The caravan was in the cars of the Ameer el Haj, who had a body of guards and attendants. The Governor of Cairo was present to witness the departure of the train. Rich pilgrims who could afford tickets went by the train, but hundreds without money walked to Suez, where they frequently crowded paying pilgrims out of line and took their place in the pilgrim ships. The scene at the embarkation baffles description. Men filled with religious frenzy, to call it by no harsher name, forced a passage over the bodies of those who were in their way. Thousands crowded about the Kiswah struggling and fighting for the privilege of touching it. Women let down their shawls and head veils from the latticed window in order that the garments might receive a blessing from contact with the sacred carpet. While the carpet was waiting to be taken aboard, the natives seemed possessed with an uncontrollable religious frenzy.

When Mohammed laid the obligation upon his follow-

times rebuilt and has received a great variety of coverings; sometimes three in one year. For a while there were but two; at the present time there is but one Kiswah sent annually, that which is made in Cairo; the gift of the Khedive. For all the knowledge we have of what transpires at Mecca and Medina after the arrival of the caravan, we are indebted to Burkhardt, Sir Richard Burton, and a Frenchman, each one of whom made the pilgrimage in disguise at the risk of his life, since no man not a follower of Mohammed is permitted in the sacred city on pain of death.

J. H. S.

TRAIN HIT A BALLOON.

ENGINEER OF A FAST FREIGHT DESCRIBES THE QUEER COLLISION.

[New York Sun:] "One pitchy dark night, early last summer," said the fat engineer, wiping his long-necked oil can with a piece of waste, "I was coming east with a fast freight. As we were approaching the top of Pecano Hill I noticed some kind of a light moving way up in the sky. First I thought it was a new star, but as the sky was all beclouded and I could see no other stars I concluded that I was mistaken. The light seemed to be descending, but as we pitched over the top of the hill I dismissed the matter from my mind, having more important matters to attend to."

"The further along we got the darkness and fog seemed to thicken. I was a little bit skittish about going down the hill with that heavy train such a night, and as the train dropped over the top of the decline I soaked the air on a little to ease 'em off. Then I thought it was no use slowing up; if I didn't make time with the fast freight they'd take me off and put me on the pick-up again. So I put the air-brake handle back in running position again and let the cars behind me set the pace."

"After we got about a mile down the grade we were going a clip that would make the Empire State Express look like a dinky old stage coach in comparison. Then I got 'cold feet' once more, and thought it was up to me to jack 'em up again. Accordingly, I put the air over in the service position, but, b' thunder, it had no more effect on those flying cars than a thimble of whisky on a Kentucky colonel. They just kept on coming and shoving my Mother Hubbard engine along ahead of 'em at about a seventy-mile-an-hour pace. I reached up for the whistle rope to pass a tip to the train crew in the dog house that they'd better get out and twist up a few brake wheels, when, ca-smash! we went into something."

"Some darned kind of rubbery blanket enveloped my cheese-box cab and came down over the windows, just as if some one had lassoed us with a big rubber bag. I made a frantic jerk at the whistle rope, but, instead of the sonorous sound it usually makes, I heard off, the noise it gave out then 'x' like the shriek of a penny horn. You couldn't hear it for a car length. I slammed the air over into the emergency notch, but I had kept it on so long that a service application that the pressure was all out of the train pipe, and it was like throwing straws under the car wheels. There was 'nothing doing' with the air."

"I was getting mighty scared, because I didn't know what kind of a game we'd butted into. The rubber covering had settled down over the cab windows and was shutting off the outside atmosphere from me so that I could hardly breathe, and I surely thought I would suffocate unless I got relief somehow. No one on the train, not even my fireman, knew what dire straits I was in. I made several ineffectual attempts to get out of the cab, but the rubber blanket had me completely cut off."

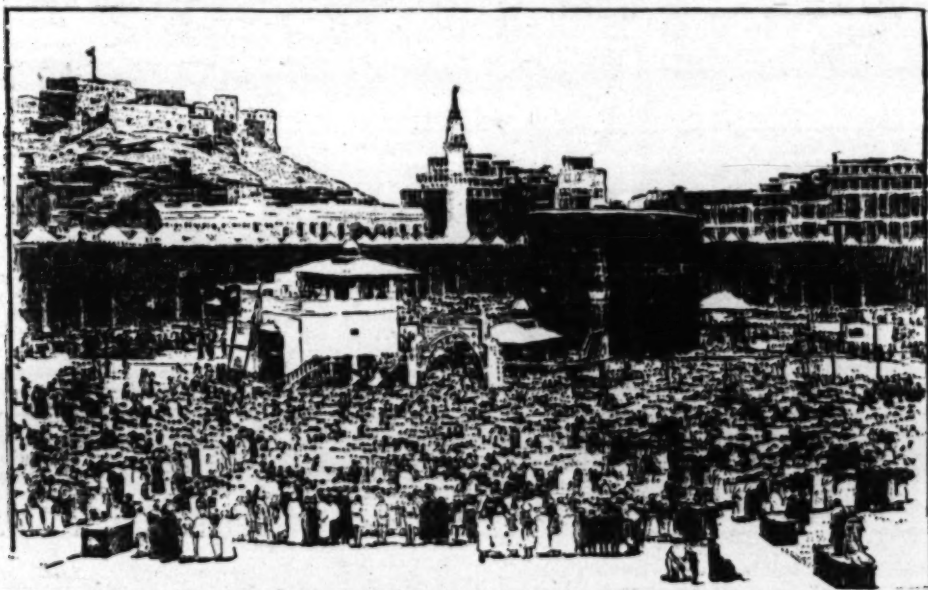
"I tried the whistle again, but it was smothered so by its covering that it hardly gave forth any sound at all. I had about given up hope when I heard the pop valve on the dome commence to blow off steam. At first this added greatly to my discomfort, but I realized my only hope would be in having the safety valve blow off steam with sufficient pressure to lift the rubber covering."

"After two or three minutes had elapsed, during which time steam had been blowing off steadily with a heavy pressure, the rubber bag began to lift and finally tore itself away, although it took with it a large section of the cab roof. I was pretty nearly exhausted, but I managed to reverse the engine and call for brakes. With the assistance of the brakemen the train was brought speedily under control and stopped. We made an investigation, but it was so dark we could not find out what had hit the cab and clung so tightly to it."

"In reading the newspaper advertisements the next morning I saw an advertisement which stated that the proprietors of a big wagon circus would pay a liberal reward for information concerning their balloon, which had been lost, strayed or stolen from a little village in the vicinity of which I had my queer experience the night before. Their swell parachute jumper had let the balloon get away from him. It flashed through my mind right away that it must have been the descending balloon I had run into, and on my next trip out I saw the battered remains of a big balloon lying at the foot of the embankment where it had been loosened from the cab."

ANOTHER VIKING SHIP FOUND.

[London Chronicle:] Another Viking ship, or rather boat, has been unearthed near Kiel, but this new discovery cannot compare in dimensions with the finest specimens of its kind, which may be seen by tourists at the museum in Christiansia. In fact, this clinker-built Viking vessel, which is about the size of one of our modern fishing boats, is perhaps the most interesting thing to be seen in all Norway. Those who see it will realize for the first time why "starboard," or "steer-board," is applied to the right side of a vessel, as the helm protruded from this side, and not from the stern, which is practically the same as the bow. There is a popular impression that "Viking" is etymologically synonymous with "Sea King"—but this is erroneous. The word is not "Vi-king," but "Vik-ing," or "bay-man"—"Vik" meaning "sea inlet," or "bay." Its counterpart is found in such English place names as Warwick, Wick in the Orkneys, and elsewhere.



CARPETING THE MOSLEM KAABA.

It looks a little like an elephant howdah, in spite of its pyramid top. Its framework is square, and its covering black brocade, richly worked with inscriptions. The sultan's thumb mark and a view of the Kaaba are embroidered on the front of it.

The great canopy which is covered with glittering gold and green embroidery is borne on the back of a dromedary when in procession; it is the sign of royalty and has been carried in every caravan since the time, ages ago, when a royal princess made the pilgrimage in one of these coverings. Later in the line of march the Mahmil is stripped of its embroidered cover, and journeys on the way, a mere framework, decorated only with gilt balls and crescent, which take the place of the gold ones during the trip.

Commandant's Fat Job.

The commandant of the caravan, termed a Pasha, has a lucrative as well as an honorable position. The usage of centuries gives him the privilege of inheriting all the personal property of those who die in the holy cities or on the line of march, and such is the unsanitary condition of both Mecca and Medina, that hundreds succumb to disease and never return. Another high official of the ceremonial march is a Sheikh, who goes rolling his head in pious frenzy throughout the entire journey to Mecca and back. He has two camels at his disposal and is keeper of the cats, a number of which always accompany the caravan. Formerly there was an old woman who carried a camel load of cats, but now there are not so many allowed.

This year's ceremonies began on the evening of Friday, April 5, with a reception at which His Highness, the Khedive, the ministers and all the notables took part. Early on Saturday morning, the procession with the Holy Carpet escorted by a guard of honor of Egyptian troops wended its way through the old city of Cairo, to the Saldna Hussein Mosque in the Mohammed-Ali Square under the Citadel. At nine o'clock the Khedive arrived in a state carriage accompanied by the ministers, the chief civil functionaries and the heads of the various religious houses in the city. Salutes of

ers to pay at least one visit to the Holy City, he did not do it simply for the reason that Mecca had been his birthplace, but because the city had been from time immemorial a sacred spot to all inhabitants of Arabia. There stood Alla Biet, the first temple erected for mankind, with its traditions running back to Ishmael, to Abraham, to Seth and to Adam; yea, even to the mysterious mythology of the Orient. This was the palace where Abraham stood; there were the graves of Hagar and Ishmael; there the Kaaba, the Home of God and the Gate of Heaven.

It Remains Sacred.

Although the Kaaba has been rebuilt ten times, according to Mohammedan history, it is still a sacred edifice and annually thousands of pilgrims travel thither to make their prayers and perform the ceremony of "circumstance" and kiss the sacred stone, and five times a day all good Moslems turn their faces thitherward and pray. At Mohammed's tomb in Medina the pilgrims again perform visitations and repeat numberless prayers.

The Kiswah is hung before the Kaaba by the mosque eunuchs, who are obliged to perform the service by night and cover their eyes with veils to protect them from the supernatural splendors which pour from the tomb. Many of the ignorant believe the Kiswah to be let down from Heaven by angels during the night. The old carpet removed to make place for the new one is distributed among the officers of the Mosque who cut it into bits which they sell as souvenirs to the pilgrims. A waistcoat made of one of the pieces is thought to give the wearer the power of becoming invisible at will. The poorest pilgrim hopes to carry home a piece if nothing more than a scrap of it, to be used as book-mark in his Koran.

Many abuses have grown around the pilgrimage of the faithful, almost depriving it of its religious character; still, the good follower of Islam reverences the sacred Mosque at Mecca, and goes reverently to kiss the black stone. He may do his fellow-passengers by the way, but he will faithfully perform his prayers and ceremonies.

Under different Sultans the Kaaba has been many

Big Enterprises in Ventura County.

The lemon and walnut trees will be on land adjacent to the two large irrigating ditches, which run through the property and furnish an abundant and never-failing

Quicksilver Mines.

An Indian School.

Borate.

"There has been expended, to the present time about \$40,000 in development work, and several thousand tons of colmanite and pandermite ores have been

"As showing by comparison the value of a property of this character and extent, it may be stated that Mr. De Guigne made an offer, some four years ago of \$1,000,000 to Frank M. Smith of Oakland, Cal., known as the "Borax King," for a one-half interest in the borax properties of the latter, which Mr. Smith as promptly declined, on learning that Mr. De Guigne would expect to have a voice in the management of the property. To that Mr. Smith would not agree."

Mineral Springs.

"The deal has been pending for several days. Mr. Denman made an offer for the property, but the terms were not finally agreed to until yesterday. Mr. Denman came from Mediana, where he has spent the winter, and in inquiry there develops the fact that he is one of the Denmans of Newark, N. J., one of the oldest and most respected families of that State, and that he had abundant means to make the springs the magnificent resort that they are capable of."

Ostriches

This is not correct. The South Pasadena ostrich farm of Edwin Cawston, near Los Angeles, is the best-known establishment of the kind in the United States. It does a large and profitable business in ostrich feathers, and goods manufactured from them, and, as recently mentioned, has sent a big display of ostriches to the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo.

example, there were the pick of the Royal Society, men it is called Kaperano; is the creation of a Russian scholar—and Count Tolstol declares that after only three hours' study he learned to read it as fluently as his own tongue. Any one that remembered his French roots or had a smattering of Latin would certainly master it in a week. It may be that Kaperano will be adopted by the united academies. If it is, the conference will use all its vast international influence to get it officially accepted by every country; perhaps even to have it made a compulsory subject in public schools all over the world. In that case every educated man and woman of the next generation would be able to communicate with all the educated people he had to deal with in any land. Trade would be greatly facilitated and the world would become a more united whole.

From a Special Correspondent.
CONGRESS OF ACADEMIES.
FUNCTION OF NEW INTERNATIONAL
OF KNOWLEDGE.
CLEARINGHOUSE

PHOTOS OF THE FAIR.
SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AMATEUR GOING TO THE EXPOSITION.
By a Special Contributor.

"ARE you going to Buffalo?" "When do you start?" "What kind of a camera shall you take?" This appears to be the usual form of salutation among the Camera Club people, and the prelude to an animated discussion as to the most desirable route, the length of the proposed absence, and last, but by no means least, the size and style of camera best adapted for picture taking at the big fair.

As many people are entirely in the dark as to the regulations regarding the use of cameras in the exposition grounds and there has been much talk in regard to



"RATS." BY C. F. HUTTON.

the size of camera which may be used there, the carrying of tripods, etc., and many questions asked by the amateur photographers along this line, I give herewith the rules and regulations governing the same, as published in the May number of the photographic magazine, Bulb and Button. They read as follows:

"Nothing but 4x5 hand cameras will be permitted at the Pan-American Exposition. The fee will be 50 cents a day.

"The following privileges have been given to the official concessionaire by the management:

"To make photographs of grounds, buildings and contents—make reproductions thereof in book form and



A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

otherwise. Exposition Company may reproduce such photographs in newspapers or otherwise for advertising purposes."

The concessionaire is also allowed to sell the above-mentioned photographs on the grounds from the date of his contract to January 1, 1902; also photographs of Niagara Falls, and vicinity. He is also allowed to license hand cameras, plates 4x5 inches. The director-general has the right to issue permits to employees of the exposition to use hand cameras personally without charge—but tripods shall not be used.

From all of which it will be readily seen that the amateur photographer will be sadly handicapped in his

pursuit of pictures within the exposition grounds. The amateur, however, is accustomed to obstacles and likewise accustomed to overcoming them, and, in spite of the disadvantages attendant upon the securing of architectural photographs without the aid of tripod or swing back, it is safe to predict that many satisfactory pictures will be brought home by our artists. We may not be able to get a satisfactory photograph of the graceful building devoted to electricity, or the many others with their beautiful towers, which are in truth the crowning glory of the wonderful collection of buildings, yet there will be a thousand subjects of interest and artistic merit which may be reproduced by the snapshot machine. The ornate entrances of many of the buildings, a few columns here, the richly-ornamented facade there, a bit of the shrubbery with the gleaming marble showing through, the glistening water and fountains dancing in the sunshine will all afford delightful opportunities for snapshots. Though the effect of an edifice with marble columns and stately towers, taken at close range with a hand camera tilted upward at an alarming angle, in the endeavor to get the very topmost spire within the finder, may be somewhat grotesque, yet the same building, taken at a distance, with the foreground filled with busy sightseers, and surrounded by other structures no less beautiful, will make a very pleasing picture. Then think of the delight at this to be 'ord' about the oriental villages, and in those most fascinating of narrow streets, with the quaintly-garbed figures at every hand.

There will be pictures everywhere, as well for the beginner, who has purchased his first camera just for the purpose of bringing home with him souvenirs of the great show, as for the amateur of years' experience, who rides himself on the artistic merit of his photographs. Then by all means carry some sort of a picture-taking machine with you when you visit Buffalo. There is a great variety to choose from even with that 4x5 limit ever before you. There are the numerous folding pocket kodaks, which are always ready for use and never in the way, the various bull's eye cameras, and so on up to the handy little pony Premo with film holder or



"THE COBBLER." BY MISS KATE COLLINS.

plates, as one may prefer, and which is really no more trouble to carry about than a fair-sized pocketbook. Do not be hasty in selecting your camera. Take into consideration the fact that you will be moving about from place to place, almost continually on your feet, with so much to see that there never seems time for resting, and you will realize that the lightest machine possible must be selected. Then again comes in the question of shape. As already mentioned, the folding pocket kodak seems the most convenient, particularly for a man, as when not in use, it can be dropped into his coat pocket and need not be given another thought until time for more picture-taking arrives. For a woman, of course, who fate and fashion have decreed must wander pocket-less through this mundane sphere, it is not quite so convenient, but the carrying cases which can be procured at a nominal cost, with the strap which goes over the shoulder, makes the carrying of the kodak a simple matter. The bull's eye cameras, of course, are rather more troublesome, but they can also be carried very easily by means of a strap through the handle, and are but a trifle heavier than the folding pocket kodak. Then there is the 4x5 pony Premo, No. 15, a neat little box which is equipped with a bellows, good shutter and lens, rising and falling front, reversible and swing back, and can be used with either plates or films, as may be desired. When not in use it shuts up into a compact 1 of but a few inches square and is easily carried by the handle or in a case as may be preferred. Of course the last-mentioned camera has some advantages over the others, but the advocates of each style are many and, after all, it is merely a case of "pays your money and takes your choice."

The question has been asked many times, "What kind of a camera would you advise my taking on the trip?" and, after some investigation as to the respective merits of the various small cameras which will be of use on the exposition ground, and will yet do the best work at other points of interest where a tripod may be used, I have decided that, for an amateur of some experience, a camera after the style of the small pony Premo above described will give the best satisfaction. However, for

the novice who is not particular about swing backs, rising fronts, etc., and wishes to be prepared to take pictures just for his own amusement and to preserve as mementos of his eastern trip, I would recommend the pocket kodak.

There is a great advantage in having a film camera, as the absence of the plates does away with half the weight of the instrument. After the pictures are taken and the films developed, they occupy the smallest possible amount of space—which is an object in traveling with little baggage—they are not likely to become broken, as are the plates, and can always be loaded in a moment in broad daylight.

Just a word right here to the beginner who is about to purchase a camera. Whatever you decide upon, be sure to purchase it some little time before you start on the trip. Take it out into the yard, downtown among the tall buildings, out into the country on your trips there, and practice until you are able to gauge the proper distance (in case it is not a universal-focus instrument) and learn how to take a building at sufficient distance so as not to be obliged to tip the camera sufficiently to make the structure look one-sided or knock-kneed. In other words, do your experimenting at home, where you can have the pictures developed immediately and learn the cause of your failures (for you are bound to have a few at the very start, no matter how careful you may be,) and how to remedy them before you attempt to secure pictures which you will not have an opportunity to take again, and a failure to get which would mean great disappointment later.

F. F. Helmer, who is in charge of designs and printing for the bureau of publicity, and who has had a year's experience in studying closely the artistic side of the exposition, with a view to reproduction in his numerous circulars, etc., writes as follows of its photographic possibilities and the excellent opportunities afforded the enthusiastic photographer for bringing away with him more than memories of the pleasant scenes he has visited:

"The Pan-American Exposition is not a place made up only of vast courts and big buildings, though the courts are indeed larger than those of any previous exposition. The courts will be more in the nature of great gardens filled with the sort of things that go to make up interesting pictures—trees, vases, fountains, beds of flowers, arbors, fantastic seats covered with awnings, flagstaves and banners, pagodas, terraces and balustrades, with a wall of stucco set out in midst trees or under the spray of fountains? And when you look at the buildings it will be almost impossible to get a view without some of these attractive bits in the foreground. There will be no straight, unbroken facades, that are so unsatisfactory in photographic compositions, for the buildings are closely massed together, giving the towers a chance to group in endless charming combinations, while on all sides are trees, fountains, lakes, canals or vine-covered pagodas that cannot fail to furnish relief to the architectural lines."

Aside from the pictures to be obtained in the exposition grounds, the amateur will find many beautiful pictures in the city of Buffalo and its vicinity. First, of course, are the famous falls near at hand, with historic Queenstown, Lewiston and Fort Niagara, down the river. The various views to be secured about the city of Buffalo are by no means to be despised, while the cyclist will find much of interest within easy wheeling distance, especially the western amateur, to whom the streams, forests and eastern farms will appeal strongly, and, unless he takes with him a plentiful supply of plates and films, he will find himself longing for a supply house at which he may "stock up" ere his wheel trip is half over.

Several members of the Camera Club are making plans for an early departure for Buffalo, some singly and others in small parties, and it is safe to predict that many beautiful pictures will be shown on the screen at lantern-slide exhibitions in the fall. I would urge upon all members of the club to provide themselves with letters or cards to present at the various amateur photographic organizations throughout the East, as it will be a great convenience to be able to take their plates to the work-rooms of such clubs and develop their negatives as fast as taken. In that way, if a good picture of some desirable view or group of buildings has not been secured at the first exposure, a second trial may be made with the added knowledge as to time, etc., gained from the first effort, and it will doubtless take some practice to enable the California photographer to adapt himself to the light conditions prevailing in New York, so different from those in the Land of Sunshine.

HELEN L. DAVIE.

NOTE.—The photographs reproduced with this article are the winners of the prizes recently offered by the Los Angeles Camera Club.

AUTHORSHIP.

IT CANNOT BE TAUGHT—THE WRITERS WHO CAN GIVE RULES ARE SELDOM GENIUSES.

[London Academy:] We believe that few books are so futile as manuals of authorship. At the same time we are a little surprised that in an age when "everybody writes," or wants to write, they are not both more common and more efficient. That they are what they are goes to prove the easy proposition that the art of writing cannot be taught; that its principles cannot even be readily discovered, much less formulated. In this respect we suppose that literature stands alone. In every other art the ultimate teaching may defy utterance; it can at best be evoked in the pupil's own brain. Still the highest professors of music, painting and oratory have considered it no foolish occupation to give elaborate teaching in these arts; whereas, in literature, such teaching has rarely, if ever, emanated from a great mind. This is because literature employs too many faculties, and has its root too deep down in the mind.

Moreover, idiosyncrasy begins to count, not at the end, but in the middle, nay even in the very outset, of a writer's career. No limitation he may have is beyond effacement, no eccentricity is quite beyond forgiveness. It is significant that those writers of eminence who have essayed with any success to expound the rules of literary art have been more distinguished for acquired and academic graces of style than for force of mind or glow of imagination. Horace, not Virgil; Boileau, not Racine; Pope, not Fielding.

FICTION.

[From Eden to Calvary. Rev. Henry Davenport Northrop. The National Publishing Company, No. 239-241-243 South American street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

The Telescope.

[Pleasures of the Telescope. By Garrett P. Serviss. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Patriotic Societies

[Founding and Organization of the D. A. R. and D. R. Societies. By Flora Adams Darling, A.M. Independence Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$2.]

National Heroes and Heroines

[True Stories of Our Famous Men and Women. By Milton Hadley. National Publishing Company, No. 239-241-243 South American street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

NEW MAGAZINES

The Century for June contains an article by ex-President Cleveland on "The Venezuelan Controversy" and "The Making of a Marchioness," a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. John Bach McMaster contributes the third paper on Daniel Webster. Margaret Collier

The World's Work for June contains "Teaching

The first of numerous Home Aboard Comedian for June is an illustrated number of unusual entertainment. Edward Pere Gaston writes of "Poetical Life in Our Embassies Abroad." London Knight tells of "A Republic in North Carolina." Fiction is represented by Onota Watana, who tells of "A Japanese Nightingale." Henry Spoford Caulfield tells of "Her Cowtoy Lover." Ople Read writes a story of "All the Wealth of the World."

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, the author of "The Idle-Born" is now at work upon quite a different kind of novel. It is a story of the Franco-Prussian War—the result of the most careful study and research. (Herbert E. Stone, Chicago.)

By a Special Contributor.
TEUR GOING TO THE EXPOSITION.
SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AMA-
PHOTOS OF THE FAIR.

the pursuit of pictures within the exposition grounds. The amateur, however, is accustomed to obtain and like the disadvantages attending upon the securing of architectural photographs of the great world. We may not be able to get a satisfactory photograph of the great world building devoted to electricity, or the many others with their beautiful towers, which are in truth the crowning achievement of the modern architect. There is a great advantage in having a film camera. After the pictures are taken, the pictures are taken away with half the weight of the instrument. The pictures are taken away with half the weight of the instrument. The pictures are taken away with half the weight of the instrument.

CLEARINGHOUSE
OF KNOWLEDGE.
FUNCTION OF NEW INTERNATIONAL
CONGRESS OF ACADEMIES.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, May 20.—There has just been held in Paris a great reunion of learned men, which, from its peculiar constitution and its important object, has every element of popular interest. The first year of the new century has been fittingly signalized by the establishment and first sessions of an "International Congress of Academies." The idea is that there should be a body composed of representatives of every great academy, institute, university and scientific society of the whole civilized world, all working together in the general interests of every branch of knowledge. The Congress of Academies will be to the scientific movements and work of the world what the Royal Society of London is to England, what the famous Institute of France and what, in another field, the District of Columbia is to the United States. It will be, so to speak, a general registry office of learning and discovery; or, one might put it, an international clearinghouse of science. Its most important function will be to "keep tabs," in the slang phrase, on the progress made in every highway and byway of research and thought all over the world; it will give official sanction to discoveries; it will sum up the actual position of knowledge in every subject, indicate gaps in the sum-total of achievement, organize research on new lines, and enable isolated workers to avoid wasting time and labor on lines already fully explored.

A Sort of Socialism.

Just as the institution of the clearinghouse in the commercial or industrial world enables a railroad company, a bank or a trust to compress, so to speak, the final result of a hundred vastly complex operations into one check, so the scientific clearinghouse will sum up in one word the result of the year's work of hundred of savants working in every corner of the earth. And, to vary the metaphor, as in the imagined socialist state all property will be held in common and administered for the equal advantage of all the citizens, so in the Congress of Academies, every new acquisition to knowledge will be put into the common coffer for the common use of all. The scientific worker in London or Berlin will be able to profit at once by the authoritatively recognized results of a worker in the United States—or vice versa. And it will very often be found possible by this coordination of work to quicken immensely the achievement of definite gains to knowledge. A given subject may be mapped out in sections of research, each section being assigned to a specialist. When all the specialists come together at the end of a year or so, each with his own part of the subject duly studied, their results fitted together, will represent a definite and very considerable advance. Three men working in coordination may in this way produce in a year what no single one of them, working out every step alone, could accomplish in a lifetime. The difference will be something like that existing between a writer who before setting to work had to hew out his table, manufacture his paper and shape his pen, and another who had all these things made all ready for him and had nothing to do but sit down and write. It is not too much to say that the whole movement of science and learning during the coming century will be immeasurably accelerated by this new institution.

Not a New Idea.

The idea realized in Paris is not a new one. Benjamin Franklin advocated it in Paris to Voltaire, and the Encyclopaedists. And long before him the great German philosopher and scientist, Leibnitz, had proclaimed some such international entente cordiale or alliance of learned men an essential condition of progress. It has taken 200 years to realize what seems to be so simple and obviously useful a suggestion. Leibnitz might well have been satisfied to see how warmly his countrymen of this year of grace have espoused his idea and how brilliantly Germany was represented in the congress. But what Franklin would have said to his countrymen is more dubious; something very vigorous, in certainty, if the old patriot has not altered his ways since he trod the earth. For, whatever the reason may be, the United States has allowed itself this once to be caught napping when every civilized country has made a point of displaying the liveliest practical interest. Only one American savant was delegated to this epoch-making assembly—Prof. Goodale—and by a singular piece of bad luck he fell ill in Switzerland and just before the reunion and was unable to attend. There is no denying the fact that American science cut a sorry figure in consequence. The scores of distinguished English, German, Russian, Danish, French and Italian savants must have been confirmed in the view, often stated in Europe, that as a nation we produce little but sensational practical application of ideas not our own; that we have no real scientific gift at all.

It must not be supposed at all that the Congress of Academies is to concern itself only with such matters as electricity, biology and the other subjects generally classed as scientific in the too exclusive, popular use of that word. All branches of learning and study fall within its avowed scope; the antiquarian, the historian, the philologist will contribute to its proceedings just as much and just as appropriately as the savant who spends his days over test-tubes hunting microbes down to their lairs or who, like Edison or Marconi, lives for electrical discovery.

Some Notable Names.

The immense importance of the occasion may be judged from a few names picked at haphazard from the brilliant list of delegates. Among English savants, for

example, there were the pick of the Royal Society, men of the widest fame, such as Prof. A. R. Forsyth, Sir Michael Foster, Sir Archibald Geikie, Prof. Ray Lankester, Sir Norman Lockyer, and a half a dozen others almost equally eminent. France, of course, was represented by a long train of notable scientists, the Comte de Laseyrie, M. Gaston Darboux, the Comte de Franqueville, M. Albert Sorel, to mention only four from some twenty whose work is known all over the world. Italy sent among others, the famous Dr. Mosso of Turin, Russia delegated Dr. Bachund, the eminent astronomer of Pulkova; and every university of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, the German Empire and Austria, was represented by one or more lights of learning. But perhaps of all the great men assembled in Paris at the first reunion of the congress none was more highly honored than the famous Prof. Mommensen of Berlin, who probably scarcely knows that microbes or electric batteries exist. He practically ruled the opening proceedings by right of the profound scholarship and philosophic grasp shown in the monumental historical works which have gained him a world-wide reputation. The welcome accorded to him in Paris was a remarkable object lesson in the international courtesy and cooperation which the new institution hopes to foment among learned men. For Prof. Mommensen has signalized himself all his life long by a bitter hatred of France. In the days of Napoleon III he worked constantly in Paris, studying in the superb Imperial Library, the only collection in Europe which contained the MSS. he needed for his work. But though profuse in personal gratitude to the Emperor, he never let slip an occasion of writing harshly of French manners and customs.

Problem of Universal Language.

Into the proceedings of the congress there is no need to enter at length; as a matter of fact, all that was not highly technical was purely preliminary; a constitution adopted, rules framed, officers elected. But there was one interesting question opened. The Congress of Academies had determined to tackle the difficult but

it is called Esperanto; is the creation of a Russian scholar—and Count Tolstol declares that after only three hours' study he learned to read it as fluently as his own tongue. Any one that remembered his French roots or had a smattering of Latin would certainly master it in a week. It may be that Esperanto will be adopted by the united academies. If it is, the congress will use all its vast international influence to get it officially accepted by every country; perhaps even to have it made a compulsory subject in public schools all over the world. In that case every educated man and woman of the next generation would be able to communicate with all the educated people he had to do with in any land. Trade would be greatly facilitated, traveling would become an unalloyed joy. Of course, the universal tongue would not kill existing languages; that is as impossible as it would be regrettable; it would simply be a more or less perfect vehicle for the conveying of the ordinary affairs of life and of trade between representatives of different races. And that is as possible as it is desirable. If the thing is to be achieved in our time, it will probably be the work of the Congress of Academies. And this is only a fraction of the great work the annual reunion of savants proposes to itself. It is much to be hoped that at the reassembly in London next year, the United States will take measures to be adequately represented in a body of such wide scope and of such monumental importance.

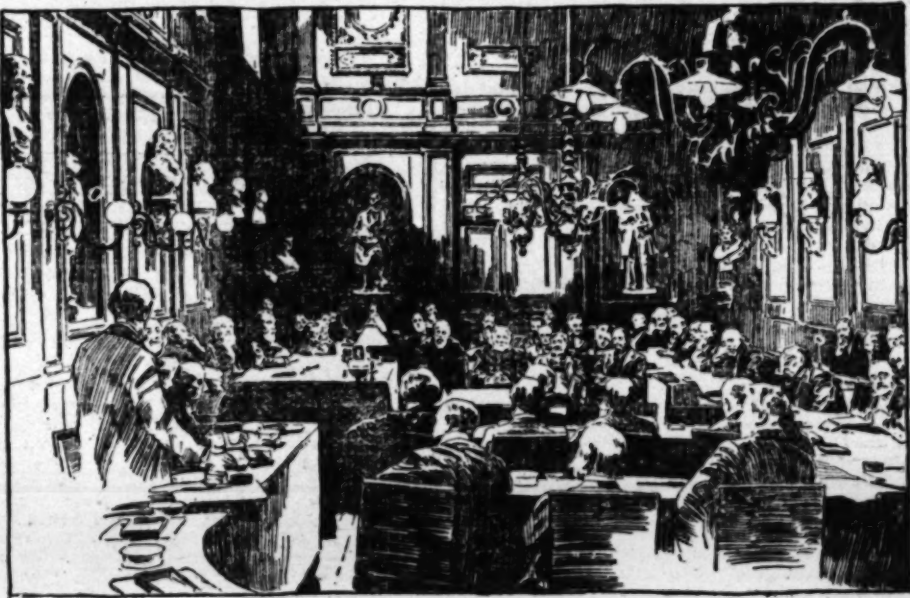
V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

SABBATH MORNING.

A DELIGHTFUL DESCRIPTION OF ITS DAWN ON THE DESERT.

The following extract from a letter to the Nashville (Tenn.) America, written by George B. Cooke, a pioneer of Randsburg, will be appreciated especially by those who have lived on the desert:

My tent stood on a hillside in the "stringer district," sloping gently to the south and east. While the coffee simmered in the black pot, and I waited for my flap-jack to brown, I heard my morning sermon.



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED IN THE INSTITUT DE FRANCE.

urgent matter of a universal language. The need of some means of written and spoken communication between members of different races is being felt more and more every day. As trade becomes more and more extended, taking in every country in the world, the language question becomes a formidable difficulty. A large American firm will, in the course of a year, have to write and receive letters in every dialect spoken wherever American goods are used. Instead of having to employ a host of translators, waste a vast quantity of priceless time and in the end do business unsatisfactorily, it would be infinitely better to have one recognized business language, adopted in every country and learned as a matter of course, by every one who proposed, either as a clerk or as a principal, to enter commerce. Several experiments have, of course, been tried in this direction; perhaps the most promising was Volapuk. But Volapuk is now as dead as the traditional door nail. The reason is easily stated. It lacked authoritative sanction; and it was ill constructed in this respect, that being purely fantastic, having no relation to any existing tongue, it laid a heavy burden on the memory. Relatively few people cared to learn a difficult language when they were not sure that the day after they had acquired it, a new and better system might not appear and be more generally adopted.

A philological committee of the Congress of Academies will study the question in all its bearings, and expects in the course of a few years to have worked out or adopted from outside some artificial language which will meet the conditions of universal success. Such a language will have to be absolutely simple in construction with no elaborate rules; easy of pronunciation on phonetic laws by every race likely to use it; easily learned by being composed as far as possible of root words common to the greatest possible number of languages. These conditions are not so hard to meet as it might seem. Pronunciation and grammatical rules are simply a matter of universal agreement; as for aiding the memory by the use of roots common to many languages, they can be found in the Latin words which abound in nearly every tongue. English is full of them; French, Spanish and Italian are almost exclusively made up of them; Germany has a good many.

Esperanto.

Already a language has been formed on this principle;

What do you think it was? A plain, every-day text—a sunrise.

You who live in the mountains and woods of Tennessee have not heard it, the sermon, for the Bob White's call is discordant, the chatter of the jay and redbird is out of place when all nature, and law and life is stilled by the coming of the king of day.

You who dwell in cities by the sea or in the valley have not heard it, the sermon, because the four-story house behind you drowns the voice of the minister, while the rush of milk and bread wagons breathe disturbance in the sanctuary whose dome is the blue you see above the window blind as you lie in bed.

The dark brown o'er the mesa below me had turned to gray, and then to light silver; the morning service was about to begin, and the gloom should be dispelled. Big granite boulders, away to the left, had sat in that same pew for a thousand years. A lizard came from under a mesquite bush, placed his forefeet upon a stone, his head to the east, while his filmy eyes blinked in quiet expectation. Across to the right on a yucca palm sat a sparrowhawk, his face to the east, head drawn back against his breast, in silent thought. O'er all the vast leagues, a pin could have been heard falling.

Streaks of gold shot athwart the sky—the preacher had opened his "study" door, and was about to come out. My cake had browned, I turned it, then, too; looked toward the east, for the subtle spell had enveloped man and nature alike. The mountains toward Death Valley (where many skeletons mark the trail to an unfound Eldorado,) usually so dark and hazy and bare, were covered with sheets of blue and yellow flowers. Below them, in the valley, hung the mirage; and here dwells the elf, the fairy, the goblin; else why was the beautiful lake gone; the castle with turrets and windows of purple and gold torn down, when we went that desolate way?

Like the bubble blown from a boy's pipe, he came, silently, from somewhere. That was all we knew.

The lizard turned his head a moment toward me to see if I was watching. I was.

From red to gold, and then to blazing yellow; oh, the glorious coloring; oh, the matchless magic.

And then; and then, no ostrich-tipped choir sang with voice exultant, but the brown granite boulders, in their pew, the sparrowhawk on the tree, the lizard near the mesquite bush, and poor wondering I, heard the still voice of nature echo the words of the preacher as they rolled across the mesa, up and over the mountains into the valleys beyond. "Thy will be done this day on earth as it is in heaven." And now, that the service was over, the lizard, the hawk and myself, went our ways, hoping not to be late on the morrow.

Two chapters, one for each Sabbath of the year, and has in addition a series of questions, following each day's reading to recall and impress upon the mind the Bible stories. The book is profusely illustrated, with full-page half-tones and many other beautiful engravings. The book is written on an entirely new plan, and intended to be a work of pleasure and profit for children. The illustrations are told in simple language, and are the pictures of Christ. The Bible stories are told in simple language, and are the pictures of Christ. The book is written on an entirely new plan, and intended to be a work of pleasure and profit for children. The illustrations are told in simple language, and are the pictures of Christ.

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

FICTION.
An Epos of Judea.

THE wanderers of myth and legend are many, and the journeys made by them are generally distinguished by grievous perils, like that of Odysseus in beggar's raiment, or Orpheus seeking Eurydice in the dread regions of Hades.

Of all legends that which tells of the wanderings of the Jew until the evening of the world has had the most varied interpretations. A historical novel which has been issued at different times under different titles, and which first appeared in 1827 had wide popularity. In the present revival of the story many corrections have been made, marginal headings added, and the book carefully annotated. It has also been worthily illustrated.

The author, the Rev. George Croley (1750-1863,) was a native of Dublin, and rector of St. Stephens, Walbrook, London. He was the author of several works in poetry and prose. "Tales of St. Bernard," and "Marston" are on the list of his novels. "Salathiel" has been considered the production of greatest power and eloquence.

The legend which first appeared in the chronicle of Matthew of Paris asserted that he received the information from an Armenian bishop to whom the hero himself told the tale. The familiar version is that of the fifteenth century, and is of German origin. As Jesus bore His cross along the Via dolorosa, staggering with pain and suffering, a shopkeeper cursed him and bade him go on. In reply, the Martyr of Galilee said, "I go, but tarry thou till I come!"

The story of the wandering Jew has engaged the pen of Schlegel, Klingeman, Beranger, Eugene Sue, Hans Christian Andersen and many others. It was the subject of Edgar Quinet's "Ahasuerus." The wandering Jew before the judgment seat of God in this conception was asked if he had gathered up all the sorrows of the earth. Yes, Rachel, his wife, in sharing his cup had helped him to drink the last dregs, and thereafter he was destined, as a part of his wanderings, to ascend with spirits of light from star to star, from world to world, and to know the sources of the ages and the mystery of the universe.

In this famous novel Salathiel tells his own story, and the dark doom of being fated to an earthly immortality which outlives all that makes life precious, the diversities of races, and the changes of time. The book is not only the history of Judea, but the history of the earth.

The piety of Miriam, and the courage of his daughters, Salome and Edith, are told. The martyrdom of the Christians, and Constantine's plea in the presence of Nero furnish glowing pages. The long chronicles of the ages afford many lofty opportunities for the presentation of the palaces and sepulchers of human glory.

The novel has an introductory letter by Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," who places this novel by George Croley, on the list with "Ivanhoe," "The Last of the Barons," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Jane Eyre" and "Hypatia."

Gen. Wallace says the wandering Jew is to him an "old man and a philosopher, who is trying to bring about a brotherhood of man by preaching the unity of God." The London Athenaeum considers that this is "one of the most splendid productions among works of fiction which the time has brought forth."

Around the chief figure, who will remind the musician of Helevy's Jewish conception in "La Juive," are many interesting characters, but the Jew remains the pivotal interest, as he wanders in moods alternately passionate and penitential, with the weird shadows of doom on his face. The legend has, like a night wind in the wilderness, long swept the fields of mortality. Its solemn memento voice seems a symbol of the soul of man, reaching out to find God, in the silence of the desert, in the murmurs of the crowd, and the adoration of the cathedral, he who would read the letters of the eternal on the heart of the ages.

The author, Dr. Croley, has based his story on the faith that the coming of Christ is near at hand, and the editor, in the introduction, and both Dr. Gregory and Dr. Pierson, have added sketches concerning this subject. Letters from prominent Jews are added, showing the present trend of Jewish thought toward Jesus of Nazareth.

Whatever view one may have of the theories advanced, there are few works of fiction which can eclipse George Croley's embodiment of the ancient mystery.

The book is elegantly bound in red and gold. The illustrations include twenty full-page drawings by T. De Thulstrup.

[Tarry Thou Till I Come, or Salathiel, the Wandering Jew. By George Croley. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Price, \$1.40 net. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

A Jewish Romance.

That great section of the ancient oriental world known as the Mesopotamian Valley has had numerous chronicles, although the history contains many confused gaps. "A History of Babylonia and Assyria" has recently claimed attention, by Prof. Robert William Rogers, LL. D. (Eaton & Mains, New York,) an Assyriologist, who has built his knowledge on Cuneiform texts at first hand.

Fiction has also invaded this region, and anyone having a spark of historical enthusiasm must be attracted to this new book of Mrs. De Koven. The antiquarian spirit is in evidence in her novel, which, in a different degree, led Prof. Becker to the study of Greek customs and institutions in the "Charicles." Mrs. De Koven has grouped the characterizations and manners of the life of the old city of Chaldea, on the plains of Shinar, and both sides of the River Euphrates in this study, in which she has evinced an ardent love for the work.

The author has, it is said, given prolonged study to

the subject, which is not to be wondered at, since the statements of ancient historians are often conflicting. Herodotus visited the city about 450 B. C. His testimony is therefore that of an eyewitness. He says that after the fall of Nineveh, Babylon became the capital of the Assyrian Empire. This most magnificent city of the ancient world was inclosed in brick walls. Pliny calls it "one of the seven wonders of the world." Its great temple of Belus has been described by Herodotus, which, according to Strabo, was about six hundred feet high. Its royal palaces and its hanging gardens have been described by many writers. The Excursus of this author's imagination has led her through the annals of Layard, Rawlinson, the biblical authors, and into the mass of historical material recovered from the cities of Babylonia and Assyria.

Diodorus Siculus, as well as Herodotus, have each given the impression of a city of fortified inclosure, with palaces and temples, courtyards, gardens and palm groves, and these are the environment of the theme of this novel.

The characterizations include Artaxerxes, son of Xerxes, his Queen mother, his sister, Amytis, Arrion, the King's cup-bearer, and Miriam, the Jewish maid to whom the cup-bearer was betrothed. The exiled Athenian statesman, Themistocles, was continually at the King's side, and one of the favorites of his court. Miriam had been made an attendant on Hamestres, the Queen. Themistocles discovered the admiration of the King for the beautiful Jewish maid and warned the cup-bearer.

One of the opening chapters describes a lion hunt, in which the King and his barbarian sister participate.



MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

Amytis's life is saved by the Jewish cup-bearer, and the struggle has begun in which the priests of Bel and the King strive for the Jewess. The shadows darken on her path on account of the jealousy of Amytis's.

A picturesque page is reached when Miriam, another Ishtar with her doves, is found in the garden of her home. There she receives from the mother of the King his message to become his Queen, an honor which she bravely declines, as the betrothed from the cradle, of the Jewish cup-bearer. The priests of Bel claim the maid, for the sacrifice. When Arrion sent in his plea, the King ordered the lover cast into prison. Arrion, however, succeeded in getting into the tower of Bel and concealed himself in the chamber of sacrifice.

When the high priest, Hadar, came to the tower, the cup-bearer rose to the defense of Miriam. The King entered soon after and the lovers plead their own cause. Arrion shows the signet ring of Themistocles.

"Artaxerxes looked long at the youth and maiden kneeling at his feet, and suddenly, as a cloud passes in the heated summer skies, the beautiful face cleared and a look of sudden peace and compassion took the place of the angry frown. He bent, and, lifting Miriam by the hand, he looked into her face."

"Miriam, thou lovest him?"

"As my own soul, O King!" she answered.

"Thou hast no wish for the splendor of the palace? I would give honor to thee, Miriam."

"Not to me, O King! Not to me!" she answered in a low tone. "I am the humblest of thy servants. Let me go."

"What is thy will, Miriam?" The voice was strangely gentle.

"She turned to Arrion. 'To live with Arrion among my own people.'"

"Artaxerxes looked again with a strange expression of longing and regret upon the face of Miriam, which, never so beautiful, looked hopefully toward him radiant with love and joy."

"Be it so, Miriam," he said, with a sigh. "Thou hast thy desire; but now, O maiden well beloved! know that I also would have saved thee from the priests. It was my will to make thee Queen, but not unwillingly. His

lips curved with a proud smile. 'Nor may Artaxerxes be avenged because thou lovest him not.'

"He turned to Arrion. 'Arrion, thou hast saved the maiden. She is thine.'"

"Go from us. Go to thine own people. It is not well that thou shouldst remain longer. Farewell, Miriam, I will see thy face no more."

"Silently they bent to the ground, veiling their eyes from the face of the King, and so knelt until they knew that he had left them and the last echo of his retreating step had ceased upon the night."

In a graphic chapter the author describes the mysterious death of Themistocles. The last feast of the Athenian statesman, when surrounded by astrologers, and the high officers of the court, is a part of the scene. "An Assyrian poet renowned for his paraphrases of Akkadean poetry, sang to the accompaniment of psalteries playing softly a long story of Ishtar of Tammuz and the dim wanderings of the goddess in the under regions of the spirits."

The fatal draught was swallowed by Themistocles in the midst of the feast and after the night shade had taken effect he thought of Salamis and reviewed the battles of the past.

The writer has strongly depicted two types of courage in women. The physical courage of the woman Amytis, who willed to slay a lion, and the moral courage of Miriam in refusing the hand of the King and in speaking in the presence of the monarch of Assyria and the priest of Bel of the religion of Jehovah.

"What need ye of images of God? The power of God speaketh in the rolling sky. The floods obey Him and the rivers flow out from His hands. On the morning's wings He walketh, the sun and fire are His messengers . . . the mountains are His footstools. One He is, and Almighty, but ye have stretched out your hands to strange gods. Your gods are impotent. As a child the images of Bel and Ishtar were my playthings."

When the maid learned her doom, to be branded at the upper shrine with the sign of Bel on her forehead, and remain imprisoned for life, the prayer of the young Jewess, and her faith in the power of the God whom she trusts, is written with a strong and sympathetic art. The chronicle is dramatic and of a barbarous time, but not more so than the cruelty of that time, as told by Herodotus of the mantle of Yexes.

Whoever reads this story will be led to renew his memories of the sacred chronicles of the time. He may also be reminded of the importance of the inspired thought which was reserved for Lassen, the oriental student of Bonn, the pupil of the distinguished Schlegel, who unlocked the mystery of Assyrian Cuneiform, at the same time that a similar light was dawning on the delighted mind of Rawlinson in distant Persia.

A subject, so varied and comprehensive in its phases, cannot fail to interest the popular mind, and lead to historical research. The serious tendency of such a work is its illustration of the flagrant vices and blemishes that deform humanity, when outside the power and influence of Christianity. The book has artistic significance and spirited action, and the diversified group of character are sufficiently typical to interest the public. [By the Waters of Babylon. A Novel. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Elbridge Court, Chicago.]

A Journalistic Experiment.

The author of this book is one of Spain's great novelists, who has the natural gift for seeing the ludicrous in his countrymen. The characterizations show the clever sense of life as disclosed in a provincial town.

Don Rosendo de Belichon aspired to be famous through the journals. Sarrio, where he lived, had no newspapers in 1860. Therefore, when he felt inspired to long moralizings, this codfish merchant was obliged to send his reports abroad. The chapter in which he feels that Sarrio is called to the high destiny of having a newspaper, on account of the integrity and industry of the inhabitants, which shall be the palladium for their intelligence, is decidedly entertaining.

Bumptious addresses are made by others. The schoolmaster in the first issue will treat of the tri-section of the angle, explain the earth's rotation, the composition of air, salt, cause of tides, and volcanoes. The village doctors will discuss the cerebral lobules and explain the psychological functions of the brain.

While all this planning went on for the great newspaper, there were some unhappy domestic complications which could but turn out badly. Biting animosities followed from many unpleasant relations. Another newspaper was founded, which became a rival. The newspapers, instead of being stars of promise, furnished the hitherto peaceful public some very disagreeable reading. The characterizations include pictures of intrigue, events not edifying, but the reader may see in Sarrio another Tarascon, and Belichon will recall Tartarin. Señor Valdes's style has long been familiar, and in some of his novels he has beautifully portrayed wifely devotion and deathless love. The novel is translated by Rachel Chalice. The book is elegantly printed and bound in decorated cover.

[The Fourth Estate. Authorized Translation from the Original of A. Palacio Valdes. By Rachel Chalice. Brentanos, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

JUVENILE WORKS.

Bible Stories.

There are probably no more beautiful and lasting impressions in the heart than the memory of the hour when the mother, perhaps a saint in Paradise, pointed out the mysterious pictures in the family Bible. There was, however, in the great Bible many leaves to turn which held little meaning to the child mind. This Bible book for children, beginning at the creation, has fifty

My letter! My letter! answered Herr Schneider. Then he began reading. The young students, looking up from something he had just said, began searching for the missing letter. The waiter answered in the negative and they both were then occupied by some of the young students. On the table at which he had been seated, and which was then occupied by some of the young students, and asked the waiter if a piece of paper had been found and handed to him. He finally made his way back to the table and found in no way, solve this mystery, and after an as-

could skip "mustard" without having a sick spell. We suppose that there is one of those children out there meant for a punishment of the heart. Dear me! I don't think that to do anything faster than "mustard" speed, pepper was faster and "mustard" was the fastest. Ignorance when we just jumped an ordinary rate of "just as though it was yesterday." "Salt" was the de-

you remember how we used to skip the rope, Sue? crowing up. They don't seem to endure anything. certainly go backward with each generation. Sue. could skip "mustard" without having a sick spell. We suppose that there is one of those children out there meant for a punishment of the heart. Dear me! I don't think that to do anything faster than "mustard" speed, pepper was faster and "mustard" was the fastest. Ignorance when we just jumped an ordinary rate of "just as though it was yesterday." "Salt" was the de-

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

The Willy Kritzingers.
KRITZINGER, the Boer commander whose name has figured so prominently in connection with the invasion of Cape Colony, seems to be a leader of exceptional ability, not second even to the celebrated Christian Dewet.

Times without number since he has been in the colony, he has been described as hotly pursued, cornered or crushed up against the Orange River in full flood, his capture being expected every hour; but when the columns surrounding him and his hard-pressed force converged at the point where he was expected to be found, it was invariably discovered that he had passed through some gap in the British encircling line and doubled back on his tracks, or gone off in some other direction. At one moment he will have more than one thousand men with him, and a day or two later, when the British have concentrated, it will be only to find that they have broken up into small bands and disappeared among the mountains, where pursuit is useless.

One correspondent wrote at the end of March that the chase after Kritzingers continued unabated and was full of curious situations. No fewer than seven columns were in hot pursuit of him, driving him to the Orange River, which was unfordable; but when they thought they had him caught they discovered that he was fifty miles in their rear threatening the railway after having broken up his command into two sections. Then everything had to begin again.

An officer of the intelligence department who fell into Kritzingers' hands gives an interesting account of his experience. He was on his way to notify the local force in the Cradock district of Kritzingers' proximity, when he found the drift where he had proposed to cross a river held by the Boers. Endeavoring to swim the stream at another point, he lost his horse and narrowly escaped drowning, being rescued by a passing Kaffir who chanced that way.

Later he recovered his horse, which had landed lower down, and rode off to warn the locals. He had ridden barely ten minutes in the direction he had to go when he was brought up short by two men sitting on a bank. One called out "Good morning," and the two advanced to make him prisoner. One was the Boer commandant and the other his right-hand man Krog. They were watching a large British force which was crossing the railway line in the far distance.

Finding there was no help for it, he submitted with good grace, and was closely searched, but no papers were found on him, he having previously destroyed those he had carried. He was deprived of his horse, saddle and field glass, but his watch and money were left with him.

Kritzingers he described as a fine-looking man, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, broadly built, and speaking English perfectly. At the time of their meeting the Boer commander was attired in lavender-colored trousers with yellow-tanned gaiters, a well-cut coat, starched white linen shirt and a brand-new tallyho hat with pugaree. He wore gloves and carried a hunting crop. His men were well dressed, and all their horses were in splendid condition.

It was believed that one of the reasons for Gen. Dewet's return north of the Orange River so soon after his last advance into Cape Colony was his recognition of Kritzingers' ability to carry on the operations without his assistance.—[New York Sun.

Gen. Washington's Flask.

RELICS of the Father of His Country, of which the public does not generally know, are extremely rare, but a gentleman of Southampton county has one which has attached to it a story of more than the interest of the great majority of the stories which Parson Weems began telling about Washington and which were believed by two or three generations of young Americans.

The relic in question is a whisky flask, which has for a long time been on the center table in the parlor of the pretty home of Robert F. Bishop of Southampton county. It has been in his family for over a century, ever since his ancestor served as an orderly at the headquarters of Gen. Washington at the siege of Yorktown. If it ever leaves the Bishop family, it is safe to say that the sum paid for it will be about that which Mr. Bishop could get for his farm.

The flask holds a half pint, and is of old-fashioned blue glass. Running over the outside are seams of what looks like china or porcelain. It is not really a glass bottle, perhaps, but for the lack of a name for the material composing it, it is called glass.

The story behind the interesting relic is not a very long one, but it is full of interest. The bottle was given to Stith Bishop, a soldier in Washington's army, and an ancestor of Robert Bishop, the present owner. Mr. Bishop was an orderly at Washington's headquarters during the siege of Yorktown. It was probably after the surrender of Cornwallis that Gen. Washington sent Orderly Bishop over to Williamsburg on business. After giving him various directions regarding what he was to do in the old capital, Gen. Washington gave to his orderly the bottle and told him to have it filled with good whisky at a tavern in Williamsburg. There is no tradition as to the brand the soldier was directed to purchase, which is unfortunate, as the enterprising distiller of today would find it an excellent name for the liquor he is making at present. But Mr. Bishop did remember that the general charged him to be careful not to break or lose the bottle, as it was a present made him by the Marquis De Lafayette.

Of course, Orderly Bishop once knew why he did not return the flask, and of course he told the family when

he came home from the war; but the reason is forgotten, and it is not likely that it will be known again. The bottle is guarded most sacredly. A glass case has long covered it, and it is seldom raised to allow a closer inspection. The genuineness of the relic is beyond question. Its history has been a part of the history of the Bishop family for generations.—[Richmond Times.

Gen. De Wet's Practical Jokes.

BY HIS men he is regarded as the greatest humorist in the commandoes, and they are constantly enjoying his jokes. Not long ago he promised three prisoners their freedom if they agreed to carry a message to their general. The message which the British general read was: "Please chain these three men; I am chaining them every day." In April he and fifteen of his men rode to De Wet's camp, where he was torn, for the purpose of visiting his father. Late in the evening they discovered that McQueenie's Irish Fusiliers, three hundred strong, occupied the town. Promptly he sent his grim message to the British commander: "Surrender, or we shall annex you." At sunrise next morning De Wet had his entire commando on the spot, and after a short battle the Fusiliers were captured. While he was leading his forces northward from Wepener to Thaba N'Chu, with the British in close pursuit, he received a message from one of the commandos in the rear, asking for reinforcements for that part of the hard-pressed column. De Wet replied: "If you can't fight your way through, you deserve to be caught." After capturing vast quantities of stores and clothing, 4000 shells and enough small arms ammunition to supply his army more than two years, on his own farm at Rooivaal, in June, De Wet remarked to one of his own generals: "That's a better crop than I ever raised on that place in peace times." Even in his favorite way of giving a command to move, "Come, let us scoot," there is a touch of humor, for the last word is one he has borrowed from his enemy's language.—[Howard C. Hillegas in World's Work.

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Story of Dog Logic.

ASUBSCRIBER sends The Times the following story of a case of apparently very clever reasoning on the part of a dog:

In August, 1844, I was a boy of 15, working with my father on the farm in Northern Illinois. One afternoon he had just climbed on a load of straw he had been pitching up to me, when I heard a rattlesnake on the ground near by. After looking about a few minutes, we discerned him in the stubble, about twenty feet away, just coiling; ready for defense or attack. In those early days it was considered almost a religious duty to dispatch every venomous creature of that kind, so plentiful were they on the prairies. I was about to get down from the load for that purpose, when I thought of the little dog Penny. He was a slender little fellow of the proverbial "yaller-dog" species, but had a great reputation as a snake killer. So I whistled for Penny, who came running, in cheerful response, from the house. Being directed and harked on, he soon discovered the snake, still darting out his tongue and giving forth warning with his tail. We had a fine view from the load. Penny approached cautiously, first on this side, then on that, till he had gone round the snake several times, always finding him ready for a fatal blow in any direction. Suddenly he stopped still, and turned his head to one side in serious contemplation. I think if he had had a finger he would have scratched his head just back of his right ear in search of an idea. After a few moments' reflection, his plan seemed formed. He stepped back a step or two, made a bound forward, toward the snake, and snapped at it with his teeth, coming very close to it but not touching it; then bounded back as quick as a flash. The snake struck out his full length, and very fiercely, but he was not quick enough. Penny had dodged him. The snake, of course, was now straightened out; and the dog, springing so quick you could hardly see him, caught it in the middle of the body, and, giving it one quick, violent shake, dropped it on the ground, completely stunned, so that it was only a moment's work to seize it again and shake it into many pieces.

Since then I have had great respect for dog logic, and a much higher regard for Penny's intelligence. It is very evident he drew the conclusion, after careful examination, that it was impossible to seize the snake without receiving the poisonous blow. Then he reasoned, "If I can get him straightened out, I can safely tackle him. Again, if I jump at him—not too close—I can dodge him when he strikes, and he will be startled by the act."

If that is not reason, what is it?

A Tame Crow and Some Patty-pans.

HE WAS a fat, helpless baby crow," writes Florence Morse Kingsley of "The Young Gentleman of the Woodshed," in the Ladies Home Journal for June. "We named him Tom, and he grew like the proverbial weed. His prankish propensities came more and more into evidence as the summer wore by. Small bright objects, such as teaspoons, thimbles, and the scalloped tins called patty-pans, had to be jealously guarded. But despite the noisy protests of the cook the patty-pans continued to disappear. At last I found the new use to which Master Tom had put these coveted

articles. I had been awakened several mornings at an untimely hour by a slight tinkling, jingling noise, proceeding apparently from the tin-covered veranda roof just outside my window. On one occasion I fancied I heard Tom's peculiar low chuckle of amusement. Stealing noiselessly to the window I peeped out. Sure enough there was Tom and the patty-pans. Seizing one in his beak he would fly up about five or six feet, then drop it. The glitter of the tin, as it fell through the bright sunshine, and its clatter as it struck the roof, seemed to afford him the most exquisite amusement, for he repeated the performance a dozen times or more, ending, as he heard the household open the front door, by neatly packing his shining toys into an angle of the roof where they had heretofore escaped notice."

Cat Likes Water.

THE well-known aversion of the feline race for water has an odd exception in the pet of a family in Friends avenue, above Cooper street, Camden. This puss is so fond of playing in water that it is sometimes difficult to keep it out of the way. One of the favorite pastimes of this funny little cat is to jump on the kitchen sink when the water is running from the spigots and bat at the stream with its paws. Sometimes it gets in the way and must be pushed down, but at the first opportunity it is back again, seeming to find great sport in watching the spray it makes with its paws. A day or two ago this amphibious pussy came upon a tub partly filled with water in the back yard, and in it jumped, frolicking about with the utmost glee. The owners of the cat can only account for its strange conduct by the fact that when it was very young it fell into a tub of water, and, finding it rather pleasant, grew to like it.—[Philadelphia Record.

Clears Out Cat Quartettes.

SINCE the Sentinel has been running an occasional cat story in this column, an Eighteenth Warder has come prominently to the front among his friends and neighbors, and "small blame to him," for he has one of the most wonderful felines that this country ever contained—a big, masculine Grimaldian that has been taught to break up the "mewical" events that are so frequent in the neighborhood.

The other night the cats were having a social session extraordinary in the alley, but for some unaccountable reason the owner of Old Tommy—the Scraper—had not been awakened by the noise. He slept blissfully on through the roll-call and opening ceremonies, but when they got down to "new business," Old Tom, who was nearly wild by this time, jumped on the bed and scratched one of his owner's hands. The old fellow was praying to get out!

The cat's wish was soon gratified, and he scattered the outfit to all the grand and intermediate quarters of the compass, and some of the cats have never returned. Then he came back, purred a line or two, and went victoriously to sleep. He is now continually on the alert for these gatherings, and the first yell is the signal for him to clear the alley.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dog Survived Drowning and Burial.

ONE of the blue-ribbon winners in the New York dog show last year was a Gordon setter owned by Norvin Harris of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Harris is one of the largest thoroughbred-horse breeders in Kentucky. His home is the old Ten Broeck farm, where the unbeaten Ten Broeck was foaled, and where he trained for his great race with Mollie McCarthy. Besides being a breeder of thoroughbred horses, Mr. Harris is a great dog fancier.

Four years ago a litter of pups was born to a fine Gordon setter. The pups did not have the thoroughbred look, and Mr. Harris ordered a negro to drown the lot of them and bury them. The pups were held in the water until they were supposed to be dead. Then they were buried alongside of a creek. The next day Mr. Harris was walking up the creek when he noticed the ground moving under his feet. He investigated, and found that one of the supposed drowned puppies was still living and was rooting his way out of the grave. Mr. Harris took the pup to his home and raised him. He grew into a magnificent dog, and eventually became the blue-ribbon winner.—[New York World.

A Child's Cat Story.

JACK is a cat, and is very playful. I will tell you about his mother first. Jack's mother was a very good rat catcher; she caught more rats than any other cat I know of. One day she brought two kittens into the house that did not have their eyes open and laid them on the floor. We got a basket and put it on the floor, and she took her kittens by the necks and put them in the basket. There were just two of them, both alike. They were very pretty kittens, and we named them Jack and Jill. One is a boy and the other is a girl. Pretty soon their eyes were open.

They had the most fun. They played with the rugs and carpet and chased each other round the house, finally getting so rough with each other that Jill got hurt very badly and she got sick and died from the effects of it. We felt very sorry for losing Jill, and Jack had scarcely anybody to play with. Sometimes he would play with himself on the rugs and we would come with a whip and stick it under the rug and he would run after it.

When he wants out he hits the bolt on the door with his paw, and then we let him out and he chases the cats outside, and when he wants in he rings the door bell. He puts his paw on the bell and pulls it down, and when he gets hungry for his meat he goes out the back door and rings the side-door bell.—[Columbus Dispatch.

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ing forward to the time when our new home would be
Mrs. P. H. Los Angeles, writes: "We have been look-
A New Home, Conolly Pitted Up
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not too far from the city will look handsome in your sitting-
down. One handsome easy chair and some wicker (if
well in here. Ruffled dimity curtains at both bay win-
your white beds. A small black rug would look
the center of it, as you will need color here. I would
suffer the heavy chairs in Dutch design that come in
stainish oak. If you use burials in blue or green for
your draperies, and you could have nothing more artistic
the cushions of your chairs in the same shade in some of
these chairs. A Morris chair in wicker, with handsome
the hat cushions of your chairs in the same shade in some of
your draperies, and you could have nothing more artistic
stainish oak. If you use burials in blue or green for
the center of it, as you will need color here. I would
suffer the heavy chairs in Dutch design that come in
in the center of it, as you will need color here. I would
at least put a square of rich and soft-toned old brocade
you would not care to hide it. If this latter is the case,
This advice is in case your table is not so handsome that
a charming concentration of color in this paneled room.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.
By Kate Greenleaf Locke.
Pictures for Green Walls.

[June 2, 1901.]

Los Angeles Sunday Times.

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June 2, 1901.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

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Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Cat Found a Fortune.

THIS old cat has but one eye and a piece of a tail, but its owner would not part with it for \$100 in cash.

A small boy with a rubber sling came across the cat one day in an alley, and the result was that the feline's optic was shot out. Then the animal tried to run in front of a passenger train, in consequence of which half of the tail was left on the tracks. The cat came back, however, and one day recently it was instrumental in the recovery of valuable discharge papers and government bonds in the amount of \$3000.

That is the reason the cat is now valued so highly by Mrs. Maggie Tuttle, an aged and respected widow of Harrison, O.

Mrs. Tuttle's first husband, William Dumont was a sergeant in the Twelfth United States Infantry during the Mexican war. He died shortly after his return from the war, and he failed to tell his wife where he had left his papers and other valuables before the moment of dissolution.

Mrs. Tuttle was informed a few weeks ago that she was eligible to a widow's pension if substantial proof of her husband's service in the army could be obtained. She was certain that her first husband had left his discharge papers somewhere in the old homestead, and was fully aware of the fact that if they could be found she would have but little difficulty in securing the acknowledgment of a grateful people. She began a systematic search of the house. It was ransacked from garret to cellar. Every nook and cranny was investigated, but the papers could not be found.

Mrs. Tuttle was about to give up in despair when the old cat manifested a great deal of interest in the garret. Arthur Curry, the nephew of Mrs. Tuttle, noticed the action of the feline and followed it upstairs. It went to a box in one corner of the room and climbed into it. Mr. Curry, upon looking into the nest, found four little kittens curled up in it. The mother cat, with a baleful glare in its good eye, leaped from the box and tried to attack Curry. He did not like the beast anyhow and picked up a book, which he tossed at the cat, but it struck an old pasteboard box on a shelf. The box fell to the floor and burst.

The contents rolled out on the floor, and, greatly to Curry's astonishment, the discharge papers of Dumont and \$3000 worth of bonds lay at his feet. The old cat is being killed with kindness now, while Mrs. Tuttle has been assured that her pension money will soon be paid. —[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

An Old Waiter With \$100,000.

SAMUEL H. GOLDEN, the Monongahela house waiter, who was recently married for the fourth time, has returned to Pittsburgh with his bride. With her and over \$100,000, which he earned as tips, he has settled down at 140 Fulton street to a life of ease. He is 81 years old.

Golden has been a waiter and porter at the Monongahela for half a century. "I waited on Abraham Lincoln, Gen. U. S. Grant, the present King Edward VII, then the Prince of Wales," said he today. "Edwin M. Stanton I nursed when his leg was broken on an Ohio river steamboat. I have received tips ranging from ten cents to \$50. I put the money away, where it never shrinks—in a savings bank—and now I'm enjoying it." —[Pittsburgh Correspondence Philadelphia North American.]

One Tenant Holds a Building.

WHILE the building round about, above and beneath him is being demolished to make way for an enormous new office structure on a piece of property which recently changed hands for a fortune, a lone tenant holds forth against those who would remove him, and insists that not until his rights under the law expire will he be dispossessed of his apartments.

To force his evacuation all manner of difficulties have been put upon him. He has, however, risen above all these, and yesterday by invoking legal aid obtained a truce to the annoyances, at least for a time, in the form of a temporary injunction to prevent the contractors from proceeding.

In Judge Gildersleeve's court there was issued, on application of Norman G. Johnson, acting for Col. Winfield Scott Proskay, an order requiring the George A. Fuller company to show cause why it should not be prohibited from continuing the demolition of the Cumberland building, at Broadway, Twenty-second street and Fifth avenue.

In this building, of which he has been a tenant for several years, Col. Proskay has bachelor apartments on the sixth floor. He has a lease entitling him to full and free possession until October 1, 1901. If there be law which entitles him to remain undisturbed under his contract, and he thinks there is, Col. Proskay declares that no power on earth can compel him to relinquish his leasehold one moment before the stated time expires.

Now that the steps have been cut away he is forced to use a ladder to reach the upper regions. Candles supply illuminations for his chambers, which are surrounded by piles of debris from the building, which is rapidly being disintegrated.

As yet, the colonel says, no direct show of force has been attempted by those who are working against him. Their movements, he says, have been veiled, and he has been subjected to all manner of trouble in order to make him capitulate.

The Cumberland building is a landmark of Broadway. It was erected twenty-two years ago by Cyrus W. Field, since which time it has been in the possession of

the Field family. Two months ago it passed into the hands of the Newhouse brothers of London for \$800,000. This firm had previously purchased the adjoining property, a part of the Eno estate, the northern portion of "the Flatiron," and on this piece of property a twenty-five story office building will be erected.

Tenants of the Cumberland were recently notified by the George A. Fuller company that in return for the relinquishment of their leases the balance due on rent would be abrogated. Among those so notified was Col. Proskay. The notification was not the proper one in Col. Proskay's eyes and he disregarded it. He then received a second letter, which he declares was arbitrary in its tone, and which demanded that he as soon as possible give up possession. This, too, was ignored.

Then the colonel received a third communication, informing him that in the process of dismantling the building he would encounter many difficulties, and advising him as a final resort to forthwith move. If possible, this made the colonel all the more determined to hold on to his apartments, of which his lease gave him the possession until October 1.

He occupies four rooms on the sixth floor, and has made of them a place from which he has derived much comfort. They are luxuriously furnished, and are provided with all conveniences, and the colonel's attachment to his home is apparent.

Col. Winfield Scott Proskay is a native of Florida, is now 35 years old and is said to be wealthy. —[New York Herald.]

Man of Musical Heart Dead.

HERBERT E. BROWN, "the man with the musical heart," whose melodious pulsations had for years furnished him a livelihood and physicians a subject of much fruitless speculation, died at the Sherman Hospital here today of pneumonia.

A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that Brown's heart was four times normal size. The musical sounds that came from it physicians attribute to a peculiar disease of the glands. The heart was steadily increasing in size, and if no other ailment had intervened that disease must soon have caused death.

Brown was 28 years old and for years had attracted much attention, exhibiting himself in museums all over the country. As an attraction supplemental to his unique interior, Brown had himself elaborately tattooed, his body from head to foot being a mass of designs. —[Elgin (Ill.) Correspondence Chicago Record-Herald.]

Novel Matrimonial Scheme.

SAMUEL J. WELDON, a young machinist of this city, has hit upon a unique plan to settle the matrimonial problem and at the same time to materially reorganize his bank account. He has come to the conclusion that he has reached the age when this step should be taken, and to settle several claims that already rest upon him, and to raise a sufficient sum of money to engage in business for himself, he has decided to raffle himself off at \$5 a chance.

"I propose to have a contest, if I can call it that," said Mr. Weldon, when asked about it, "open for a certain period—say three months. The tickets are to be numbered and to cost \$5 each. There are to be few necessary restrictions. They are these: The women must be between 20 and 30 years of age; they must not be crippled or afflicted with any incurable disease. The contest is only open to white people, but there are no restrictions as to religious belief or nationality. I'm willing to take my chance on looks."

"I have placed the contest in the hands of a friend of mine, and it is being advertised in the News, both my friend and the News having tickets for sale, and if it is properly placed before the public I believe from 2000 to 3000 tickets can be sold. There is so little love in marriages that are contracted now that I feel confident at least 2000 young ladies will take chances, for they will not only get a husband, but \$10,000 with him. At the same time they must sign a contract that, should the union not prove congenial and a suit for divorce follow, she is to waive all claim to alimony."

Mr. Weldon was asked if he would sit for a photo to be used in the papers, and readily consented. Mr. Weldon is fairly good looking, is 25 years of age, of good family, sober and industrious and a fine machinist, and is now employed in the shops here at a good salary. —[Nicholasville (Ky.) Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Eight Years Beyond Century.

JOSEPH HUSH, residing on a farm three miles west of this city, undoubtedly holds the record for longevity in Indiana. He today celebrated his 108th birthday anniversary.

Hush was discovered by an enumerator last week who was securing a record of voters. He was born in New Jersey in 1793 and has clear recollections of the famous Hamilton-Burr duel, fought on the shores of New Jersey, opposite New York, in July, 1804. Hush at the time lived near the spot where Hamilton lost his life, and says the incident was for months a topic at every fireside.

Hush has been a farmer all his life, coming to Berrien county about 1825 and being there married to Denney Benton. For nearly three-quarters of a century he has lived in a log cabin on a bog farm in Olive Township. He has used tobacco for three-score years and his health is remarkably good, his eyesight sharp, and his voice clear. His hearing is affected, however, and his mental faculties show lack of early development. The records of his birth are retained in a yellow old Bible which he inherited from his parents. He has three children, one residing in Chicago, another in New York,

and the third here. The veteran of three centuries has vivid recollection of noted events of the early years of the last century. —[Mishawaka (Ind.) Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

A Lively Old Man.

"I WOULDN'T climb to the top of that water tower for a thousand dollars," exclaimed Edward Hoffman, a well-known citizen of Vineland, as he eyed the length of the colossal steel structure from ground to pinnacle—a height of about 150 feet.

"Neither would I," said John Tripp, another prominent resident.

"What that's you people say?" was the remark the group of men heard behind them. Turning, they saw Willard Barcus, a tall, gray-haired man, seventy years old, one of the best-known citizens of this community and well-to-do.

"I'll climb that tower and dance on the top of it for a dollar," ejaculated Barcus.

This rally jarred the crowd that quickly gathered when the old man's proposition was passed around.

"I'll give you 50 cents if you do," said Hoffman. "So will I," followed Tripp.

"All right, gentlemen; I'll do the trick in a jiffy."

Barcus walked to the base of the tower, glanced up critically, and then, with the agility of a youth, climbed up the narrow iron rungs, up, up, up, while his friends looked on in wonderment, fearing for his safety. Over the sharp edge of the water tank he crawled like a pygmy—so he seemed to the onlookers far below—and when he straightened up to his full height on the very top of the roof, although a man over six feet high, he resembled a Lilliputian.

Barcus waved his arms and doffed his hat and danced a little jig up there in the air. Then he demanded his dollar, which was promptly handed over. —[Vineland (N. J.) Correspondence Philadelphia Ledger.]

Five Mince Pies Cost \$5000.

JOHNNY FOEHL ate five mince pies at one sitting, and this little feat cost him exactly \$5000. His suit against the Camden and Suburban Railway Company for that amount for injuries sustained in being pushed from a car was progressing favorably to him yesterday in the Camden court. Half a dozen doctors had sworn that he was an invalid as the result of the accident, when Willie Brower, one of Johnny's witnesses, in his rambling testimony, told of Johnny's love for pies.

Counsel for the trolley company saw a glimmer of hope in this.

"Could he eat a whole pie?" was asked of Willie.

"Why, yes, he ate five within a few minutes last week," the boy replied.

The three lawyers who represented Johnny were on their feet in an instant, demanding of the court to know what mince pies had to do with Johnny Foehl being injured by a trolley car. They wanted this portion of the testimony stricken out.

"Well," declared counsel for the trolley company, "any boy who can eat five mince pies at one sitting is not very much of an invalid."

The court admitted the mince pie testimony. Having gotten into the case, the pies remained to a finish.

Counsel for the plaintiff wanted to bring witnesses to prove the pies were small 5-cent ones. They were willing to send for a pie to show the jury. The railway company's lawyers conceded that the pies were small, but contended that even so no invalid could eat five of them.

When all of the testimony was in the court, relieving the jury, declared that Johnny Foehl had not made out a case. The mince pie testimony had been fatal. —[Philadelphia North American.]

Ancient Metal Work.

OF THE many strange relics handed down to posterity, the bell of St. Patrick is not the least. Quaint in shape and rude in make, it has withstood the vicissitudes of 1400 years, and is the oldest authentic specimen of Irish Christian metal work we possess.

Made, no doubt, by some of the artificers who followed in the train of the first missionary, and originally used by him as a summons to prayer, it became in time, itself an object of almost worship.

It is formed of two roughly wrought sheets of iron, bent and rounded into quadrilateral shape; the face, crown, upper part of back, and adjoining sides composed of one sheet, which is fastened by large-headed iron rivets to the smaller sheet, which it overlaps in places.

To strengthen the whole fabric and improve its tone it was afterwards dipped in a bath of fused bronze. The handle is of iron, let into the ridge of the bell by spikes fitting into holes and fastened on the outside as well by bronze attachments.

The fact that the history of the reliquary can be traced back to the time of its manufacture about the year 1091, is most curious. It has never been lost sight of, for so highly was it prized that a special keeper was appointed as its guardian. This guardianship descended from the hereditary keeper of the bell in the monastery, and continued in one family from generation to generation.

For many years it brought with it much wealth, but even when the profits grew less the care of the precious charge was not relaxed. The family would have sacrificed any one of its members rather than lose the custody of the sacred relic, but at last, through no fault of theirs, it passed into other hands, for death, the destroyer, saw fit to carry off the last of their race.

It is now preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. —[Country Life.]

June 2, 1901.]

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Senator Kept the Crowd Waiting.

A BELLBOY at the "Aud," which in bellboy language means Auditorium, has solved a sort of mild mystery by confessing his participation in a little adventure that happened during the national campaign last fall. One night Senator Dolliver was billed to speak for the Republican candidate for President, and 5000 people had crowded into the big theater to listen to him. The Reception Committee waited on him in his apartments in the Auditorium Annex and offered to escort him to the platform, but he asked them to go ahead and said he would follow in a few moments.

The few moments lengthened into minutes, however, and the minutes into twenty before the Senator made his appearance, looking hot, flustered and very tired. The long-continued applause and the introductory speeches gave him plenty of time to recover himself, and when he rose to begin his address he appeared as calm and self-possessed as usual.

The members of the Reception Committee wondered in a placid kind of way what had happened to cause the twenty minutes' delay; none of them imagined that the speaker of the evening was within a few feet of them for most of that time doing an act that the vaudeville managers would have featured as the funniest of the year.

"This here's the whole thing," said the bellboy the other day, "from A to Izzard. The big guy" (meaning the distinguished statesman,) "sent down a call just after the Reception Comity went away over to the theater. He says to me that he would get all crushed up in the push round the doors, and asked me to put him onter an easy way troo the stage. There was a dollar in it for me, so I led the procession and we started down the tunnel across to the Aud, and I slipped him in the wagon alley back of the stage door."

"Well, when we got that far I says to him that if he didn't want to creat the open stage to get to the right side we would have to go underneath by the machinery an' come up that way. He says, 'I don't want to go over the open stage, not on your life, sonny.' I begun to walk down the stairs, with him ahead, and we got about half-way over when he says, 'Great Caesar's goat, wot's this?' It was a tub of red paint sittin' on the concrete floor, an' his nibs had run right into it, both his legs, patent leathers an' black dress pants."

"The Senator swore considerable an' said a lot of nice things to me, but he finally got a move on an' told me not to stand laughin' there like an idiot, but to go and unstrap his valises and bring down a pair of pants, shoes and socks."—[Chicago Record-Herald.

Moth Balls Bad Enough.

THE teacher got a big, overwhelming whiff of moth balls as she passed Johnny Flynn's seat. This seemed strangely out of place, for it had certainly been long since his raiment had been packed for protection from moths.

Johnny was soon summoned to the desk and coerced into an explanation.

"Well, Willie Goetsake, who sits behind me's father keeps a soap factory and he smells so I can't stand it—and you said I couldn't change my seat, so I put a moth ball around my neck!"—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

Caught the Father.

THIS is a story that has to be whispered, but it is such a good story that it must be told one way or another. It is as good a story as that old one of the Irishman interested in the history of the ferocious mosquito, of which he has been told, the blood-sucking animal with a long bill, which Patrick recognized immediately on stepping ashore in America and seeing for the first time a live elephant. The heroine of this story is an Irish girl, "just over." She had never heard of that horror to every housekeeper, the uncanny insect. But in spite of the neat little iron bedstead in Bridget's room, a few wooden slats had been found to be occupied by guests left by a careless predecessor. The mistress and Bridget went to work to get rid of their unwelcome visitors, and the former made her first acquaintance with them, and was much impressed. Bridget hated all crawling things. Knowing this, the small boy of the family had a mind to give her a surprise. He secured a small turtle, and, going to Bridget's room one day, he dropped it on the floor and departed to await results. They did not come until the following morning, when the family was at the breakfast table. There was heard a joyous cry preceded by something which sounded like a regiment of cavalry hurrying down the stairs, and Bridget burst into the room holding the small turtle by the tail, as she cried gleefully:

"Ah, me'm, we'll be havin' no more of the little divils, for sure, here I have the old father of thim all."—[New York Times.

The Girls Nowadays.

THEY were two handsome old ladies sitting at the window with their work in their laps, one the hostess and the other the visitor. They were children together and still talked of their former playmates as "the girls."

"Where's Margaret?" asked the visitor.

"Out in the back yard with some little friends skipping the rope. My favorite granddaughter, you know."

"Rather delicate, I'm afraid. I declare I don't know what the race is coming to, judging from the girls now

growing up. They don't seem to endure anything. Do you remember how we used to skip the rope, Sue?"

"Just as though it was yesterday. 'Salt' was the designation when we just jumped an ordinary rate of speed, 'pepper' was faster and 'mustard' was the fastest. 'That's right. To do anything faster than 'mustard' meant fits or palpitation of the heart. Dear me! I don't suppose that there is one of those children out there could skip 'mustard' without having a sick spell. We certainly go backward with each generation, Sue. Let's take a look at them."

When they reached the back door there was Margaret flying up and down as though she had wings, springs and lungs like a long-distance runner. She was jumping two ropes going in opposite directions at the same time and whirling as rapidly as the operators could make them.

"Come here at once, Margaret," called the hostess, "what in the world are you doing child? It's enough to give you convulsion. Why, it's far faster than 'mustard.'"

"Mustard," sneered the granddaughter, who was breathing easy, "it's too slow for us. That's 'tabasco' I'm doing."

Then the two old ladies filed back, looked sheepishly at each other and went to talking about how much better looking girls used to be than they are now.—[Detroit Free Press.

As the Judgment of Solomon.

POLICE JUSTICE JOHN H. MAHONEY of Chicago gave a good reproduction of the judgment of Solomon not long ago. Two Germans had each other arrested on the charge of stealing a fine dachshund, which they both claimed. "That dog is mine!" said one. "I wouldn't take \$100 for him."

"He's mine," said the other. "I think more of that dog than I do of one of my children."

"One of you is mistaken," said the judge. "I cannot decide this matter. I will settle it by letting a policeman take the dog out and shoot him."

"All right," said one of the claimants, waving his fist in the face of the other man. "Just so you don't get him."

"No, don't kill the dog," shouted the other man. "He's too nice a dog to be ruthlessly shot. Let the other man have him; only I hope, Your Honor, that you will make a stipulation that he treats him right."

"The dog is yours," said the judge to the second man. "Take him home with you."—[New York Tribune.

The Man Who Took All the Strawberries.

WALDEN, the artist, was at the dinner the other night. He is a tall, thin, red-bearded Yankee, who looks more like Don Quixote than anyone has a right to look. To see him side by side with Whistler is a liberal education. Whistler is cynical and witty; he sparkles with epigrams and jewels; and then he is dainty as an abbe of the century before last. An impressionistic portrait of him need show only his incredulous eyeglass, the tuft of white hair and one slim, jeweled hand making a gesture of apology. But Walden is a calm, forthright man, with too much red beard and too much confidence in his tailor's knowledge of the way to dress.

We were talking of England.

"England," said Whistler, "rules the world simply because the Englishman takes what he wants."

We were rapidly losing ourselves in a fog of politics and national psychology, when Mr. Walden lifted part of his red mustache and said: "That's right, all right."

It was the first time he had spoken that evening, so we stopped our arguments and listened. Calmly and slowly he said: "I was down at Cernay last summer—with Faulkner—painting. You know the little tavern there and the old woman who keeps it. There was an Englishman there who sat next to me at table. Well, the landlady gave us strawberries one night for supper. For a dollar a day that was pretty good. The servant girl passed the strawberries round. When it came to the Englishman's turn to help himself he emptied the whole dish of strawberries into his plate. So I said to him:

"Say, my friend, I like strawberries, too."

"Not so much as I do," said my Englishman, calmly, and went on eating."—[Vance Thompson's Paris Letter.

Floored the Kaiser.

THE Crown Prince of Prussia, whom King Edward recently made a Knight of the Garter, is not quite 19 years of age, but already he is fairly well versed in politics. Indeed, when he was quite a little boy he began to discuss imperial questions with his father.

A story is told of his astonishing the Kaiser, when he was only 8 years old, by saying: "Father, people say that now Bismarck has gone you will do as you please. You will like that, won't you?" What the Kaiser's answer was history does not record.—[Chicago News.

Useless Laurels.

WHEN a popular young author came to see William M. Everts, while he was Secretary of State, in behalf of a consulship for which he was an applicant, Mr. Everts congratulated him on the fame which he had acquired, but hastened to add: "Although you have laurels on your brows, I suppose you can't browse on your laurels."—[Chicago News.

Could Not Mail the Table.

HERR SCHNEIDER, a well-known and energetic, but unfortunately short-sighted, pedagogue in Berlin, wrote a long letter to his adored Helen one evening a short while ago in the Café Bacc, and on arriving home wished to inclose his photograph with the same before sending it. There to his astonishment, he perceived that a considerable part of the letter was missing, which was by no means a little odd, as Herr Schneider could only recollect having used one sheet and having put the same forthwith in his pocket. Mused as much as he might he

could in no way solve this mystery, and after an assiduous search he finally made his way back to the café and asked the waiter if a piece of paper had been found on the table at which he had been seated, and which was then occupied by some of the young students.

The waiter answered in the negative and they both began searching for the missing letter.

"I say, what are you looking for?" asked one of the young students, looking up from something he had just then been reading.

"My letter! My letter!" answered Herr Schneider.

"Are you the Herr Ambrosius Schneider with the 'everlasting love' and the overflowing heart—?"

"How do you know—?"

"Oh, it's all right. Why here's the rest of your letter; you've finished it off on the marble top of the table."—[Tit-Bits.

Bridget's Grievance.

THE wife of a clever detective is said to have powers nearly equal to those possessed by her husband. Not long ago she began to notice that dimes and quarters were daily disappearing as if by magic from the "change purse" in which she kept silver for small purchases. She was inclined to suspect one of her two maids, a sulken Irish girl, but was unwilling to accuse her. After some thought she wrote on a slip of paper, "Neither Bridget nor Cella must take any money from the purse." This slip she put into the purse with some silver and awaited development.

Two days later Bridget came to her and gave "warning."

"What is the matter?" asked her mistress innocently.

"I'll be going to another place," said Bridget vindictively, "and it's yourself that knows the reason. I'll not stay in a house where I'm accused of stealing money out of a little old purse that's never had more than \$2 in it since I took service here."—[New Yorker.

The Minister Used As an Example.

THE Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, the most aristocratic Presbyterian Church in Washington, which was attended by President Harrison during his term, tells this story on himself.

The church maintains a large mission in Georgetown. A lady was recently explaining to the Sunday-school the parable of the talents. She then asked the pupils to name some one whom they thought had been given ten talents and had made judicious use of them. They replied in chorus: "Mr. Smith." This was right and proper, as Mr. Smith is pastor of the chapel. The lecturer then asked for an illustration of one who had been given five talents and utilized them well. There was a general response of "Mr. McFarland," who is President of the Board of District Commissioners, and greatly interested in church work. An example was then asked of the man who had been given one talent and made no use of it. It was expected some unfortunate in the neighborhood would be named. Instead, the little ones shouted: "Mr. Hamlin."

No further opportunity was given for replies to questions after this hard hit at the great Presbyterian divine.—[Washington Post.

Gleason's Sign of Greatness.

A GOOD story about 'Battleax' Gleason was dug up the other day," said the man from Long Island City. It's a story which gives some clew to the ex-Mayor's success as a political leader. It happened in 1898, when he was out in Indianapolis as a delegate to the national convention which nominated Palmer and Buckner. The hotel accommodations in the Indiana city were not the largest or the best, and by the time the advance guard had got rooms the towns was filled to overflowing. When the Mayor arrived everybody asked him what he was going to do to get a place to sleep.

"Do!" he said. "What am I going to do? Just watch me."

"And they watched him, with the result that he had the laugh on the whole crowd of 'em. He simply went to a hospital, hired a private room at \$10 a week and slept there in the greatest comfort for two nights while the other delegates tried to be comfortable in handboxes for which they had paid at the rate of from \$10 to \$20 a day.

"No one can tell me that 'Paddy' Gleason isn't a great man. It's these little things that show it."—[Unidentified.

The Lecture Abruptly Ended.

AN OXFORD professor was giving his pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the Scots."

"These hardy men," he said, "think nothing about swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of anyone daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such unruly conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied that individual, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"—[London Answers.

D. O. Mills at the Play.

ON ONE occasion, in the fifties, an amateur dramatic performance was given in San Francisco, for the benefit of some deserving charity. Among the performers was the late Hugh Farrar McDermott, the poet, and in a box was Mr. Mill's. The play was some classic piece, and the acting was so bad that what should have been a tragedy became a farce. In the last act, McDermott dropped his sword, and, stooping awkwardly, picked it up. There was a titter in the audience, which increased as the luckless performer asked: "What shall I do with this envenomed blade?"

From the banker's box came in a quiet stage whisper: "Stab yourself, Hugh, and be done with it!"—[Frank Leslie's Monthly.

THIS old cat has but one eye and a piece of a tail, but its owner would not part with it for \$100 in any city. A part of the Keno estate, the northern portion of the field, and on this piece of property a twenty-

the field family. Two months ago it passed into the hands of the Newhouse brothers of London for \$200,000. This firm had previously purchased the adjoining property, and the third here. The veteran of three centuries has a recollection of noted events of the early years of the last century.—(Mississippi (Ind.) Correspondence Chicago Tribune.)

Cal Found a Portent.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

Pictures for Green Walls.

MRS. W. L. L., Chino, writes: "I have decided to refurnish my parlor and wish to brighten up the other rooms a little, but am in doubt about colors and kinds of materials. I have quite nice curtains in parlor (lace) and walls are papered in a medium shade of green. I want a good Wilton or Brussels rug. Should the body of the rug be green, a shade darker than walls, with some design in colors? What color should I have in couch? I want the room to look inviting and artistic. What variety in chairs would you advise? The woodwork is yellow Oregon pine. I have a rather dark oak center table, an organ and golden oak book shelves. What kind of a cover shall I put on the table? Please mention two or three pictures and kind of frames that would help this room. I would like copies of celebrated pictures. The walls in sitting-room are the same color as the parlor; what material shall I use to drape shelf in here? The hall needs repapering; would it look well in yellow, or should it be the same color as the other room? What shall I curtain space in front door with?"

In buying a Wilton or Brussels rug for this room, I would select one in which green predominates. Let some other rich colors also be suggested and choose one in oriental design if possible. Then use on your couch material which is also oriental in design and coloring. Something which has rich tones mingled not too glaringly. A Morris chair in green velour and two handsome wicker chairs, cushioned with green velour, will help the comfort of your room, and I would bind a large square of the same velour with gold galloon as a cover for table. This will make a good background for lamp, books, or bric-a-brac. Pick out the colors of your couch cover with plain material, silk, satin or plush, for cushions, introducing some creamy yellow and one of turquoise blue if possible. A richly-colored water-color of our missions, in a flat gold frame without mat, would be a beautiful bit of color against your green walls. A carbon of Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," and "The Lute Player," I would recommend in flat black frames. Your hall would look well with tan-colored paper leading into the green. I do not understand just what you mean by "draping a shelf." You might lay a small piece of oriental stuff flatly on it, or throw a piece of soft green silk over it, or cover it smoothly with green bur-laps and tack a little box-pleated valance around it with brass tacks. Use handsome net with a border running across the bottom edge at the glass of your front door.

To Dye Portieres.

M. M. C., Los Angeles, writes: "Will you kindly give me a few suggestions as to furnishing parlor and dining-room? Both are large front rooms, with archway between, white walls and finished in light pine. For the parlor I have matting like inclosed sample, a few velvet rugs with dark red border and green center, cherry chairs and mahogany piano. Also a large statue ('Fisherman's Daughter') which shades to a sea green, and two green jardiniere and lamp shade. The portieres are cream chenille, figured all over in shades of pink and red flowers. Now for the dining-room what would you suggest for floor covering? I thought of a plain white matting. Would this not be pretty with a yellow scheme, as sideboard, table and chairs are antique oak? I have several nice fruit pieces framed in gilt. Front doors open into both rooms, with large panes of glass in each. Ought both to have the same kind of drapery? What sort of frames would you advise for 'Madonna' and an oil painting of red roses? I have one sleeping-room furnished in pink (opens off of kitchen); could the pictures sent with The Times be mounted in a flat frame, painted white and decorated in the corners with small pink flowers or delicate green spray?"

I must tell you frankly that I do not like your flowered chenille portieres. You could, however, have them dyed a pretty medium shade of cold green, and they would be very effective. The matting you have would look well with these. The plain white matting in the dining-room will be extremely pretty with curtains at the windows of yellow denim, over white ruffled muslin. Use the white muslin alone at the glass of the two front doors, and curtain exactly alike. Tie ruffled curtains back in the center with cords and tassels. Use yellow flowers on table and sideboard. A rococo gilt frame for your roses in oil and a flat wooden one for your Madonna.

A Paneled Living Room.

J. W. H., Ocean Park, writes: "We are building a summer cottage here on the beach which will soon be ready for occupancy. I have my ideas relative to a scheme of decoration and furnishing, but I think you could improve upon them. I will mail you the plans that you may more clearly follow my description. The living and dining-rooms will be in paneled redwood, the former with beamed ceiling and a cobblestone fireplace in the nook at one end. The other rooms will be finished in Oregon pine. I have a piano, a large center table, a tea table and a wide couch; what would you suggest for chairs? Also for rugs, window curtains, curtains behind spindle-work between living-room and dining-room, and upholstery for window seats and hangings in archways, etc.? Would you like burlap for some of these places? With, perhaps, a scroll or dragon painted on in a contrasting color? I had thought to have the outside of the cottage stained a dark red, with dark, very dark, green trimmings, and the roof a trifle lighter in shade. Should you prefer other colors I would be glad to know them. I shall, of course, have potted plants, etc."

a charming concentration of color in this paneled room. This advice is in case your table is not so handsome that you would not care to hide it. If this latter is the case, at least put a square of rich and soft-toned old brocade in the center of it, as you will need color here. I would suggest the heavy chairs in Dutch design that come in Flemish oak. If you use burlap in blue or green for your draperies, and you could have nothing more artistic, tie flat cushions of velour in the same shade in some of these chairs. A Morris chair in wicker, with handsome cretonne cushions flowered to correspond with your other colors, or perhaps a "wing-chair" in cretonne or chintz, would stand out well and assist in giving character to such a room. The scrolls or dragons, if well done, would be most effective painted in oils on your curtains. They will be much assisted by buttonholing an outline of tiny gold cord around them with black floss. Your cottage will be a good color if you brighten it with awnings. The orange and white stripe is all that I have found that will stand the sun, and it will go well with your dark red. I have also discovered that a certain shade of Indian red, when it has not too much brown in it, retains its brilliancy longer in our southern suns than any other color for the paint on the outside of a house. I hope you will use this shade for your pretty cottage.

A Room Revisited.

T. O. G., Santa Barbara, writes: "Inclosed you will find my note and your advice. Will you please give me your scheme for this room, leaving my idea of blue out entirely. I do so want the room to be satisfactory."

I remember suffering somewhat in my conscience after having told you that your beautiful room would be "shivery," but I frankly stated my conviction. My first thought was that such a room as you described would be simply charming with yellow walls and hung with sateen or cretonne of yellow chrysantheums on a

your white beds. A small black fur rug would look well in here. Ruffled dimity curtains at both bay windows. One handsome easy chair and some wicker (if not too fanciful) will look handsome in your sitting-room.

A New Home, Cosily Fitted Up.

Mrs. F. E., Los Angeles, writes: "We have been looking forward to the time when our new home would be done and you would kindly help us out, as we want it cosy at a moderate cost. I have sorted out my bric-a-brac, done away with odds and ends and want to stick to a color scheme. I will send you a plan of the three rooms which open up nicely together. The living-room or parlor has walls, pepper green, oak woodwork. I will get rug in same color as walls. What kind of tables and rockers shall I get here? I have some nice embroidered pieces in solid pepper green, others in yellow; also some nice pieces of yellow bric-a-brac. Would these be all right with the other rooms opening? The bedroom has pink walls with oak woodwork; iron bed, white dresser, white matting, white rug. Where can I add more pink? Have a nice green jardiniere with pink lining; would that do in here? The dining-room has crimson walls, with oak. I will buy a crimson rug. What kind of furniture do you advise here? My dishes are white and I have a fine white and gold jardiniere for this room. What color scheme would be best in vestibule and look well with all the rooms?"

I feel very sure that you will not regret your resolve to, as far as possible, use certain color schemes for your different rooms. This will undoubtedly give your house much more style than if you mingled things promiscuously, regardless of color. You ask what chairs and tables to get for living-room. A comfortable rocking chair in wicker, which you can cushion handsomely; an easy chair, large, for a man, in leather if you can afford it, or in some durable material which is plain



RESIDENCE OF O. T. JOHNSON, ORANGE STREET, LOS ANGELES.

cream ground. A dressing table and small stand of the cretonne, etc. This will not exclude any old blue you wish to use in here.

General Suggestions.

"Los Angeles" writes: "I wish your advice about furnishing a six-room cottage, three rooms on each side, and every one of them 12x12, with ten-foot walls. My husband bought and furnished it before I came; also papered the dining-room and kitchen. The dining-room is a little too dark, but I like the kitchen. I will send you a piece of each. What color shall I paint the woodwork? The rest of the house is done in a dirty buff. I want to paper the four rooms as well as paint them. My husband will do the work. Now I will tell you what furniture my husband bought in front room. Brussels carpet with border shaded tan and brown, four oak rockers, three oak chairs and an oak center table. The dining-room has a green ingrain rug, with green matting. Table and six chairs, all real heavy looking. The bedrooms, two white beds, washstand and dresser, oak, carpets, ingrain, two shades in brown. Now what shall I do to take the sameness out of them? I will have to leave the carpets as they are, as my husband would be offended. Could I put rugs in those rooms? I thought of putting matting in the front room that is not furnished and use it for my seventeen-year-old son to bring his boy friends to. Both front rooms have bay windows. I have no curtains for them. I have net curtains for the dining-room and green shades all over the house; folding doors between both front rooms, but small door between dining-room. Could I put curtains between the front room and the dining-room? I want to get a lounge and some wicker chairs or table or something for the front room. The chairs I've got I could put in the boy's room. I should not like the walls green."

I would advise you to paint the woodwork in your dining-room black. Instead of making your paper (which is quite pretty) seem darker, it will give it brilliancy. You should use a soft, pretty shade of old blue in your front room which has the brown and tan carpet and oak chairs; blue figured walls with plain blue ceiling; plain blue curtains and table cover, woodwork black. Paint the woodwork in one of your bedrooms yellow, using yellow flowered paper on a white ground and plain yellow ceiling and floor. White ruffled dimity spreads on

in tone. Pick up at some second-hand place one low, rather graceful-looking chair which you can paint black and upholster with your own hands. This will throw out the commonplace effect of a lot of new furniture store chairs together. It will introduce a pleasing variation. A pair of well-shaped wooden chairs will then complete your set. You can buy a handsomer small table in wicker than in wood for the same money. Or you can buy a plain wooden table and cover it almost completely with a Kizkillim cover. I would recommend the East India chair to you here, but it seems impossible to procure them just now. The bric-a-brac you mention for living-room would all be appropriate. But I would warn you, if you wish to keep your bedroom delicately pink, not to introduce strong green in a large piece. About your jardiniere you will have to judge by trying the effect. Use pink flowered stuff over white at your windows in here and, with pink accessories on the dresser, you will have the tone you wish. The crimson in your dining-room is a beautiful shade. I would use with this either the Belgian oak or Austrian oak furniture. A warm tan in your vestibule would open up well to other colors.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, so far as possible, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries have, frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

CHURCH RUNS A WOODYARD.

[Chicago Chronicle:] A man out of work, without money and without food for his family, applied not long since to Rev. Dr. George S. Anderson, pastor of the Highland-Avenue Congregational Church of Somerville, Mass. His case touched the clergyman's heart. Investigation proved the man's tale of woe to be true. Then he conceived the idea of establishing a wood yard on a small scale. Several cords of wood were purchased and piled up in the big basement of the church. Men out of work and seeking employment were invited to come to the chopping block.

The plan proved a success. For every foot of scantling sawed the man with the saw received 20 cents. Two feet, or a quarter of a cord, sawed and split, making five sugar barrels full, netted the worker 90 cents. This was considered a fair day's work.

Four of these barrels of kindling are sold for \$1. Members of the church buy them. This pays the first cost of the scantlings and the labor besides. No profit is made. The benefit of the deal goes to the man who works.

TLAXCALA. A VISIT TO THE QUAIN, HISTORIC OLD MEXICAN TOWN.

By a Special Contributor.

THE reason why the Mexican town of Tlaxcala should be connected with the outside world by a little mule car making one trip a day is not apparent, as a passenger is a rare event. It is seldom that anyone visits the place, and still more seldom that one of the inhabitants seeks adventures abroad. The driver of the mule car is the only traveled personage. He has seen

the world as far as Santa Ana, the nearest railway station. Every day at high noon, that is, high noon in Tlaxcala—the town clock is half an hour slow—he stands by his car at the corner of the Alameda and blows a mighty blast on his tin horn, but he is unable to arouse the spirit of roving in the breasts of his fellow-citizens. He waits five minutes and tries again, but still there is no response. He makes one last unavailing effort, then slowly gathers up the reins and abandons them to their indolence. Yet by the next day he has acquired sufficient courage to try again, which proves him to be truly great of soul. I doubt if they hearken during his lifetime, but perhaps because of his noble efforts some future driver shall not toot his horn in vain.

I first heard of Tlaxcala in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," a small mountain republic which stood like a rock surrounded but not submerged by the tide of Montezuma's conquests. The term "republic" is rather

misleading, given only because it was governed by four chiefs of equal rank, each having something like feudal control over a fourth of the country.

Cortés conquered Mexico largely by playing off one Indian nation against another. It was like calling in a cat to settle a dispute among mice, but the tribes did not discover this until they had been eaten, and then it was too late. Cortés made friendly overtures to the Tlaxcalans which they rejected until he had defeated them in four battles; then they conducted him into their capital with rejoicing and became his friends and invaluable allies.

When I read all this, I was seized with a great desire to follow the example of Cortés and go to Tlaxcala. I was no conqueror marching through Mexico at the head of an army. I was only a tramp schoolma'am bartering English lessons with the natives for silver pesos, but I

Entrance to
City Hall of Tlaxcala



Bird's Eye View of
Tlaxcala



Street
Scene in
Tlaxcala



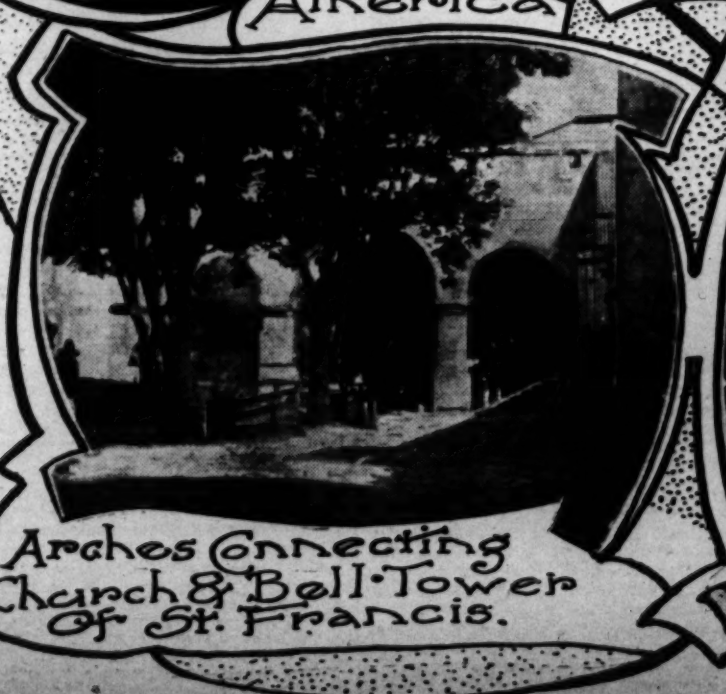
The
Oldest
Pulpit in
America
Used in
The Baptism of
Tlaxcalan Chiefs



Alameda



Arches Connecting
Church & Bell Tower
Of St. Francis.



AN UNRULY BRAKE.
HOW IT CAUSED THE KIDNAPING
OF THE MEXICAN ARMY.

By a Special Contributor.

"ME EVER see the Rio Grande? A few. I've seen it pretty much from Brownsville to the Colorado line. But I'm not banking to see it any more—at least not where it marks the end of Uncle Sam's land.

"Yet there was a time when the Rio Grande was the prettiest stream I ever saw. And the place where I saw it last and welcomed it as I never before did a river, was the place where it's at its worst, where it's dust-dry ten months in the year, and flooding the country the other two.

"It was while I was running an engine on the Mexican Central. That's not a bad job now, and it was better then. You get your pay in gold, and you pay your living in silver, and if ever a man can save money that is his chance. That's what took me there, and the same thing tempted the rest of the boys, for, with the exception of the brakemen, all the train crews were American-born. The Mexican is good in many ways, but he isn't up to running an engine or punching tickets.

"It was a good job, all right, but it had its drawbacks. One of these was the trick the Mexican government has of locking up the American part of the train crew whenever there is an accident. If they locked them up when they are to blame, it wouldn't be so bad; but down there they lock you up and then forget about you. In the course of a year or two they may remember you, and when they have satisfied themselves that the accident was an accident, and not a piece of cold-blooded devilry on your part, they let you go. But they don't apologize, and you don't get pay for lost time. So an engineer's job isn't pure joy down in Diaz-land.

"I didn't know about these drawbacks when I took the job. But once I had it, I wasn't going to back out, and besides, I figured on not having any accidents. For a year it was all right. Then it had to come. I was running on the north division of the road, from Mochizuma to Paso del Norte—it's Juarez, now. Charley Robinson was my conductor and Bill Elkins was firing. We had made the run to Ojo Caliente and were just pulling out, when Robinson jerked the air-brake like mad. I knew something was up, but I couldn't see from my side of the cab. I wasn't waiting to look, though, and the way I handled the old machine to bring her to a stop was shameful. Just as I succeeded, Elkins called out from the footboard, where he had swung himself:

"Too late, Dick. We've done it."

"I knew what that meant. My first idea was to jump and run. But where could I run to? We were a hundred miles from the border, and I knew there was no chance. There wasn't time to think twice. In half a jiffy a swarm of police and soldiers, who are always about the stations, were in the cab and all over the tender. They had Elkins and me on the platform in a minute and looked as though they were going to shoot us at once. Then another company or two of soldiers came up with Robinson. He told me how it was. A Mexican full of tequila had made a run for the train as we pulled out. He tried to jump on the step, but his legs tangled up, and he went under the wheels before Robinson could get to him.

"We expected to be lugged off to jail, but one thing saved us for the time. There wasn't a man in Ojo Caliente who could take the train on. So the captain commanding the soldiers didn't know what to do. Finally, at Robinson's suggestion, he telegraphed for authority to let us finish our run under a guard of his men. That seemed the only way out of it, and after the wires were kept busy for half an hour, the order came for us to go ahead. Six soldiers climbed into the cab, and sat, some on the tender and some on Elkins's seat, with their guns pointed unpleasantly at us as we pulled out. A big batch were scattered through the train to keep watch of Robinson.

"I don't think the fellows in the cab enjoyed their ride much, but I know Elkins and I enjoyed it still less. Instead of going home at the end of the run, we were going to jail; and from what I knew of Mexican jails there would be no joke about it, especially when it might be years before we got a trial.

"It was a forty-minute run to San José, the next station, and in those forty minutes Elkins and I did some tall thinking.

"It's pretty tough to take the machine so close to the river and not be able to get across," yelled Bill, as he took a rest from shoveling coal. "I'd make a run for it if there was a chance, but there is no show, with these cusses watching like they are."

"I knew there was no show, once we had stopped in Paso del Norte. But somehow, Bill's words put an idea into my head. When we got to San José I climbed down and made a bluff at looking over the engine. The station agent was an American, as they were, then, all along the line. While I was pretending to look at the wheels and to test things generally, I signaled to him and Robinson to come up. When they came, you would have thought they were leading a review of the whole Mexican army, there were so many baggy-breeched soldiers tagging along. There was one good thing for us about those soldiers, though, and that was that they didn't save English. Still I wasn't taking any chances, and I kept on with my bluff of looking over the engine, until Robinson and the agent wondered what I wanted.

"Something wrong with the old girl, tonight," I said finally, pointing in at the trucks.

"The agent bent down to look, but Robinson understood that something was up.

"What are you driving at?" he asked.

"Why, there's something wrong," I said again. "She don't work the way she usually does. I had a hard time

making her slow down for the station. Seems to me as if she wants to run away."

"Robinson and the agent looked at me, and I could see that they were beginning to understand.

"What is it; throttle or brakes," asked the agent.

"Well, it's kind of a combination of both," I said. "It's hard to put on brakes, and when they are on, the shoes don't seem to bite right. And the shut-off is working harder than sin. I'm almost afraid she'll run away. I never had an engine do it with me, but I'm feeling, somehow, as if this one would. It wouldn't matter much, if the switches were right."

"I looked at the agent, and I saw that he knew what I was driving at.

"Might be a good thing for some people if she did run away," said Robinson.

"Yes," answered the agent, "and the switches will be right. They're all United States up the line, ain't they?"

"Every blessed one," I said.

"Then I'd bet on the switches," he answered.

"He didn't waste any more time talking, but went into his den and commenced working the telegraph key. I saw him at it as we pulled out.

"Between San José and Paso del Norte there was only one stop, and that was at Samalyuca, thirty miles from the river. We were late because of the accident, and I was pushing her along to pick up some of the lost time. The soldiers had got a little more used to the motion of the engine, and though they didn't like it they weren't looking so scared when we struck a curve. I felt better, too, because there was less danger of their guns going off by accident.

"I kept up my bluff that there was something wrong with the engine, and got one of the soldiers to help me with some bogus repairs. Bill had heard what I said at San José, and he was on. When we got near Samalyuca I made believe that I couldn't shut off steam. I pulled at the throttle, but didn't release the spring catch and so, of course, it wouldn't budge. Then I called to a couple of the soldiers, and they came and pulled, too, but it didn't do any good. Finally I shut off steam and brought her up, but we had run by the station and had to back in.

"Did she run away with you?" asked the station agent, as I climbed out of the cab.

"He was a bright young fellow, and there was a look in his eyes that showed me he knew what was up.

"She pretty nearly did," I answered. "I'm afraid she will, next time."

"She won't hit anything if she does," he replied. "I caught a message to San José that said the track was clear."

"Then I'm pretty sure the old girl will get fractious when she gets near the river," I said. "She's United States make, and she seems to want to go to her old stable."

"Robinson came up and we talked, and he and Elkins grinned at each other.

"I've fixed the air-brake," he said. "The soldiers can pull at it all day without making it work."

"Good boy," I answered. "If she don't run clear home it will be because she hits something that stops her."

"It is thirty miles from Samalyuca to Paso del Norte, and from the station there it's another mile to the station in El Paso, and half way between the two stations is that make-believe river, the Rio Grande.

"The running card allows an hour and twenty minutes to Paso del Norte, but we were behind time and I slammed her along. I was getting anxious as the time came for putting the scheme through. I began wondering what the soldiers would do when they found out what was up; whether they would let us run away with them, or whether they would get excited and shoot. But I decided to take the chance, anyhow, and, to keep them occupied, I went at the old bluff of getting them to help me with the engine. Bill joined in this game, and hooked the fire rake into a ring at the back of the tender, and got three of the soldiers to pull on the rake. I pretty nearly laughed when I saw what they were doing. It seemed as though a five-year-old kid would have known better. But the Mexicans took it all seriously, and Bill and I kept them busy.

"They were so occupied with their monkey work that they didn't notice how close we were to Paso del Norte. I did, though, and I looked ahead mighty sharp to see that the track was clear. I was sure it would be, as far as the station. What worried me was whether it would be from the station to the United States.

"Just before you get to the depot there is a curve in the track. As we struck that I let the old girl out a bit. The two soldiers who were helping me had their heads below the cab window, and the three who were pulling at Elkins's fire rake had their backs turned and couldn't see where we were. But the other fellow, who was sitting in Elkins's seat, caught sight of the station as it seemed to jump out of the ground. He gave a yell like a frightened coyote, and leaped at me. I had hold of the throttle and pulled her open another notch. Then I pretended to be trying to shut her off, but with the same trouble I had had at Samalyuca. I called to the soldiers to help me, and they tagged as they had done before. This time they couldn't do anything, for I had jammed a cold chisel at the bottom of the lever so that an elephant couldn't have moved it.

"But the soldiers thought I was in earnest in trying to stop, and did their best to help. Elkins's men pulled at the fire rake until the sweat run down their faces, and mine worked as they never had before.

"It was all over in less time than I can tell it. We were going a good forty-five miles an hour, and in a second we were past the station. The nervous perspiration was running down my face as I peered ahead. It was dark, and all the lights I could see showed white. But how would it be in the yards on the other side of the river?

"Then another fear came to me. Suppose we should hit a street car or a carriage, as we raced through the town! The law required us almost to creep from Paso del Norte to El Paso; if there should be an accident, now I should be a murderer. What was a short period

of unjust confinement to taking such a chance of killing innocent people?

"In a second I kicked out the chisel which blocked the lever, and grabbed the throttle. As I did so the engine gave a lurch, and then came the rumble which told me we were on the trestle which led to the bridge and to the United States. We were saved in spite of ourselves.

"The rest is simple. When we pulled into El Paso there was a crowd of two hundred railroad men there to meet us. The officer commanding the troops stormed and swore, but he could do nothing else. He would have liked to take us back by force, but was powerless, for the railroad men were armed. He appealed to the police, but again could do nothing, for the extradition laws contain nothing to cover the kidnapping of the Mexican army.

"While the officer raged, Robinson, Elkins and I were taken in charge by the railroad men. They took us to the city and kept us safe until the train for the North pulled out. We went with it and have never been back. But we are still on the blacklist of the Mexican government, and that's why I don't care to see the Rio Grande again."

FREDERIC F. THOMPSON.

JEREMIAH GRIDER.

HOW HE HAS BEEN MADE GREAT THROUGH
NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY BEGUN IN FUN.

[Omaha Bee:] Jeremiah Grider, colored editor of the World's Agitator, published at St. Joseph, is an Omaha visitor.

Jeremiah Grider is one of the most interesting characters developed since ante-bellum days. He is a black man of the before the war, sah, type, yet he has caught the progressive spirit with which his race has become imbued during the last quarter century. Ten years ago he was working as a kalsomner in St. Joseph and was unknown outside of his own immediate circle. He could not write nor read. Now he is the editor of a paper and his name is familiar throughout the State of Missouri. The newspapers have within the last six or eight years given him hundreds of columns of space—yes, hundreds, for there is scarcely a day that the name of Jeremiah Grider does not appear in print. This system of keeping everlastingly at it, as the advertising man would say, has given to Grider more notoriety than falls to the lot of the average man.

The transition of this ante-bellum negro from isolation to prominence is a striking illustration of the power of the press, for a St. Joseph newspaper reporter who left that city several years ago literally thrust greatness upon Jeremiah Grider. The aforesaid reporter used Grider as a subject for "funny stories," simply because he was an unique character and, being unable to read, had to "stand for" anything that was printed about him. Interviews on all the leading questions of the day were put into Grider's mouth and his picture frequently appeared in conjunction with these interviews.

Results: Grider was forced to learn to read in order that he might understand what was being said about him and a little learning in his case did not prove dangerous. In fact, he profited thereby and learned more and more.

Everybody talked of Grider. An enterprising music dealer published a "Jeremiah Grider Two-Step," and the engraver embellished the front page of the sheet of music with a silhouette of watermelons and crap games. Several editions were exhausted. A cigar factory named a brand of 10-cent goods for Grider. Bartenders introduced a "Jeremiah Grider cocktail." In fact, the name of Grider was displayed everywhere. And all this because of the frequency with which Grider's name appeared in print. Starting as a joke, he became a reality.

In way of politics he proved to be crafty and it wasn't very long until Grider carried the vote of his ward in his vest pocket. He organized all of the negroes in the town, and by holding the balance of power, he once overthrew a city administration in St. Joseph and elected a ticket that had for several years been hopelessly in the minority.

The reporter who discovered Grider dubbed him, "Jeremiah Grider, bridegroom, kalsomner and politician, also colored." The bridegroom reference was due to the fact that Grider had married a dusky belle with money about the time he began to be prominent. The catchy connection in which Grider's name was used in the papers gave him fame abroad, and in 1897 he was appointed custodian of the house of representatives during the legislative session. This gave him an opportunity to extend his acquaintance and at the close of the session he was appointed superintendent of a stable of fine horses owned by the warden of the penitentiary. The St. Louis papers gave him columns of space and he was soon the most widely-advertised colored man in Missouri.

At length Grider drifted back to St. Joseph and established a weekly newspaper over which he has exclusive control. He has a peculiar hearty laugh which is better than anybody's minstrel show, and several times during his tenure at the Missouri legislature the speaker of the house had to suspend business until the sergeant-at-arms could hustle out into the halls and suppress the black man's laughter.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING FOR WOMEN.

[Eben E. Rexford in The Ladies' Home Journal:] Landscape gardening is a calling that must be learned the same as any other. A young man would be expected to devote some years to its study and practice before he could be entrusted with the commission of work of much importance, and there is no reason why less should be expected of a woman. Good work is demanded, and in order to meet the demand there must be thorough knowledge of all its details, and this can only come through practical experience. If a woman has aptitude for the profession, and is willing to serve an apprenticeship at it, as a man must, there is no reason why she should not undertake the work, provided she is physically strong.

The world as far as Santa Ana, the nearest railway station. Every day at high noon, that is, high noon in the town clock is half an hour slow—stands by his car at the corner of the Alameda and blows a mighty blast on his horn, but he is unable to arouse the spirit of toiling in the breasts of his fellow-citizens. He waits five minutes and tries again, but still there is no response. He makes one last unavailing effort, then slowly gathers up the reins and abandons them to their indifference. Yet by the next day he has acquired sufficient patience to wait for the same result.

By his car at the corner of the Alameda and blows a mighty blast on his horn, but he is unable to arouse the spirit of toiling in the breasts of his fellow-citizens. He waits five minutes and tries again, but still there is no response. He makes one last unavailing effort, then slowly gathers up the reins and abandons them to their indifference. Yet by the next day he has acquired sufficient patience to wait for the same result.

June 2, 1901.

Illustrated Magazine Section

June 2, 1901.]

registered my vow that my next vacation should be spent in Tlaxcala, and so it came to pass.

Tlaxcala, capital of the State of the same name, is situated among the mountains on a shelf not quite large enough to hold the town. The main part of it is level and, from the hillside above, the flat-roofed, one-story adobe look like so many child's blocks set in rows, but any street that you follow has one end in a path that climbs a hill and the other in a straggling road going down to the river. It is blessed with the cool, equable climate of the plateau. It is said to have a population of about four thousand.

The only place to stay was at a combination hotel and pawnshop. Here I could secure a room but not meals, so I was thrown on the mercy of the fondas. Only one had a tablecloth, and even that had very little beside, and that little was simple execrable. I used to wonder if the beggars in the Alameda were as hungry as I. If they were, I pity them.

At the center of an American town are bustle, activity, noise, and confusion; at the center of a Mexican town, peace, repose, beauty and ease. The Alameda at Tlaxcala is a bit of forest. It is very large and the trees very old, while the stone seats look as old as the trees, though they may have been replaced last year. That is a peculiarity of things in general in Mexico, that they never look new. A house in the course of construction looks like ruin if there are no workmen about.

On one side of the Alameda stands the Casa Municipal, which is as old as the trees. A beautiful old church, unused and falling into ruin, occupies another side. The third and part of the remaining side are given up to portales containing the principal shops and stores. Try to imagine dry goods being sold with no bargain counters nor special sales!

I spent hours of each day in the Alameda. I was the only American in the place, a fact of which I soon became uncomfortably conscious. The day after my arrival I climbed a hillside and seated myself by a wayside shrine where I had a beautiful view of the town and the mountains beyond. I soon noticed that many of the inhabitants were in their doorways gazing upward with great intentness. I searched the sky and the hillside above me for any unusual phenomenon before it dawned on me that I myself was the observed of all observers, whereupon I descended, feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

The common people stared frankly and even looked back when they had passed, but the "gente decente" never gave me more than a passing glance, a courtesy for which I was deeply grateful, all the more that I realized what a strange zoological specimen a woman who would travel alone must seem to them. I was sorry not to have brought any letters with me, but Tlaxcala is so entirely sufficient unto itself that I have never found anyone outside of Tlaxcala who had any acquaintances in the place, so my isolation was a necessary penalty of my hardihood in invading its sacred precincts.

However, I could always chat with the market women and dulce vendors, and I knew the "gente decente" much better than they knew me. I learned to recognize the alcalde at sight, a fine-looking man of pure Indian type. He was doing much good, said my humble friends, encouraged the schools and was kind to the poor. And I knew so well the lives of the mothers and pretty daughters who walked the paths of the Alameda under the trees, how sweet and simple and kindly they were, even though the days were somewhat empty and triste.

Tlaxcala is full of legends and traditions of the conquest and has done little ever since but guard and treasure them. Every day I visited the old gray church of St. Francis. There stand a wooden pulpit, the first ever used in America, looking little the worse for wear, and the stone front where the four Tlaxcalan chiefs were baptized in the time of Cortés. It is impossible to believe that nearly four centuries have passed since those events. Surely the oldest inhabitants tottering into church on their canes must have been the children who clung to their mothers and stared in awe at the white priest who dipped his hands in water instead of human blood.

There are many curious relics in this church founded just after the conquest, but better than any wooden saints or carved rafters were the faces of the Indian worshippers—the dark, sad, faithful faces. I saw how they must have looked when Cortés, who had marched out with the flower of the nation in his army, marched back after "la noche triste" with thinned ranks, defeated, exhausted, doubting his reception. Only the unswerving loyalty of the faithful, dark people saved a nearly lost cause for the Spaniards.

The portraits of the four Tlaxcalan chiefs hang in the Casa Municipal. They are attired in Spanish costume. Each has five feathers growing out of his head and they are as much alike as quadruplets. From the mouth of one issue the words "Viva José," from that of another "Viva María;" the third remarks "Viva Ana" and the fourth "Viva Joachim." I consider this a clever device on the part of the artist that they may know themselves apart. Their names are Masibcatzin, Tlahuexalatin, Zitlalpopoca and Xicohtencatl. Just imagine a Tlaxcalan mother of those days summoning a large family of children to their evening meal!

The church of Ocotlan, though not directly connected with Cortés, was founded during his lifetime. You climb and climb until all at once you see two dazzling white towers above you on the brow of the hill. Then you climb still higher and find that the white towers belong to a bright red church surrounded by flat graves where the dead sleep under gorgeous red, blue, green, and yellow tiles, giving death a most cheerful aspect.

Within the church, the colors are more subdued but exceedingly rich. There is a really beautiful image of the Virgin, "Nuestra Señora de Ocotlan," standing in the soft light from an onyx window. A star is supposed to miraculously appear and disappear on her forehead.

There was once a grievous plague in the land, so the legend runs, and a pious Indian, Juan Diego, went to bring water for the sick and dying. The virgin appeared to him, caused a spring of healing water to come forth at the roots of an ocote and also commanded him to search there for her image.

A pious soul, Señora Doña María Josefa Zabala, contributed all that is modern in the furnishing and decoration of the church, intending to lie there in her last sleep, but she perished at sea. The miraculous spring

still flows from the hillside below the church. A pagoda has been built over it and numerous votive pictures on the wall attest its wonderful healing qualities. A little pamphlet that I bought for 3 cents recites among other wonders that a workman fell from the roof of the pagoda, but, calling on the Virgin of Ocotlan, he alighted on his feet without the slightest injury.

Every Mexican town, large or small, has its market. The Tlaxcalan market is a collection of booths with stone floors raised about two feet, and here the vendors sit among their fruit, vegetables, and baskets. Under the trees in one corner about twenty women sat and gossip, each with a small pig at the end of a string. The pigs acted remarkably like spoiled children. One would set up a dismal squeal, whereupon his owner would drag him to her, wrap him in her apron and reason with him. Piggy was not amenable to reason, so she pacified him with corn, and conversation was resumed.

Day after day the quaint charm of Tlaxcala grew upon me, but fortunately or unfortunately hunger and the call of duty dragged me away, otherwise I might still be loitering about the market or watching the sunset from the church of Ocotlan.

AMANDA MATHEWS.

MARGHRITA.

A STORY CHANTED BY THE BELLS OF SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

By a Special Contributor.

CHAPTER I.

IN DREAMY Santa Barbara by the sea the bells of the old mission, as the years go by, ring out with unchanging music upon the balmy air, sweet with the fragrance of perpetual bloom, and many are the stories they tell, if the world would but listen. But none more sorrowful than the story which Sister Agnes told me—the story of Marghrita, which the bells will always chant to me now, when the music of their chimes is wafted to me on the languorous air.

Marghrita lingered among the roses 'in the garden; the moonlight flooded the arbor where she sat wrapped in silent thought. From the distance the chimes of the mission bells broke the peaceful silence of the night. But there was no peace in Marghrita's face; it was haughty and cold and stamped with a deep unrest. The faint breeze that swept down from the mountains stirred the whispering palms and swayed the magnolia bells to tender music. Everywhere was the fragrance of orange blossoms and roses; the night was heavy with it.

Marghrita sighed impatiently and, reaching up, pulled a lush white rose from its stem, and ruthlessly tore the petals from it and scattered them unconsciously upon the ground.

There was a footstep outside the arbor, but Marghrita did not hear it. Some one climbed over the low hedge and stole cautiously around in the shadow of the great magnolia trees. It was a man, moving softly as he crept up to the arbor.

For the space of a second he hesitated, as he saw its occupant, although his face betrayed no surprise; then, advancing falteringly, he stood before Marghrita.

He was unkempt and looked exhausted and ill. His face in its livid whiteness was ghastly in the moonlight, and his dark eyes burned feverishly.

Marghrita raised her eyes and saw him standing before her. The rich color faded from her face and an ashen whiteness swept over it.

"Thou!" she said in an awed voice.

He raised his melancholy eyes, full of a wild, despairing hunger, to her face. A sudden passion flooded his own.

"Marghrita mia," he whispered, "thou dost not spurn me, then? But I gave thee back thy freedom. Thou dost receive the message? I—I have escaped, carita. I could not die without hearing thee say thou dost believe me innocent!—Say not thou believest me guilty. Mother of God! I could not endure it from thee! Marghrita, tell me that in thy eyes I am an innocent man—as I am before God."

Marghrita seemed stricken dumb. She moved her pale lips, but no words came from them. When Antonio Martinez had been arrested for murder, the evidence against him had been so damning that his fate had been sealed from the first. Even Marghrita, his betrothed, had believed him guilty, and unwilling to see him, or even to hear his name spoken, had gone to the south for months, and would permit no one to tell her of his trial or sentence. And now Antonio stood before her, haggard and ghastly, ill unto death, apparently, but Marghrita did not see it, she saw only an escaped criminal.

"Marghrita!" The word was almost a prayer. The agony in Antonio's worn face was that of one awaiting his death blow.

A great scorn was gathering in Marghrita's eyes. She arose and stood straight and slim before him. The passion flowers fastened in her gown rose and fell with the tumultuous heaving of her bosom. One small, rigid hand was pressed against her heart.

"Innocent! Thou!" She cried in cold scorn. And Antonio could not know that the nails of her slender fingers pierced the delicate palm. "When the stars cease to shine, Antonio Martinez, when the moon gives light by day, and the sun by night—then will I believe in thy innocence. Thou!—A coward, as well as a murderer, who art afraid to face thy just punishment like a man!"

The man shrank back as one who had received a mortal stab. He raised his anguished eyes to her stern, cold face!

"Marghrita, thou dost not comprehend!" he said huskily. "I only came to beg thee to say that in thy eyes I was innocent, and then I should have returned. Madre de Dios!" he cried in an agonized voice, "I cannot endure it! Marghrita, thou canst not think me a coward!"

"Go!" cried Marghrita in a strangled voice. Her relentless eyes held no hint of softness.

A low sob escaped the man's twitching lips; he stooped down and with shaking fingers picked up the passion flowers that had fallen unheeded from Marghrita's bosom, and stole away in the shadows, walking uncertainly, as the blind walk. Once he paused to press his quivering lips against the passion flowers.

"Jesus Maria!" he sobbed brokenly, "bless her! Bless her!"

The glory of the morning sunshine flooded the garden

of Marghrita. At the deep window casement Marghrita stood, gazing with somber eyes upon the wilderness of bloom without. Not for her were the sunshine and blue sky; not for her the song of the mocking bird in the magnolia tree by her window, nor the golden plumes of the acacia, nor the starry orange blossoms jeweling the emerald of the leaves.

Her heavy eyes showed traces of a sleepless night; her perfect face, with its deep pallor and sorrowful, scarlet mouth, was like an exquisite cameo set in the deep casement of the window.

Up the garden path, through the tangle of jasmine and honeysuckle, came José with shambling step; his arms hung loosely at his sides, his eyes were bent on the ground, and his brows drawn together in a heavy scowl.

Marghrita raised her eyes listlessly and saw her brother approaching. How changed was José since his return! What had happened to him during her absence? So morose and moody had he become, with never a pleasant word for any one. Look at him now—skulking along. What was he pondering over?

José looked up moodily, and seeing her, stopped by the window.

"Dost thou know, Marghrita," he said awkwardly, "that scoundrel, Antonio Martinez, broke jail, and was recaptured this very morning—on the day of his execution?" His voice was strange and husky, and his eyes fell under the wild terror that had flashed into Marghrita's face.

"Execution!" she gasped with ashen lips.

"To be sure," said José, petulantly; "thou must know that he is to be hung today. Serves him right!"

José could not finish the word. An iron hand seemed to grip him by the throat. He opened his dry lips, but again the hand clutched at his throat and choked him. Marghrita, gazing at him wide-eyed, with growing horror, suddenly read the truth in his shifting terrified eyes, and knew who the guilty one was; knew, too, that Antonio had known from the first—Antonio, the martyr—for her unworthy sake.

"Mother of Christ!" cried José, and ran into the house and lifted her up from where she had fallen limp and still upon the floor.

When she opened her eyes she motioned José away in horror.

"Thou—canst not—turn—against thy own flesh and blood," he muttered sullenly.

Marghrita pushed his hand aside and stood up unsupported.

"I can turn against all the world but Antonio," she said, steadily.

José raised his hand with an oath, but hearing footsteps outside on the veranda, he turned and fled through an adjoining door.

"Where art—thou—going?" asked Marghrita dully.

"To hell," said José, without turning.

CHAPTER II.

The great iron door opened slowly, as the jailer admitted a visitor for a few moments before the prisoner was led out. A young girl, white as the dead are, who had declared that, when the proper officials arrived, she had that to tell which would prove the innocence of Antonio Martinez. With pitying smiles they had listened, and had permitted her to go in to take leave of the doomed man.

As the heavy door cracked on its hinges, Antonio raised his sunken eyes and gazed at the vision before him, smiling vaguely, as one who knew that his mind was wandering. He had tried to return, as he had promised Marghrita, but instead he had lain out under the trees all night.

Why had he lain under the trees with the fog from the sea wrapping him like a garment, and the thunder of the distant surf beating into his brain? Ah, now he remembered; his lips had been so wet, and when he wiped the moisture away with his shaking fingers, it stained them crimson, and then his mind had wandered. It was wandering again, for before him stood a vision of one dearer than all the angels of God. He could not remove his eyes from that face, with its tender, tear-dimmed eyes.

He passed his trembling hand across his forehead and smiled wistfully; then his eyes fell upon the faded passion flowers they had permitted him to keep—and he wondered vaguely why they, too, were stained with blood. Slowly he raised his eyes to Marghrita's face.

"Adorada, the flowers—are—red," he whispered piteously.

With a cry of unutterable sorrow and love, she flew to his side, and, kneeling down, drew his head to her breast.

The light of reason struggled slowly back to his eyes. "Marghrita, mia, thou dost believe me innocent—at last?" he whispered brokenly.

She pressed her warm mouth to his pallid lips in passionate tenderness.

"Antonio—thou saint!—I know it. Forgive me, Adorado. Thou shalt soon be free; they can never harm thee now."

Her tears fell like rain upon Antonio's face, but he did not know it. Marghrita tightened her slender arms about him, and held him passionately against her heart.

There was the sound of footsteps in the corridor. The door opened to admit the jailer and officers, but Antonio and Marghrita heard them not.

"Thou shalt not die, Antonio, mio," murmured Marghrita tenderly.

One of the officers touched Antonio's arm.

"Come," he said kindly; "time's up."

Antonio did not answer. He was very still. Marghrita raised her head and gazed at the men with angry eyes. But they were looking at the prisoner. Marghrita looked also, puzzled by Antonio's silence. His face wore a smile of inexpressible sweetness; on his white lips was a stain of crimson. As one stunned, Marghrita gazed in silence, and, then, with a bitter cry, hid the unconscious face against her breast.

In the Sisters' Hospital in a large city, Sister Agnes devotes her life to the sick and dying. There are many streaks of silver in her dark hair, and her great, sorrowful eyes hold a brooding tenderness that reaches the hearts of the most hardened. To her order she is known as Sister Agnes, but dying lips bless her and whisper "Saint Agnes."

One day a crushed and mangled form was brought to her ward. As Sister Agnes bent over the dying man to administer the last sacrament, his features grew more and more familiar, and suddenly it dawned upon her that the ghastly face on the pillow was that of José Lacelle, for many years a fugitive from justice. She placed her arm under his head, and, raising it gently, gazed into his face with eyes full of pitying tears.

The eyes of the dying man opened and a look of recognition flashed into them. His stiffening lips framed one word—a name Sister Agnes had almost forgotten—"Marghrita!"

ELIZABETH VORL.

making her slow down for the station. Seems to me as if she wants to run away.
"What is it, little or broken," asked the agent.
"Well, it's kind of a combination of both," I said.
"It's hard to put on brakes, and when they are on, the wheels don't seem to like the right. And the short-cut is working harder than the long one."
"I never saw an engine do it with me, but I'll run it to meet you. The officer commanding the troops there was a crowd of two hundred railroad men there. The rest is simple. When we pulled into El Paso the United States. We were saved in spite of ourselves. We were on the trestle which led to the bridge and to have a bunch, and then came the rattle which told me I was in a trap. And then the trestle which blocked the lower, and grabbed the trestle. As I did so the engine moved forward, and then the trestle which blocked the innocent people.
"In a second I kicked out the chain which blocked the innocent people.
of unjust confinement to taking such a chance of killing

By a Special Contributor.
OF THE MEXICAN ARMY.
HOW IT CAUSED THE KIDNAPING.
AN UNRULY BRAKE.

INDUSTRIES OF CHINA. FARMING AND KINDRED OCCUPATIONS IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM. *By a Chinese Contributor.*

THE Chinese are naturally a peaceful and industrious race. This is evidenced by our superiority over our immediate neighbors, in the enjoyment of the necessities and luxuries of life, by the greater degree of security, under the law, to property and individual rights and privileges, and by the large percentage of our entire population engaged in the pursuit of agriculture and its attendant vocation—a pretty safe criterion, where more definite and exact information as to commercial and social statistics is lacking, by which to judge of the status of a people from the standpoint of true civilization and intelligence.

My countrymen unanimously accord to agriculture the highest and most honored place among the many and varied industries pursued by them. Their deep sense of its vast importance to the public welfare is fittingly shown in the honors paid to it by the annual "plowing ceremonies," a custom of very ancient origin. At Peking, the national capital, the principal feature of these ceremonies consists in plowing the "sacred fields" in the grounds of the Temple of Agriculture. For this purpose a beautifully ornamented plow is used, made of costly woods and precious metals, exquisitely carved and engraved with appropriate characters from the prayer of the harvest god. The handles and beam of this plow are mounted with finely-chased gold bands and are studded with rare and precious gems arranged in the form of characters in the Chinese language, which are read by the Emperor as he plows the field. This plow is a thing of beauty, well meriting a more detailed description than the scope of this paper will permit. Its actual value is so great that I forbear to mention it, lest I be deemed guilty of—exaggeration; so impossible does the figure appear to one not very familiar with oriental exaggeration of extravagance in furnishing materials for royalty to perform its religious rites are prescribed by the ritual of worship.

The Emperor holds the handles of the plow while three furrows are turned, the highest princes of the court while five, and the ministers while nine furrows are plowed, according to the old ritual; but this dynasty long ago increased the amount of work to be done by all—from the "Son of Heaven" down—until now the performance of these ceremonies actually resembles manual labor, and consumes a large part of a working day.

After they have finished their work, the Emperor and his highest ministers retire to the adjoining terrace, there to await the completion of the ceremonies by the many subordinate princes and ministers, who must then attend to "the planting of the fields." The wheat, rice, etc., harvested from the sacred fields, is used, later in the year, in the imposing ceremonies celebrating the "first day of spring," and later still, the "harvest festival." All government officials throughout the empire are required to celebrate both these festivals. A failure to observe either works forfeiture of office and entails other hardships—sometimes very severe punishment.

Valuable Land Lying Waste.

But, notwithstanding the imperial encouragement to agriculture and the natural predilection of the Chinese for its pursuit, much valuable land in China lies waste. This is due, partly to a lack of capital or of knowledge how to drain and fit the land for tillage, and partly to absence of requisite facilities for marketing the produce, so as to render the land sufficiently remunerative to warrant the expenditure of time, money and labor necessary to redeem it.

And here is one of the splendid opportunities for profitable investment of foreign capital—in either large or small amounts, and in almost every section of the empire. Of course, intending investors can do but little practically, until something like order shall have been restored in my unhappy country; still, a number of gentlemen with whom I several times conversed upon this subject in Chicago, informed me that they intended to begin negotiations at once through Chinese land agencies in Canton for the purchase or lease of two large tracts of land in the valley of the Yang-tse River. Money thus invested should return semi-annual dividends of very encouraging percentage from the first crop, and should prove more and more remunerative with every succeeding harvest. Nor is any very large amount of money necessary for this kind of investment. Young men of push, stamina and a very little means, may easily demonstrate that China, even more than free Columbia, is a "poor man's country," if the poor man is made of the right stuff; and few Americans are lacking in the material of which successful business careers are formed. For the information of such as may possibly think seriously of "trying their luck," as the Americans say, in China, when the "open door" policy shall be assured, I append the following, which may prove of value to them in some small degree:

Chinese Land Laws.

Landed property in China is not entailed, though it is held, as much as possible, in clans or families. Exceedingly large estates are almost unknown. Allodial property is not recognized, though in feudal times mesne landlords were not uncommon. Now, however, all land is held by direct authority from the crown, the conditions of tenure being the "payment of an annual tax, a fee for alienation, with the money compensation for personal service to the government, a charge generally incorporated into the direct tax as a kind of scutage." Proprietors of land must record their names in the district record and take out a hang chih, or "red deed." This secures them in possession. The annual land tax varies from 20 cents to \$1.50 per acre, according to loca-

tion, value and use of the land. Alienation fees (a tax for sale of land,) being sometimes as high as 33 per cent. of the land's value, the people often use nothing but pak chih—"white deeds"—as proof of ownership and responsibility for taxes, as many as a hundred of these pak chih often being transferred with the original hang chih, or gift deed. This latter is necessary as proof of the first owner's legal tenure of the land from the crown. It is customary, also, to furnish a chi-wei, or "deed end," containing a note of the terms of sale and amount of taxes to which the land transferred is subject. This is all that is necessary as proof of ownership, and is in striking contrast to the cumbrous methods of transfer and conveyance in vogue in Occidental countries.

Real estate descends to the eldest son, though the younger sons may also live upon and enjoy their share of the estate, together with their families, and may devise the use of the same to their children. Daughters do not inherit.

A mortgagee must enter into immediate possession of the property, and becomes at once responsible for the taxes. Mortgaged land may be redeemed at any time within thirty years, upon the payment of the original sum, unless otherwise explicitly stated in the original mortgage. Many of the provisions of the code sections relating to this subject bear a striking resemblance to the laws of the Hebrews for retaining the land in the same clan or family. Waste land may be reclaimed and recent alluvial deposits inclosed, upon notice to the proper authorities; but ample time is given for return of capital invested before taxes are assessed upon such lands.

Why Chinese are Gardeners.

Owing to their ignorance of modern methods and machinery and of cheap fertilization of naturally unfruitful soil, and rotation of crops, etc., the Chinese are gardeners rather than farmers. But they make up in hard work for their lack of implements and tools, at least to a great extent.

Agricultural implements are few and simple, having remained about the same for hundreds of years. A broad, iron-edged, wooden-bladed hoe is the principal tool for soft soil; its great weight, assisted by the main strength of the worker, enables the latter to perform most of the functions of the plow with it. Spades, rakes and mattocks are used in vegetable gardening; the plow and harrow in the rice fields. All these are principally of wood, excepting the edges of the cutting parts of the spade, mattock and plow-share, and are of the rudest and simplest form.

Here is another opportunity for the introduction of western capital in the shape of distributing stations or depots of farm and garden implements, or the erection of plants for their manufacture—and it is an immense field, too, the importance of which can scarcely be over-estimated. Buffaloes, oxen, asses, horses, goats, cows, and mules are used, though not to the extent that the vast amount and fertility of the soil would warrant with improved tools and machinery. These my countrymen would eagerly welcome, and conditions invite them.

Among the crops grown are tea, rice, hemp, cotton, tobacco, opium, sugar (cane), mulberry, wheat, and the bamboo, which is utilized, as heretofore mentioned in the Times Magazine, either raw or manufactured, for almost everything one can imagine; and its field of usefulness might be materially enlarged by the introduction of machinery.

Among the valuable fruit trees, besides the mulberry, which is grown largely to furnish food for the silkworm, are the plum, loquat, apple; also, various spice trees, cassia, and camphor.

The blacksmith, as he piles his vocation in this country, is an unknown quantity, but will doubtless make his advent simultaneously with the arrival of western implements, tools and machinery. The itinerant smith, wheelwright and farrier, all combined in one individual with, perhaps, a boy helper, travels from place to place with his crude appliances for putting on the feet of the farming horses the no less crude leather shoes in use in the southern provinces. Iron shoes are used in the north, but not to any great extent; and, besides, my country being distinctively a man-power country, few horses are used in farming, or, indeed, for any other purpose.

Their Implements are Crude.

The mechanical implements of the Chinese are of the same simple, crude style as that which marks their agricultural tools. In rare instances, however, they have profited by the experience of some of their number who have been abroad and have availed themselves of the superior methods or tools in use by foreigners, as observed by such travelers.

In metallurgy the Japanese are our superiors. However, considering this fact and the crude, simple tools used by us in all the trades, the precision and nice accuracy of work done by some of our artisans is little short of marvelous, while in porcelains, laquered ware and silken fabrics of exquisite texture, pattern and finish, our patient, exact artists—the term is well merited—easily and unchallenged take first rank among the workmen of the world.

Nowhere else in the world can tea be grown—and manufactured—of such exquisitely delicate aroma and fine flavor as in China; and this is not due nearly so much to any peculiarities of climate or soil, as to the remarkable patience, careful handling, and perfect knowledge of the smallest requisite details displayed by those engaged in the different processes of its culture, firing, cooling, packing, etc., preparatory to its shipment abroad.

In many different branches of the tea industry also there are numerous openings for profitable investments, which will doubtless be recognized and taken advantage of by the enterprising Americans at no far distant date.

Did space permit, it would be a pleasure to describe in detail some of the methods employed in the manufacture of silk goods, fine china, porcelain, lacquer ware, etc.

Before bringing this paper to a close, the writer de-

sires to correct a too-commonly-accepted theory regarding the supposedly-universal anti-foreign sentiments in China. That the Chinese are, as a rule, more strongly pro-foreign than the native population of any other country in the world will be readily vouched for by any unprejudiced traveler worthy of belief who has had business dealings with them and whose experience enables him to make the necessary comparisons.

Since our awakening to a sense of our own defects, from the standpoint of twentieth-century civilization, commercialism and expansion, there has been a revolution of popular sentiment in my country in favor of foreign methods, machinery and men—and, particularly in Southern China, this is almost universal; where a different feeling is encountered it is safe to assume that it has been engendered by the dishonest and utterly faithless policy of self-seeking adventurers (many en masque as "trading missionaries") who have traded with—rather robbed—the ignorant, unsuspicious, trustful heathen, who are regarded as the legitimate prey of all civilized comers.

In the writer's opinion the "open door" will, in the very near future, uncover a great many of these injustices and outrages upon my countrymen and lead to a speedy readjustment of matters in general, such as will tend to establish a better feeling throughout the entire empire of China, toward those who sincerely and honestly seek legitimate trade instead of looted treasure. To all such, the Chinese of the upper and middle classes, with comparatively few exceptions (after counting out the small but desperate following of the old Dowager Empress,) extend a most cordial invitation, and have in store a most sincere welcome to their fields of commerce. For we are wide-awake to the benefits to be reaped from a freer intercourse with our neighbors, and particularly the English-speaking race. PAK GAW WUN.

Written in the Chinese by Prof. Pak Gaw Wun, and translated into English especially for the Los Angeles Times Magazine by E. Percival Baker, interpreter-secretary to the author.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

BELIEFS WITH REGARD TO LUCKY AND UNLUCKY NUMBERS—THE MAGIC NINE.

[Notes and Queries:] Sometimes in the quiet of my own study I smile at the absurd fancies of other men, forgetting that I, too, cannot plead absolute immunity. I used to know a very worthy gentleman who never stirred abroad without carrying a piece of coal in his pocket for luck, yet he invariably threw it away the moment he sat down to take a hand at whist or cribbage. Another had a mortal version to a baby's crying at breakfast time; this spelled bad luck for him the whole day. Jewish dames of a bygone school went continually in fear of the evil eye. To counteract its attacks upon their offspring they resorted to many devices, among which were the quasi-religious ones of tacking "mezuzas" (charms) to the lintels of the doorways, and of fixing "camires" round their children's throats. Now, my own idiosyncrasy is in favor of odd numbers. How I acquired the harmless passion happened in this way. Among my schoolfellows was a Turkish lad, who was the first to point out to me a curious law of numbers. We would take a string of figures at random, which we added up in line till they totted to a resultant number nine or not. If they "showed up" nine we declared them lucky; if not, not. For example, take numbers 187245—9; but numbers 16294—4. So ingrained in this meaningless habit that I never buy a railway ticket without submitting its number to this ridiculous scrutiny. Many a time I have puzzled myself as to the origin of this silly habit; yet it would appear that the affection for number nine displayed by this lad reached Turkey via Arabia.

According to the anonymous author of "Table Talk," published in 1836 by Charles Knight, long residence in Cairo by the famous traveler J. L. Burckhardt had also rendered him susceptible to the strange fascination of odd numbers. He spent many years collecting a storehouse of Arabian sayings illustrative of the manners and customs of this enlightened people, but, strange to say, he stopped short at the number 999, "adopting," says my authority, "a notion prevalent among the Arabs that even numbers are unlucky, and that anything perfect in its quantity is particularly affected by the evil eye." Whereupon the writer proceeds to give an instance that came under his own notice. At that time he lived in Islington a wealthy cowkeeper named Rhodes, who made many futile attempts to keep 1000 cows on his premises in a thriving condition at one time, but was invariably baffled. He could, however, keep 999 without experiencing any loss of stock.

A similar prejudice the author discovered to prevail in his journeyings through the remotest districts of France, Spain, Italy and Switzerland. Jews have for ages paid special veneration to the number seven and its multiples, though a strong partiality for minyan, or number ten, has been fostered by the rabbis in the dicta of "Ethics," vi, 9. Thus prayer is impossible in synagogue without a quorum of ten. I was told a funny story about this the other day by a scholarly contributor to "N. & Q." Some years ago, being in Prague, he strolled one Sabbath evening inside the old synagogue to have a quiet look around. Suddenly the voice of prayer startled him out of his musings. The beadle had mistaken him for a regular worshiper who was late in arriving to form the regulation number, or minyan.

THE POETRY OF A DEAD KING.

[Atlanta Constitution:] The Macmillan Company has published a pamphlet on "The Writings of King Alfred," who died in the year 901. Hear the King, who, being dead, yet speaketh:

Over Jove's mountain
Came many a Goth
Gorged with glory,
Greedy to wrestle
In fight with foeman.
The banner flashing
Fluttered on the staff,
Freely the heroes
All Italy over
Were eager to roam.

Not so bad for a King; and reminding one of the quaint verse of the late Stephen Crane.

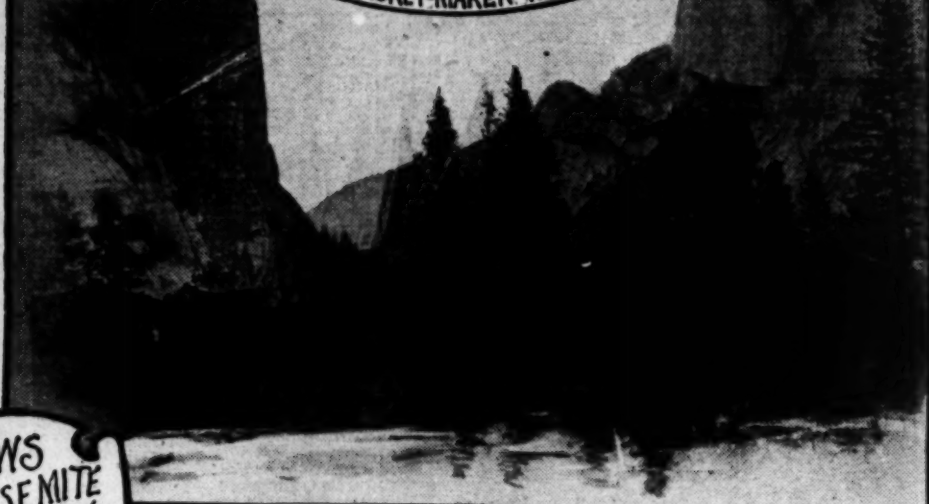
Sylvan Scenes in the Sierras.



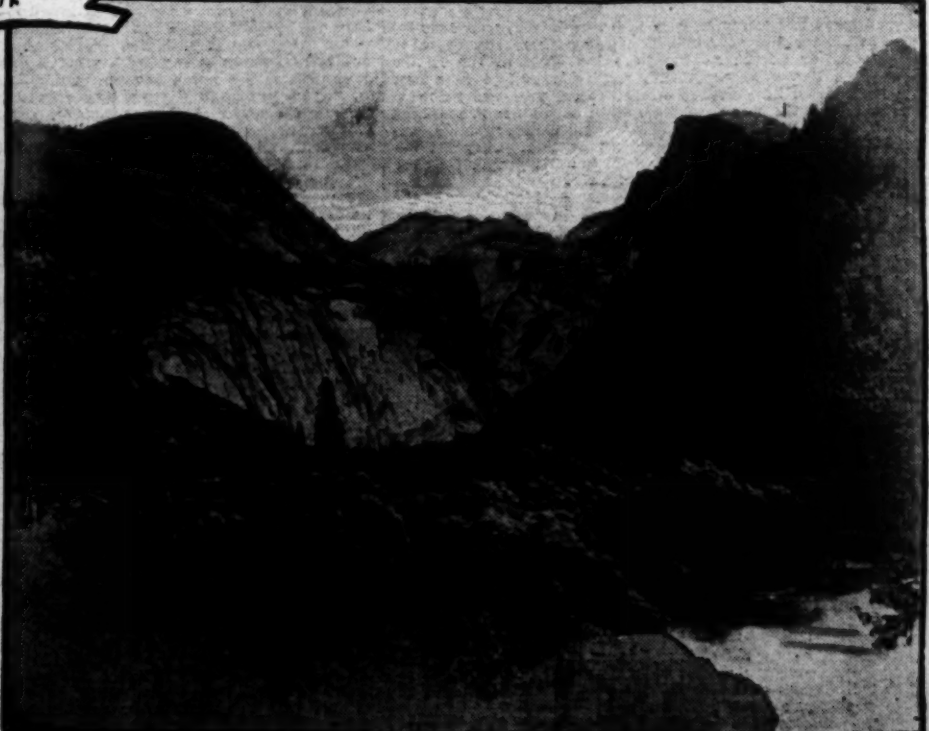
ILLILLOUETTE FALLS



INDIAN BASKET-MAKER NEAR TALLAC



THE MERCED RIVER



LOOKING UP THE VALLEY TOWARD HALF-DOME

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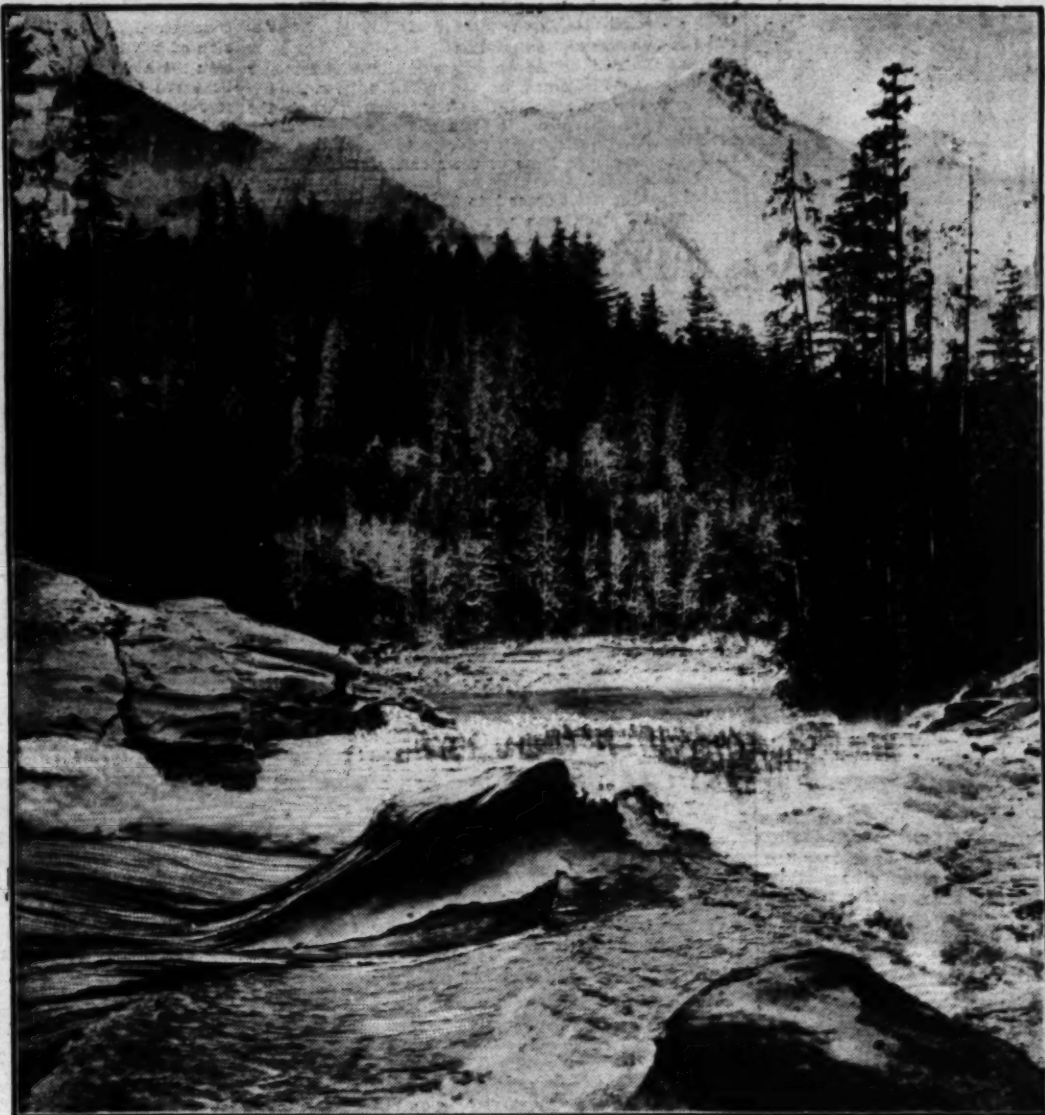
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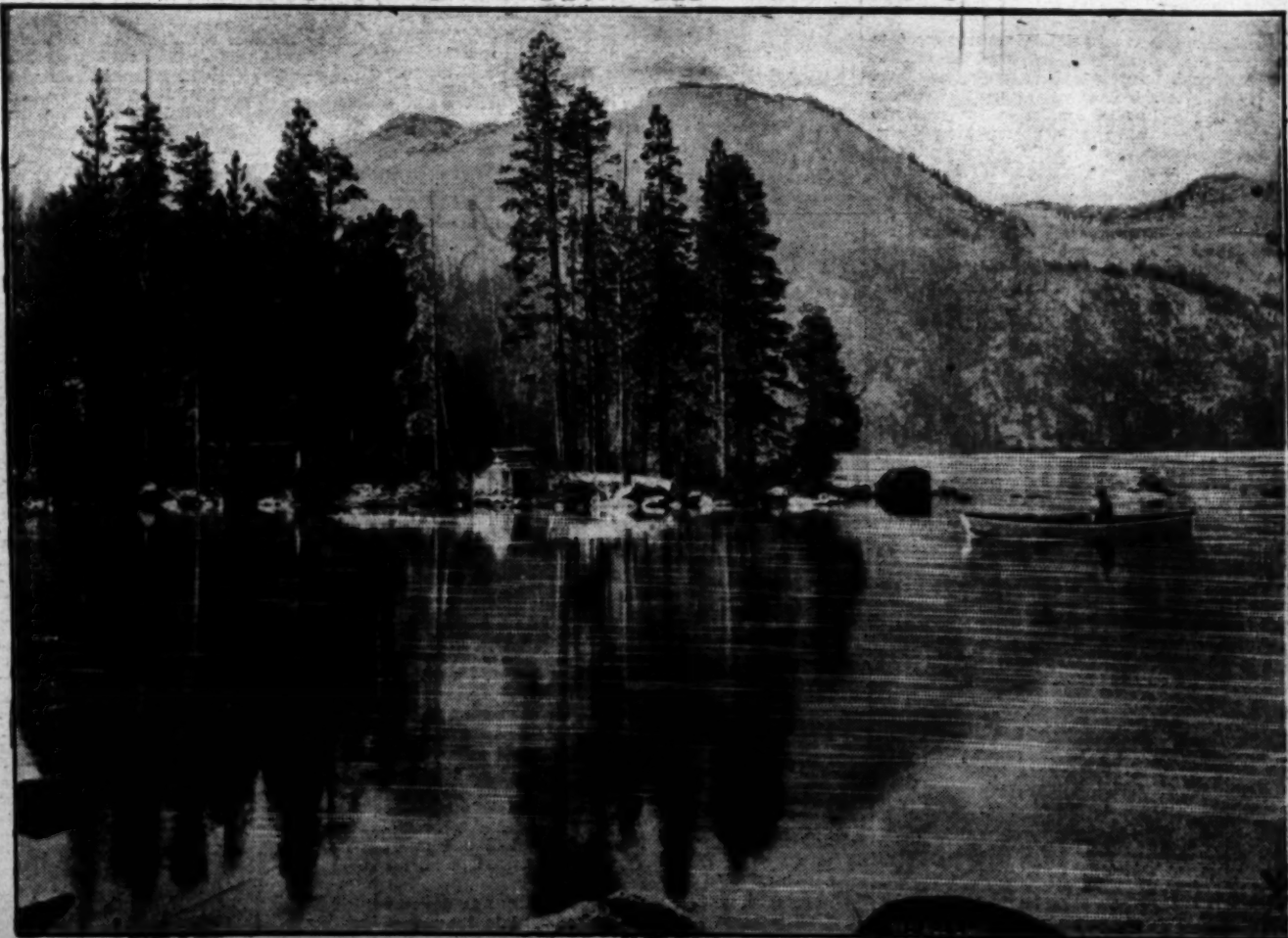
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In the Heart of our Mighty Mountains.



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